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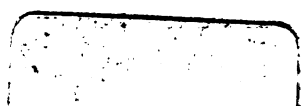
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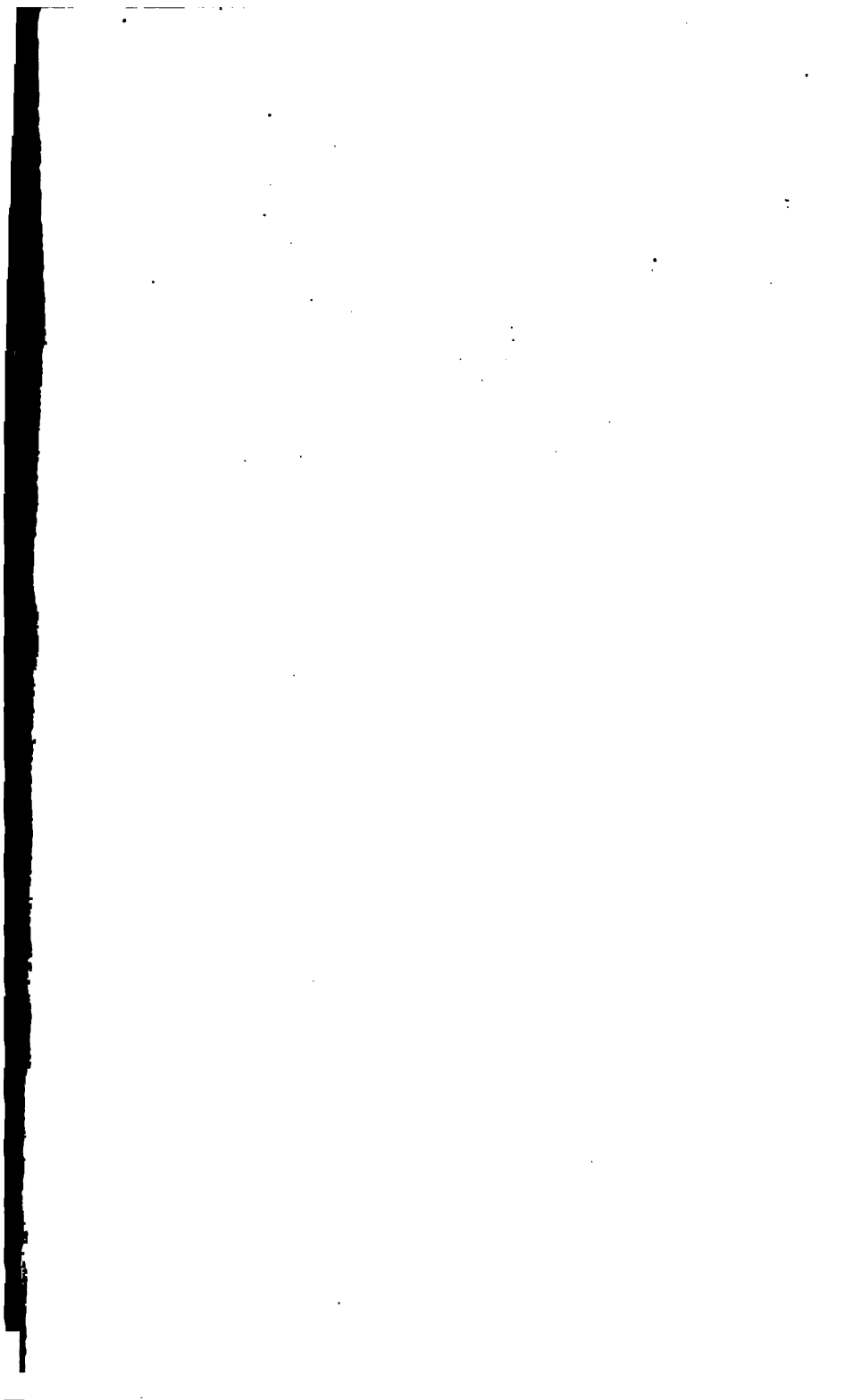
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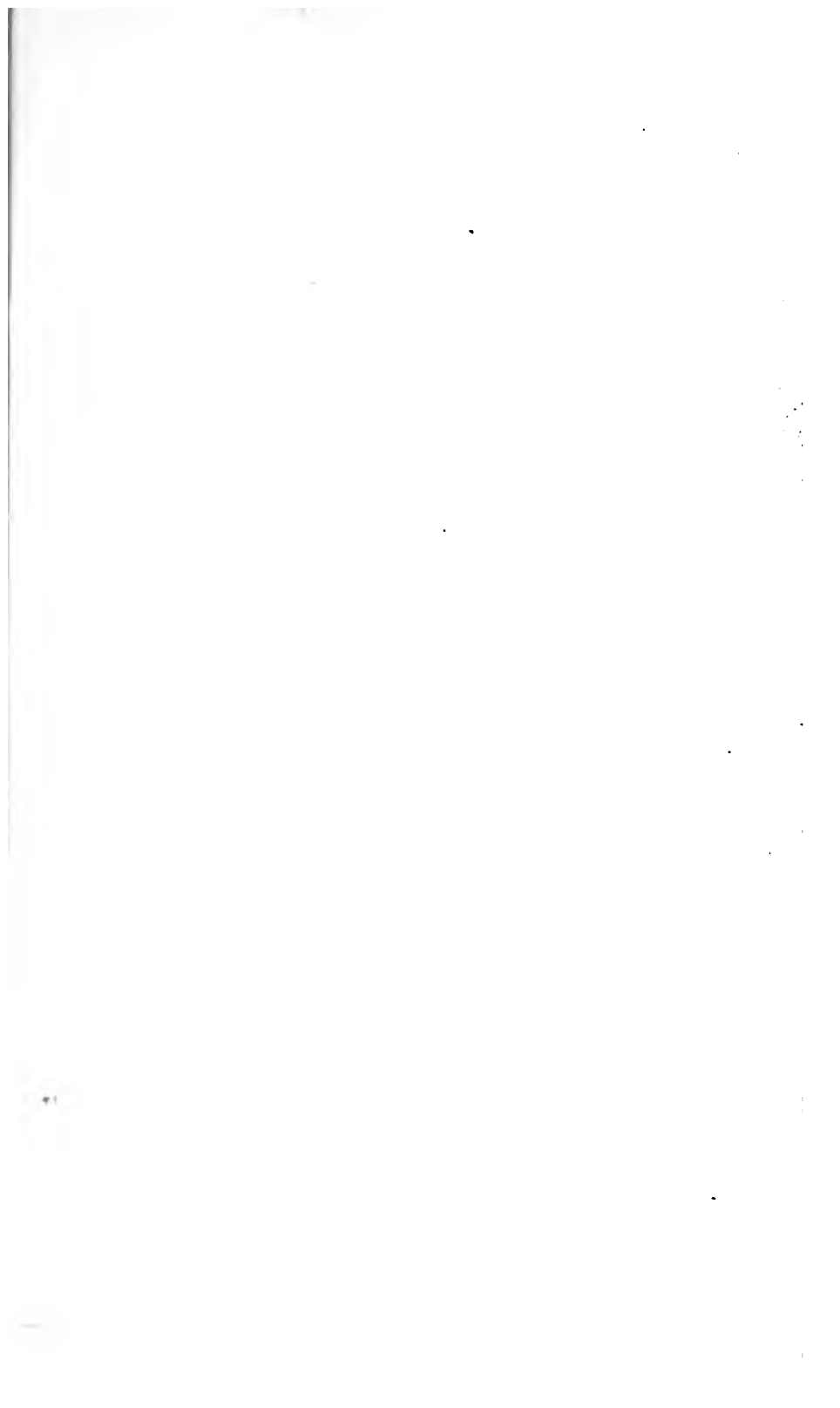
















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# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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RACING CALENDAR.....1

## Embellished with,

I. BEPPO, AND HIS DAM OLD JIG.—II. THE FEMALE KESTREL.

III. LINCOLN GOLD CUP FOR 1829.

### BEPPO, AND HIS DAM OLD JIG.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting  
by BROWN, of Leicester.

**BEPPO** is a black and white dog, bred by Mr. Huskisson, of Nuneaton Fields, and given when a puppy to Mr. Burgess, of Barston, near Knowle, Warwickshire, in whose hands he remained till the close of the present season, when he became the property, and is now in the possession of F. B. Harries, Esq. of Benthall Hall, Shropshire. He was pupped June 1824. He distinguished himself by beating some of the best dogs of his day, during the years 1823,

6, 7, 8, and 9; but more particularly by winning the Sudbury Cup in February 1827. He is a dog of great power, speed, and resolution; has most remarkable eyes, large and full of fire; is a very close runner, and remarkable for his honesty; and although it is rare to meet with this quality in dogs of his age, yet nothing could exceed the style in which he displayed it when running for the Cup at Morfe in February last.

Old Jig was pupped in 1814 or 1815, and at the time her portrait was taken was about thirteen years old, and had just whelped to Mr. Chamberlin's Comrade. She ran ten seasons, and possessed that desirable property of a greyhound, honesty, in a remarkable degree.

and for several seasons was superior in speed to any greyhound in her own neighbourhood. Mr. Huskisson, however, not being a public courser, she had no opportunity of distinguishing herself at Coursing Meetings. She was a yellow and white bitch, of great strength, and particularly close in her running. She was the dam of Speedy, Beppa, Horatio, Bashful, Brutus, and many other celebrated greyhounds. The above were all by Hall's Topper. She was shot (by Mr. Burgess, in whose possession she had been for the last four years) about three months since, after rearing a litter of whelps to Beppo.

#### PEDIGREE.

BEPPA was by Mr. Hall's Topper, out of Mr. Huskisson's Jig.

Jig, bred in 1814 or 1815, was by Mr. Lee's red dog Platoff, out of Mr. Huskisson's Lady.

Lady, by a dog of Mr. Mellish's, and her dam by Old Snowball.

Platoff, by Mr. Brown's Patch, out of Mr. Cox's Fly, daughter of Lord Craven's Cabbage.

Topper, by Mr. Padmore's Driver, out of his Rachael.

Driver, by Mr. Crockett's Brother to Sharper, out of Mr. Collis's Blue Belle.

Blue Belle, by Mr. Hale of the Hollies' Blue Devil, out of Clara.

Clara, by Mr. Davenport's Sultan, out of Mr. Correllis' Castle.

#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

**WE** had all the preparation and bustle, cleaning, painting, and spider-brushing of former years; ringing of bells, and scampering of waiters in the upper inn; in the lower ones, the landlords setting up their nine pins, and knocking them down themselves; making the noise and show of bu-

siness, without a single thing to do. This must be expected, from the circumstance of its following Doncaster so immediately, with its increase of sport and company; and the still greater of new-established races, good prizes, and great stakes, in almost every part of the kingdom. How can he who saw racing to his heart's content at Newport Pagnel turn round to see Newmarket, until he has time to refit and whet up his appetite, unless he be a glutton indeed? At the appointed hour, however, the company was quite as numerous as reasoning people expected; and horses which have returned from their travels look in general quite as well as those which remained at home. When the extreme wetness of the season, and very often flooded state of some of the country courses is considered, it is quite surprising how few casualties have happened, and what little exhaustion you perceive even amongst those horses that have done the most: which may be attributed, I should think, in a great measure, to the coolness of the season, and not to the wet state of the ground, as some imagine; for, as far as my memory goes, I have known as many racers lamed in soft as on hard ground. Amongst the jockeys, one only is come home with a wheel up, which is our favorite Goodisson; and he, we are happy to say, is doing so well, that if a principal master had not a wheel up also, he might even now have "a seat of work." The proprietors of the lists say they are as good, and sell as well as heretofore; and this is the criterion to them as to the state of the turf and the numbers of its visitors: but the best prospect is the great increase of horses in the town; and a great number

of the turf's best supporters, prevented unavoidably from attending the first week, who will be here in the second; and as the horses generally are in the finest condition, good sport may be expected the last two Meetings.

A small show of moderate nags entered for the Trial Stakes. Mr. Roberts's Locket was the first favourite amongst the most knowing, and followed by betting men who go by hearsay: she was, however, last in the race, at least a hundred yards, though rode by the veteran Buckle—little used, I should think, to have so fine a mare and so good a runner stop so suddenly. It was a dead heat between two fillies who belonged to Mr. Batson in the spring. One of them, called the Luss filly, and then thought to be the best, was sold to Sir Mark Wood for a large sum. Many people, however, had the old-fashioned stubborn opinion, though frequently told to the contrary, that Mr. Batson kept the best for himself; and it really appears something very like the truth; for Seraph clearly had the best of it, if she had kept straight only a few strides longer. Wakefield and Conolly rode the dead heat, and Mr. Batson and Sir M. Wood divided the Stake.

Lord Verulam's beautiful Broad, 8st. 9lb., beat John de Bart, 8st. 2lb., for 100 sovs., Two-year-old Course. Honest John cut a sad figure—a long way behind.

Mr. Goddard's colt by Rubens, won by Caleb Quot'em, won a Stakes of 100 sovs. each; Mr. Rogers's Envoy, and the Duke of Grafton's Orbit ran with him. General Grosvenor paid two half-fufeits of 50 sovs. each. Arnall rode the colt, a decided winner, all the way; Wheatley second.

The fourth race was the Lilly

Hoo Stakes of 30 sovs. each; five ran, and six paid 20 sovs. each. This was won in a superior style by Mr. Dilly's Cetus, who is a very promising young colt, and rode quite as well by the elder Buckle—a wonderful "old one," quite equalling his exploits of twenty years ago. Wheatley rode Verdict very well, and was second. The whole five were placed by the Judge, which is always a sign that pretty good running had been made.

The fifth and last race of the day was the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, which was made in honour of that Prince when at Newmarket. As absence is but too often the cause of forgetfulness, it will, I fear, if the name is to be kept up, be necessary for the Grand Duke to pay us another visit—the honour now being reduced to nine subscribers only, and out of these, three only dared show at the post—Arnall, on Mr. Payne's Pauline, first; Dockeray, on Lord Exeter's Ada colt, second; Boyce, on Mr. Irby's Orville colt, third. Among the six high-sounding names who paid forfeit we find Patron—not the Patron to the Stakes broke down, but Lord Exeter's Patron. Pauline won with the greatest possible ease.

Four races on TUESDAY, all Matches. This being market day here more company has always been expected; but if landlords cannot afford to come, how can tenants?

Lord Exeter's Augusta filly Acacia beat Sir M. Wood's Nessus; who ran so unkindly and bad, that Robinson promised him, at parting, he would never trouble him again.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Mouse, rode by Arnall, beat Mr. Greville's Xariffa (Conolly), a very fine race,

won only by a head—a severe struggle, and the pace good; but the *Mouse* proved too strong for Mr. Greville.

Laurestinus ran a Match for 100 sovs. (the other three matches were for 200 each) against Canary. The latter seemed to be winning all the way to Abingdon's Mile Bottom, where she began to flutter, and let up Laurestinus, who was and had been in distress a long way—passing the Judge's chair a perfect dead heat.

Mr. Greville's Discovery—and a great discovery it was—proved too much for Lord Sefton's Jurymen, supposed till now to possess the greatest capacity of any *Jurymen* in Newmarket, and was "wide awake" on the trial, at least if good condition can make a *Jurymen* so. It was for 200 sovs. h. ft. Ditch Mile; and more money changed owners on this than on any previous race, or in fact all the races of the two days.

ON WEDNESDAY we had the St. Leger! but what is in a name? Reason enough, it might be said, for changing it; as it consisted of 14 subscribers only, of 25 sovs. each, *three* of which came to the post, looking pretty well, but could not make a race of it any how or any where, though plenty of room; Ditch In. Lord G. H. Cavendish's Godolphin colt came cantering in first—Arnall *sat* upon him; Vortigern, with Robinson, second; Nessus, a miserable third, rode by Dockeray—Robinson having refused to ride him, in consequence of some kicking and bolting in his race with Acacia, preferring the risk of a little *displeasure*, rather than be carried home on a hurdle with a broken neck and cracked bones.

Three started, and two paid to the Underley Stakes; the two who

paid belonged to the Gentleman to whose honour the Stakes were made. It was for 100 sovs. each, half ft., which Lord Exeter's Acacia placed in the overflowing coffers of her master, who, with a touch now,

"Like the man of old,  
Makes other's pockets empty, and fills his  
own with gold;"

Mr. Hunter's Canvas colt second, but beat easy; Mr. Thornhill's Worry last. *Worry*, *Woful*, and *Sal* united, seem any thing but pleasing names; but if *weight* and *wealth* are or are not the same thing, they seem well calculated to reduce both.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each for two-year-olds. Mr. Scott Stonebrower's ch. f. The Fairy, by Emilius, her dam The Witch, won it very easy, though unexpectedly; Mr. Sowerby's Abjurer filly second. Four others started, and one paid. The pace was very smart for young ones.

THURSDAY.—The Town Plate of 50l. for three-year-old colts and fillies, D. I. had a very poor entry as to numbers, and equally so as to qualities. Seraph won it, clearly at a very slow pace, which was all she had left; the Tramp filly, her dam Prue, second; Chiron third. Something must have been done far from home; for I never saw three poor creatures more distressed in my life, and as far as the eye could reach there was neither riding nor running in the race.

The next was a very different affair; to be sure, the distance was less, being a mile only, but the rate was most beautiful. Varna, although carrying 4lb. extra for being second for the Oaks, won it handsomely; Pauline second; and Windfall (her dam Legacy) third—the prize 100 sovs. each, to

which five others paid 50 each as half forfeit.

Sir M. Wood's John de Bart beat Lord Southampton's Barnardo, Two-year-old Course, for 200 sovs.—Barnardo a great and decided favorite at odds: John, however, was too quick for him. Barnardo can make but one sort of race; he is not speedy enough to wait, nor stout enough to make play: it must be something, happily chosen between the two, and the distance neither long nor short.

Sir M. Wood's Rosary beat Mr. Payne's Pauline a Match for 200 sovs. Pauline was made to carry 6½lbs. more than Rosary, which, in the wet heavy state of the ground, could not be done at the pace.

The King's Plate, of 100 guineas, the Round Course, three only entered—Cadland, Mariner, and Lamplighter; the latter drawn just before starting. There was literally no betting, the strength being all on one side—all for Cadland! Though Zinganez and Rough Robin had told us in the spring that any thing just above the line of mediocrity had no cause to fear, still a winner of the Derby has always something of the bug-bear left about him. The starting pace was pretty good, and all the middle running very good; but as soon as they came to the straight run in, the Mariner fell a-stern, and was *wrecked* at the distance post, without help, and without hope.

#### SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

A vast increase of visitors, with numbers of horses from all quarters, with innumerable fresh faces; but no increase of that which makes horses run and sportsmen bold. The list for the first day promised great things, having nine good engagements in it; but, when it

came to making stakes, the spirits of the over night, in most instances, had fled, and four only were doomed to abide the issue. The first was a match between Kildare and Sontag, at even weights. Robinson rode Kildare, the winner and favourite at 6' and 7 to 4 on him; Buckle rode Sontag. There was very little risk of capital on this occasion, and still less of any thing else—quite easy, without talent and without trouble.

The Garden Stakes caused the loudest noise in the ring, and created what little interest and bustle there was *out of it*, but ended in "almost nothing." Coroner made very good running for the first mile, and looked well in the race, as he did in condition, followed by the Luss filly, who has nothing very captivating about her except that of winning in a canter at twenty yards a-head of Coroner, who did the same with Mameluke in the present instance. Pavis rode Luss; Wakefield, Coroner; and Robinson, Mameluke. Wheatley had previously done some of the best things with Mameluke; but here Mr. Gully thought proper to take him off, and, as the lawyers say, "took nothing by the motion." Zinganez (though looking, it is said, beautifully) paid forfeit: but his Noble owner, Lord Chesterfield, not being here to see him run, at once accounts for it.

Mr. Roberts's Locket beat with the greatest ease Lord Uxbridge's Rough Robin. Buckle rode the winner in his old peculiar style; Boyce rode Robin, who certainly is *rough* enough, but not *Rough Robin*. Boyce made the most immoderate use of his whip long after he must have known it was totally useless, and looked much more like being paid, for whipping than for riding.

Lord Sefton's Morris Dancer

Oct. 7th. beat Lady Emily, 8st. 2lb. D.I. 3000 sovs. like the others, and quite as easy.

TUESDAY was a great day, and the sport very good, consisting of six races; and all of them particularly interesting, not only for the present time, but for next year, and perhaps for years to come. The first was a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, T.Y.C. Ten started. After several false starts, and after a little scampering, they got pretty well abreast, and the pace became severe to the end, when Duckerray, on Lord Exeter's filly by Sultan, her dam Advance, with very good jockeyship, won by a head at the top weights—Arnall second, on Lap Dog, receiving three pounds; many of the others in good places, who might console themselves, although they did not win, with having some good cheap trials.

The next, a Fifty Pound Plate, for colts carrying 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; a year younger than the last set, and the same distance—to many a *first* appearance, and to some a *last*—particularly, I should think, Mr. Angerstein's colt by the Napoleon Arabian; for, handsome as he really is, and well descended on the other side from our best English blood, yet nothing in the way of weight, management, or distance, could put him in a better place than last: notwithstanding, thanks are due to Mr. Angerstein for attempting to improve the English racer; but any thing from Buonaparte or the "Great Nation" is not in the least likely to bring about what has been so long desirable. Twelve started for this plate, and kept well together at a very good rate, except the Arab, who was 100 yards behind before the grand rush; when John Day won upon the Duke of Grafton's Paradox; Mr. Hunter's Sprightly

filly second; the Cobweb filly, who ran so well in the July, third, and close up.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 forfeit, for colts and fillies, two years old, most of which are in the Derby or Oaks next year. On the present occasion we had (I was going to say) fifteen ready to start, it ought to be fifteen up at the post; for, to start, except false ones, occupied a full hour, and threw the other racing almost in the dark. Mr. Lautour's filly was the principally cause of the confusion, and at last left behind altogether. My opinion on false starts has always been this. If a man is so unfortunate as to have a *bad-tempered horse, badly broke, and badly managed*, it is too bad to visit his sins and miseries on others; for instance, Paradox had just run a severe race, mounted again for a second, had to walk, gallop, and stand still with a man on his back for more than an hour, because Mr. Lautour's devil preferred kicking and standing still to walking and galloping; whereby the Duke of Grafton, in all probability, lost the race: as it was he was close up to the winning horses. Cetus was also prevented getting a start through Mr. Lautour's "Marplot." Cetus had beat Paradox only a fortnight before, who was as good or better than any thing in this race, very easily; for it must be allowed that Geo. Edwards's fine riding won the Clearwell Stakes "out of the fire," and Lord Sefton and his *Mercy* filly, are wholly indebted to him who *shewed none*. Mr. Scott Stoneyer's Leeway filly was second, who thought he had won—at least he said he had; but as another man is paid for *thinking and deciding*, and is, I vouch for it, quite as impartial as Mr. Scott, and when he knows or ought to know that

he cannot alter it by any thing he may say, why try to hurt the feelings of an honest man? There were two or three others within a neck of the winner, with a mob close at their heels, all recommending us to look elsewhere for the winners of the Derby and Oaks, as there were too much equality amongst the thirty-three in this class to make it safe to choose leaders.

Mameluke beat Lamplighter for 500 sovs. of useful money, and the Whip, a thing of great honour, but of no use: so that Mr. Gully now holds the badge of championship on the Turf, as he once did that of the Ring.

Turquois beat Oppidan D. I. quite easy: as did Sir M. Wood's Canary Lord Anson's Miracle filly.

WEDNESDAY a short day's sport of four races, and the first of these not run. The First Class of the Outlands Cadland won very easy; Privater second. Robinson, the rider of Cadland, had that confidence in his horse, to take a pull 200 yards from home, to allow such of his four followers as were able to come almost alongside of him; an indulgence of which, however, he soon deprived them, and won according to his own liking.

The Duke of Portland's Brother to Emilius got shamefully beat by Mr Payne's Meriman, D. I.—the pace as slow as the day was dark and disagreeable.

THURSDAY was a day of great promise, being a fine morning with five races, creating more than usual diversity of opinion. The first, however, began humble enough, a Stakes of 10 sovs each, the winner to be sold for 60l., a sum which a man may as easily get on the turf as on a milk-walk in London. Four started and one paid to this little race, which Mr. Greville's Blue Bonnet won easy; Duke of

Richmond's Credulity second. *Credulity* often gets punished; but here Mr. F. Boyce gave her an extra visitation; though I did not hear that he claimed the Blue Bonnet.

The Town Plate of 50l. had a field of nine horses, some of them of note; though the winner was to be sold for 200gs. if demanded. This Arthur Pavis won cleverly on Mr. Irby's colt by Orville, his dam by Southsayer, grandam Eliza Teagle; which Mr. Greville claimed in a minute, and the horse no doubt is worth double the money. Mr. Greville was first entitled to claim, being second with Vortigern.

Mr. Thornhill's Merchant (two years ago considered the best of his age) ran a fine race with Varana, giving her only four pounds. This lenity shewn to the Merchant was in consequence of his having been in *bad circumstances* ever since that time. There was a little staring to see Chifney mounted again for Mr. Thornhill, and a great deal of shouting to see him win by a head; but the reason for shouting did not appear, as his *beautiful riding* had nothing new in it.

Tommy Lye, on Mr. Hunter's Canvas colt (a great favorite all last winter), and looking, as the Boys said, as sharp as a rat in vinegar, won the second class of the Outlands Stakes; but as he received a great deal of weight, there were neither *open mouths* nor *hats off*, though winning is a rare occurrence in Mr. Hunter's establishment.

Handicap Plate of 100l. for four, five, six, and aged horses, across the Flat. For this five started and two paid, Glenartney and Trample. In the early part of the race they made a pretty appearance; but towards the end there was something that wore the semblance of not quite fair play. As

the evidence, however, was conflicting—and winning and losing had I fear some influence—I can only say that Toso hung a little to the left, while Boyce, on Rough Robin (a head first), went to the left also, whether by design or accident I *will not say*; but he prevented Toso winning, making her second, and winning himself.

FRIDAY we had eight races, and still a great deal of company, and a good many ladies, though the weather was uncomfortably cold. The Duke of Richmond's Aranda, 8st. 6lb., beat Mr. Gully's Anticipation colt, 8st. 2lb., for 100 sovs. easy.

In the second race (a match), something very extraordinary must have happened to Green Mantle, who gave only 3lb. to the Luss filly (now Lucetta), and was beat one hundred yards. On no part of the course did she make, or seem to make, the least effort. Buckle could have walked in on Lucetta, but could not account for Green Mantle's running, neither could her own jockey, accustomed as he is to riding her. The odds were 2 to 1 or more on her. In times gone by this might have been thought "*a do*;" but here the parties are above all suspicion, neither could the thing have been done *so badly*.

The Duke of Richmond's Hindoo, rode by Boyce, beat the Duke of Portland's Caller, John Day, for 50 sovs. all the way very easy.

The Prendergast Stakes, by which we take another peep into the future, created great anxiety. It is a stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit, for novices, whose sorrows are nearly all to come, being now only two-year-olds. To this great event there are twenty-five subscribers, almost half of which were at the post, except Mr. Flowerby's Amoret, who, having had a taste

in the country, would not come near it, and was the cause of many false starts and much confusion. Lord Exeter's Sultan colt came in first by a head, rode by Docke-ray; Mr. Goddard's Rubens colt, his dam Prodigy's dam, Arnul, second—the running, riding, and pace very good, and in the true Yorkshire style "from eend to eend," but not much pressed upon by followers.

Lord Sefton's Bobadilla ran against Lord G. H. Cavendish's Mouse filly, D.M. for 200 sovs.—Robinson on the former, who was backed at 2 to 1; Conolly on Mouse, a winner all the way "hard held."

Mr. Payne's Merman beat Lord Exeter's Augusta filly; a very sharp contest, and won by a neck.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for all ages, had eight subscribers, which the Duke of Portland won with Caller a length; Mr. Payne's Bustard or Orville colt second; Blinker third, who must have won had the distance been 100 yards more. Discovery was expected to win and nothing else. She comes out of the same stables with the winner who had just run a hard beaten race an hour before, which shews that people may live together without combination.

The last day of the meeting finished with a *dead heat* between *Prue* and *Tears*—tears had been shed in abundance all the week, but nothing was equally *touching*, though many were made to *feel*. Three others joined in this "Let's all be unhappy together;" but as nothing was able (it was thought) to come up with the *Tears filly*, Mr. R. Boyce was allowed to walk *crying over the course*, and to *divide*, much against his will, the Stakes with *Prue*.

OBSERVER.

North, Oct. 17, 1866.



# QUALIFICATION FOR SHOOTING, IN REPLY TO "IGNORAMUS"—PATENT SHOT CARTRIDGE, &c.

SIR,

IN reply to the question so disingenuously put to me in your September Number, p. 319, by IGNORAMUS—"whether a qualified person (not being owner of a manor), on his own land in his own possession, can authorize his servant to shoot game for him in his presence or not?"—I am not aware of any decisions bearing either way upon the question; and after the best consideration I am able to give the subject, I am decidedly of opinion that a qualified man, not owner of a manor or royalty (free warren), can not, *on any occasion*, sufficiently and legally empower a servant to shoot for him (of course menial servants are persons not qualified in general); and if such servant were to shoot game, I think he would be liable to the penalty of 20l. for not having a certificate, under 52 Geo. III. cap. 93, which imposes a duty on "licences on all persons in respect of their taking or killing game, &c." The decision IGNORAMUS alludes to (which I have no other opportunity of considering at present than as reported in the Magazine, it not being in my edition of Burn, and not having the name of the case). I suppose was relative to a conviction or information from want of qualification, and not upon the Revenue Statutes, by which game licences are imposed. Farther, by 33 Hen. VIII. c. 6, A. D. 1541, "It is enacted, that no person or persons, of what estate or degree soever he or they may be, shall command, after the time therein stated, any of his or their servants to shoot in any cross-bow,

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hand-gun, &c. of his or their said master's, or of any person's, at any deer, fowl, or other thing, except at a butt or bank, &c. upon pain to forfeit for every such offence 10l.:" and I believe *this section of this Statute is still in force*. A qualified man of 500l. per annum freehold property in Wales, though not a lord of a manor, can appoint gamekeepers to kill his game, as therein mentioned, under 59 Geo. III. c. 102; and a lord of a manor, or reputed manor, in England (the exclusive prescription for which can be proved to have existed for upwards of twenty years), may appoint a person, whether qualified or not, and whether his servant or not, to kill game in a manor. 48 Geo. III. c. 93.

## PATENT CARTRIDGE.

Notwithstanding the statement, in direct contradiction to my former observations on the Patent Shot Cartridge, by NIMROD, as a colloquy between himself and Capt. Ross, I am, after another very extensive trial of them, still farther persuaded and confirmed in the sentiments I before expressed, and consider what I said the true fact. I am very sorry if any person should feel aggrieved, or the sale of the article be deteriorated, in consequence of publicity being given to the opinion of so humble an individual as myself. The little inconsistencies in NIMROD's statement, or position of argument, I leave to be discussed between himself and your SUBSCRIBER on that topic in the August Number.

It seems Mr. Shoubridge lost

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his match by six birds with Lord Ranelagh, to whom he gave only nine yards in thirty for the privilege of shooting with cartridges. I wish to see some more experiments of this kind. If these cartridges are so superior, let distance always be allowed to the common loading of shot. This I think would balance matters to a yard and to a second. Six birds *minus* in a superior shot were a great many. Capt. Ross says, per NIMROD, you gain about fifteen yards with the cartridge. I must see more than one match won where the cartridge allows shot this distance, before I can accede to this assertion. Query, will Capt. Ross give Mr. Osbaldestone fifteen yards for the privilege of using the cartridge, and the latter using common shot? I venture to answer no. I think a trial of the advantage of the cartridge over shot uniformly would be by these Gents very satisfactory to the public.

Another of NIMROD's friends says, "that it is ridiculous to assert most guns will kill fifty or sixty yards: the fact is, no gun will kill certain at forty yards." I admit there is nothing certain but death on earth; but I have double guns, 2ft. 6½in. long, will kill at forty-five yards; and a single gun at fifty-five yards, 2ft. 10in. long, with loose shot, quite as certain as they or any other gun will do that with the cartridge: but I should always, when shooting at long shots, mix my shot 4 and 6 together, or 5 and 7, and oil the shot, and when put into the gun shake it up to make the different sized pellets bed as close as possible. I invariably shoot mixed shot, and many of my acquaintance have adopted the same plan. I also attend always to the bore of

a gun, which never ought to be cylindrical: and I have tried numberless experiments in boring guns, at no little expense, and consulted all authors that I have heard of.

In fox-hunting, I have not sufficient practice to write upon it; and as

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—  
None go just alike, yet each believes his own;

I merely offer the public the benefit of my experience; I hope they will profit in their amusements by it.—Yours, &c.

SOLICITOR SHOT.

SIR,

If you will turn to *Barnwell and Cresswell's Reports*, K. B. vol. ix. part i. Hilary Term 1829, page 61, you will find the following:—

"In Michaelmas term a Rule *Nisi* was obtained for a *certiorari* to remove into this Court a conviction, whereby it appeared that on the 2d of September an information had been laid before a Justice of Peace against Sylvester for keeping and using a gun to kill and destroy game, and negativing his qualification. The conviction stated, that Sylvester, having been duly summoned, personally appeared, &c. and said that he was not guilty. Whereupon one J. G., a credible witness in that behalf, being duly sworn, deposed, that Sylvester, on the 2d of September, not having lands, &c. nor being otherwise qualified, did keep and use a certain gun to kill and destroy the game, contrary, &c.; and that the said J. G. saw the said Sylvester on the said 2d of September shoot a partridge with the said gun; that one Lee was with Sylvester, and did not shoot. Whereupon the said Sylvester said he was not guilty of the said offence; and, in order to prove the same, said Lee came and deposed, that on the said 2d of September he was seized of an estate of inheritance in possession in his own right of the clear yearly value of

100l. and upwards; and that Sylvester was on the said 2d of September employed by him, Lee, as his servant to accompany him into the field, sporting; and that Sylvester on that occasion shot with a gun of him, Lee, in his presence, and by his order and direction, and for his use, at game; and that he, Lee, did not shoot at game or use a gun for that purpose on that day; and that he had taken out a certificate to kill game, and was qualified in his own right so to do; and that Sylvester shot at the partridge before mentioned as his servant, and for the use of Lee. Whereupon the Justice adjudged that Sylvester be convicted.

Campbell shewed cause, and contended that Sylvester was properly convicted. It was clear that he was not qualified, nor was he a game-keeper appointed in pursuance of the power given to lords of manors by the 5 Ann, c. 14, s. 4. The mere presence of the master could not justify the use of a gun by him; for that cannot be considered as the act of the master.

*Talfourd contra.*—In *Walker v. Mills* (2 B. and B. 1)—it was held that an unqualified person, who set a trap to destroy game by order of his master, who was qualified, was not liable to a penalty. The principle of that case applied to the present; the only difference being, that here the person convicted used a gun instead of a trap; but both are engines for the destruction of game and within the 5 Ann, c. 14.

In *Res v. Taylor* (15 East 460), it was held, that a servant, who went coursing with his master, who was qualified, could not be convicted for using dogs to kill and destroy game. And in *Lewis v. Taylor* (16 East 49), it was held, that an unqualified person being out coursing with the qualified owner of greyhounds, although not his servant, and although he took an active part in the sport, was not liable to the penalties imposed by the 5 Ann, c. 14.

BAYLEY, J.—The principle upon which those two cases proceeded was, that the using the greyhounds was the

act of the owner and master, and not of those who accompanied him. So also the principle of *Walker v. Mills* was, that the trap, being set by the master's order, and in his presence, must be taken to have been set by him. But we cannot say that of using the gun; neither his hand nor his skill was applied to it. If we were to hold that the firing of the gun was the act of the master, he might in the same manner use twenty guns at the same time. I think we must consider the gun to have been used by the person who actually fired it; and, if so, the cases cited are inapplicable, and there can be no doubt that Sylvester was properly convicted.

Littledale and J. Parke concurred.

I have just stumbled on this; and, it being the latest on the subject, have transcribed it, hoping it will be a sufficient answer to the query of *IGNORAMUS*, though I confess I do not understand the difference of the cases.

Yours, &c.

A MUFF.

September 21, 1829.

## PURCHASING HORSES FOR FOREIGN STUDS.

SIR,

IN your Number for September, NIMROD mentions, in his "German Tour," two Blacklock mares, purchased by M. De Burgsdorff, as "being very plain, and a bad specimen of English blood;" adding, that "doubtless this Gentleman has proved himself a judge, or he would not be placed in the situation he holds under the King." These observations have induced me to trouble you with the following remarks.

I do not consider his buying these two mares would have been a proof of want of judgment, even though he had never shewn any before; as, from what I have seen,

I suspect persons are sent over to this country to buy horses and mares of a particular breed, and that their judgment has little or nothing to do with it. In proof of this I will here relate what I conceive one instance out of several which have come under my own observation.

I was in a friend's stable looking over his horses, which had just come to town, when two foreigners (accompanied by one of those pests of society termed *guinea-men*) came in, and asked if there was not a bay stallion for sale? The servant did not know, but shewed the only one he had to them. They asked what he was—meaning his pedigree, I suppose; but the groom, like all others, not knowing whether the horse was for sale, merely observed he was thorough-bred. They then asked what he had done—pulling out a *Racing Calendar*, I presume with the intention of tracing it there: but the groom answered, he was once in training, and although he threatened to beat a mare (in a trial) afterwards famous on the Turf, his master would not let him run; adding that his master would answer all their questions. They shut the book, saying he would not do for them, and departed.

A short time after this, the same foreigners called again, and asked the groom if he had not a stallion (I think of the Whalebone breed). He shewed them the identical horse they had seen before, which they now admired very much, and became purchasers. From this I conclude they were only empowered to buy horses of certain families; and it was left to them to purchase all or a limited number of the best they could. And during their short stay in this

country. Otherwise I should presume, from what I have seen, that there are many horses and mares which they take with them that, as qualified persons, they would reject.

I have another observation to make to one of NIMROD's; and, when I have done that, I will not trespass farther on your time at present, though I have many observations in reserve on different horning subjects. But that my apology for taking up your room shall not be so long as the space I might occupy by detail, I will at once proceed.

NIMROD says, the King of Prussia is so careful of his subjects as to sell Fidelio, as his stock were defective in their hocks (I wish none were allowed in this country with defects). That all foreign Sovereigns are not so, is clear; as many of our defective stallions are now abroad. Young Gohanna, for instance, is, I believe, in Russia: he has lost one eye by a cataract: his brother, Crim. Con. who died about three years ago, had been blind with the same disorder some years; and the Earl of Egremont, I have been informed, was obliged to get rid of the stock in consequence of its being a family disease, produced by breeding too long in one family. All the stock of the Gohannas are afflicted with this disease—(What a pity they did not take him sooner!)—a great many of his stock being blind, or approaching it. He was covering at Romford in Essex last; and I much mistake if those who put their mares to him do not repent, unless they sell his produce young.

His last owner, although he knew well enough the origin of his blindness, always said it was the groom knocked it out with a

fork, though any one conversant with these things could easily tell the real cause; and as I cannot think any one, who knew his descendants would inherit this complaint, would purchase him for the avowed purpose of breeding from, they must have been deceived; when, if they had more time allowed them to learn about their stock, and wider scope for their abilities, I have no doubt they would acquit themselves much better.

I think, however, it would answer the purpose of persons abroad purchasing brood horses in this country, to employ some honorable and well-qualified Englishman, as he would then be aware of the merits and defects of each horse: and that he would not send any but would do him honour both as a judge and agent, is the opinion of, Sir, your subscriber,

P. H.

### ETONIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

"The fond attachment to the well-known place,  
Whence first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,  
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."  
COWPER.

SIR,

I Read with considerable pleasure in your Number for September the account of "Election Saturday," by TASSEL; and although I doubted at first whether the subject was altogether suited to the *Sporting Magazine*, yet on consideration I see no objection to it whatever. For why should there be? The games followed at that "dear loved spot" are all noble and manly games; and its amuse-

ments (even those forbidden amusements, the sweeter perhaps for being stolen) are such as no real sportsman will declaim against, or feel inclined to deter his son from pursuing, when followed with prudence and moderation.

I had intended sending you some amusing anecdotes of former times, with some of the principal heroes who figured in our boyish freaks, by night as well as day—our theatre with a regular orchestra, crowded twice in every week by the officers and the ladies of Windsor—our hounds—our boats—an occasional *turn up* with the *River Gods* (alias bargemen), &c. &c. &c.—but on reflection I have given it up, or at least postponed it to some future day, or various reasons unnecessary to mention here—

"Those joyous hours are passed away;" and, alas! I am compelled to add,

"Many a heart that once was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells."

My chief object in trespassing on your page now is, to correct an error in the "Cockneys at Montem," which (I suppose from some mistake in the Press) makes the *fifth stanza* as it stands at present gross nonsense; and to add one or two observations on Eton.

[Our Correspondent will perceive that the Gentleman who favored us with the poem has already corrected the error. See October Number, p. 396.]

That poem, the composition of poor S—, now no more, was never intended I know for publication, but was merely written for the amusement of his friends; and, what will doubtless astonish many of your readers, is no fiction—no mere invention of the writer; for the circumstances described in it

actually took place in the gardens of the Windmill Inn at Salt-Hill in the year 1814. How TASSER contrived to get the above-mentioned lines, I am ignorant; for I am pretty certain not above half a dozen persons possessed a copy of it. However, I can give a pretty shrewd guess, I think, at your amusing Correspondent, and hope to hear some farther account of Eton from him.

"I knew him once, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

"*Laudator temporis acti*," is my creed only with regard to one thing connected with Eton; but more of this anon. I was there this last summer: and, from what I saw, I have no reason to think that my countrymen have in the slightest degree retrograded either in spirit or in their amusements; or that they are in any way inferior to the Etonians of my own day. On the contrary, the boats are unusually well manned, and there are as many youths of five feet ten as formerly. Time, that leveller of all things, appears to make but little progress here. There was the same cluster at the Long Walk wall—the same lounge at the Christopher—the same warm, kind reception from one Etonian to another; and I fancied myself a boy again—

"The same lov'd haunts, the well-known places,  
But not, ah! not the same dear faces."

I heard no complaints from Garraway of the lack of money; no lamentations about the desertion of the billiard tables; and though Jem Miller has "fallen into the yellow sear," and poor *Paddle* has got the dropsy, still I observed a most promising *covey of young*

*birds* about Brocas-lane, ready, when "Shampo," and "Flowers," and "Jack Garraway" shall be no more, to "train up the children in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart from it."

As I have now sown my wild oats, I may be blamed perhaps by some for encouraging the above-named worthy personages; but I am one of those who see no very heinous sin in a "moor-hen-shooting" expedition, or an occasional "badger bait;" and, let me seriously ask, were it not for "these loved companions of an idle hour," how many dreadful accidents might happen from drowning, shooting, &c. &c.? for, to keep boys within bounds the whole day, is not (at least it was not in my time) in any degree possible. In short, they are indispensable to Eton, as the ruling powers know full well.

In one, and in one point only, had I cause to weep over the decline of Eton, and to exclaim in the words of our Immortal Bard,

—"O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

I allude to her cricket, which has been for some years gradually getting worse and worse, but was *this year* really quite below par. I know I shall be told of her victory over Winchester; but what of that? It merely proves that Winchester was worse. But how different was the play on *our side* this year, in the match at Lord's, from the days of the "Barnards," the "Prices," the "Woodbridges," and the "Hardings?" No life—no activity—no energy—no skill; eleven leaden figures in the field, if they could have been moved by

machinery, would have been as good. To what cause is it to be attributed, that Eton, first in all her other pursuits—equal too, if not superior to former days—should have so degenerated in this the noblest and the manliest of all her amusements? Has the increased attention to the boats ruined her cricket? or is the taste for it gone for ever? Recollect where Eton once stood as to her superiority in cricket, and look at her at the present day. Her fame will live for ever, no doubt, in the annals of former days; but now, alas!

—"Jacet ingens litore truncus,  
Avulsunque humeris caput, et sine no-  
mine corpus."

But enough!—let us hope for better days; and if my friends at Eton (for I dined with most of the *eleven* in the summer, and look upon them all as friends) will condescend to accept my humble advice, let them get forthwith a man who is competent to bowl, and give them some useful instruction, discarding at once the *stick* and *useless incumbrance* they at present maintain.

I could not help smiling at the reason given me by a cad for the decline of cricket, when looking at a match in the shooting-fields in July between the Kingsmen and the boys; "Lord, Sir, they never has won a match since the beer test *got the sack*, and never will no more." This test, where *beer* and *backky* was the order of the

day, was in my time kept by the veteran Jem Miller, at every match, for the accommodation of the cads, Broconalian Club, &c. &c., and loudly and lustily did they cheer us with their Stentorian lungs. "Alas!" as Mr. Mathews says in one of his humorous entertainments, "all our amusements are taken from us;" and this tent I suppose gave offence to some of the higher powers—some of those refined creatures, who cannot bear to see their inferiors happy, forgetting for a time the cares of this world over a glass of heavy and the grateful fumes of shag tobacco\*.

Your Correspondent TASSEL has so well described the old familiar scenes of Eton, that I will now close my remarks.

That Eton, containing at the present day the unprecedented number of *six hundred and twenty boys*, is in a flourishing condition, no one can for a moment doubt; and that it may long continue to flourish, together with its rival and noble foundations, Westminster, Winchester, &c. &c. in spite of the Cockney University in Gower Street, and the calumnies and abuse heaped upon it on the score of expense, profligacy, and a hundred other canting falsehoods, by those, who, by a change in society, "have nothing to lose and every thing to gain," is my sincerest and most earnest prayer.

ROWTON.

Sept. 20, 1829.

\* It was from this tent that the best bowler and batter almost Eton ever saw (now a Rev. friend of mine high in office at King's College, Cambridge) was encouraged by the deafening shouts of "goo it, my dear H\*\*\*\*\*, goo it, my dear boy," when he scored 86 notches off his own bat, against Messrs. Ward, Vigne, Tanner, &c. &c. of the Epcom Club. It was on this memorable day too that he made a tremendous hit over the shooting-field trees, high in the air of course; when a bargeman from the tent, lost in amazement at the hit, thundered out, "there she goes for Chesay (Chertsey) Church, by G—d!" it being a prominent mark on the River for the barges.

## NIMROD'S GERMAN TOUR.

(Continued from last Volume, p. 491.)

**W**E arrived at Count Veltheim's whilst he and his Countess and the Countess of his brother were out an airing in his carriage, but the butler told us he would soon return. In the mean time we amused ourselves with reconnoitring his fine seat, which gave me more the idea of a Nobleman's residence than any we had seen on our Tour. Not only is the house on a stupendous scale, but the grounds about it are remarkably well kept, which we did not find to be generally the case—at least not to the extent we witness in our own country. The mansion is of great antiquity—the date appearing to be 1480—and the family arms are very handsomely displayed over the door. The very great quantity of buildings which are attached to it, added to a village within a stone's throw containing a thousand inhabitants—all tenants of the Count—give a still greater importance to the scene; and taken as a whole, the imagination cannot devise a more complete baronial residence than Harbke. We were all strangers to the Count; but he had expressed a great desire to see us, and we had come out of our road—and, what is more, had exchanged a good road for a bad one—on purpose to visit him; so neither introduction nor fine speeches were necessary. He leaped out of his carriage, shook us heartily by the hand, and only lamented that he was not at home when we arrived. This, however, was our own fault, for we had not apprised him of

the day on which we intended ourselves the honour of visiting him.

I need not say the Count is a sportsman, and I believe as zealous a sportsman as ever went into the field. That he is an enthusiastic admirer of horses, his various letters, which from time to time have adorned these pages, save me the trouble of bringing proof. He has, however, I am sorry to say, paid the penalty that too often is inflicted on us sportsmen, and to which we are almost every day liable. He has sustained two very severe accidents by falls from his horse in hunting, in one of which his spine was injured, and a great loss of health has been the consequence. Notwithstanding this his spirits are good; and I have no hesitation in saying, that, enamoured as we Englishmen are with the subject, Count Veltheim shall talk of hunting and horses against any man in Europe—so enthusiastically fond is he of all kinds of sporting, as well as of that noble animal, the horse.

The best constitution yields to disease and pain; and as Count Veltheim can now only ride something in the shape of a shooting pony, of course his stud, in the stables, is small, consisting of only six saddle horses and some coach-horses. However, being allowed to be a very superior judge, I was anxious to see the sort of horse he now keeps to look at. Here I was rather disappointed, as three out of the six were not such as the eye of a judge like himself would



choose to dwell upon long. There was one clever mare of the real old Mecklenburgh breed, which excited much admiration from Mr. Tattersall and myself, as having all the requisites to stand hard work. There was also a clever grey mare of the hackney kind, which would command a large price in London, being of the stamp so much sought after for the streets or roads. We also saw a very pretty young grey mare with excellent shoulders, and consequently good action; but she was lame in a fore foot, and no one could tell why, for her feet to the eye were perfect. A slight touch of the navicular disease, I should imagine, would prove to be the cause.

There was a long-tailed grey stallion, four years old, which was brought out for our inspection, but he would not pass muster. Although sixteen hands high, he was got by a small Arabian, only fourteen hands high, out of an English mare. He was going to Berlin to be sold, where no doubt he would find a customer as a charger, and perhaps command a good round sum; but his action with his fore legs would never get him over a country as a hunter.

From the stables we adjourned to the paddocks. Here was a great falling off from what I had expected to have seen in Count Veltheim's possession; but he professes to have given up breeding. Perhaps, in all, we saw between twenty and thirty mares and colts, but—save one of the latter—nothing worthy of notice. There were two thorough-bred English mares, and one half-bred colt which is engaged at Dobberan in 1830; but although Baron Biel has promised to take upon himself all the trouble of training, I fear the

Count will not come to the post. As I said before, ill health sadly damps our zeal in all matters where personal exertion is wanting; add to which, I dare say he is aware that he will have some good play-fellows to contend with.

This being the time of harvest, the Count's servants were in the act of housing his oats, which concluded his corn harvest. They were in excellent condition, and he told me his crops in general were not only abundant, but had suffered very little by weather. We plainly perceived the Count's passion for horses had extended to those in his wagons, for he had some of the cleverest animals of that description I ever met with, and the stud consisted of fifty. Several of them were sixteen and seventeen hands high, and shewing quite as much blood as the old English coach-horse. Indeed I could have picked a very good set of coach-horses for country work out of the teams we saw; and, when taking the empty wagons to the field, they travelled at a pace that would have made our country bumpkins stare.

About five o'clock the milch cows returned to their stalls; and here I had a treat, for I like to see farming practised as it should be; and I have reason to believe the Count's business of this description is conducted on a very superior scale. According to the excellent custom of this part of the Continent, soiling is generally adopted, and the cattle are never turned out to spoil more grass than they eat. For a few hours in the middle of the day, however, the Count's cows had been ranging the corn stubbles, and were brought in at the hour I have stated. They consisted of what may be termed

a small stock for that country, there being only fifty, but they were of a particularly useful sort, and shewed that they had been very well kept. Indeed I was soon convinced of this; for on being let into their stalls, which were littered up to their hocks, a plentiful supply of ox cabbages were placed in their mangers, and behind them was a still more plentiful one of green clover to sup them up with at night. From such management as this it is not to be wondered at that his cows looked well, or that his crops of corn are abundant. I brought about a pint of his wheat with me, which I dibbled, and the produce resembles our red chaff.

I must dwell a little longer in these cow-stalls. The cows were a mixture of the Swiss and Holderness breeds, and, I have reason to believe, prodigious milkers. I did not judge by seeing them return from pasture with their udders full; but I looked at them the next morning directly after they were milked: their udders were then loose and thin, with large dug veins, and very long teats—the latter a very certain sign.

With the exception of a large dewlap, inherited from the Swiss breed, these cows were by far the handsomest I had seen in Germany, and reminded me of the Herefordshire breed, which certainly stands highest in our esteem in this country. Their carcasses are well formed, with ribs standing well out from the spine, wide hips, and their hides remarkably mellow: indeed they were three parts fit for the butcher at the time I saw them.

There were three peculiarly fine bulls in these stalls of the pure

Holderness blood, but all bred by the Count. Two of them were six feet high, and ten feet in length—a size not often met with. The Holderness cattle were first brought from Holland by the Duke of Northumberland's family, and took their name from Holderness, where the breed was first established in England; but I never saw in my own country such fine specimens as Count Veltheim shewed me.

We had another treat this evening. This was, to see the old cow-herd walk at the head of his herd, and usher them into their respective stalls. Had he been the Usher of the Black Rod to King George the Fourth, he could not have performed his office with more state. There was also something imposing in his appearance. He wore a long white coat, a cocked hat, very large buckles in his shoes, a long staff in his hand, and his person was as erect as if he were empaled on a spit.

Count Veltheim has a large flock of Merino sheep, of very pure breed; and although they were at a long distance from the mansion house, he ordered some of his rams to be brought home for us to inspect. I have a specimen of the wool now before me, and it really appears as fine as what is called cotton wool in which ladies keep their trinkets. There is, however, a great falling off in the price of this useful commodity—indeed, by his account, full cent. per cent.; for in 1818 he got forty dollars for 22 lbs., and now he only gets twenty. He is also a considerable grower of hops; and, when in England some years since, saw some of his own growth in a brewery in London, which he went accidentally to see.

Count Veltheim informed me,

that, from the great depreciation of agricultural produce, he had now only one-third of what his income was and ought to be. The extent of his property, however, may be imagined from the following conversation which took place between us. "Pray, Count," said I, "how did the French serve you when they had possession of your country?"—"Why," he replied, "they took sixty-five of my best horses; and myself and my peasants (*Anglès* tenants) kept ten thousand of their men for five years!'"

I gleaned a little of the Count's agricultural practice during the short visit I paid him, which may not be unacceptable to my agricultural readers. After all kinds of green crops—as also potatoes—he takes either rye or wheat; but rye, unless the land is superior. The rye is sown about the middle of September, but the wheat not till the middle of October; for if the plant become luxuriant before the heavy snows or long-continued rains set in, it rots in the ground, and, of course, the crop is deficient. Thus, no doubt, is it accounted for, that our late-sown wheats in England are often best at harvest. The preference in favour of rye over wheat, he told me, consisted in its better enduring the rigours of a German winter. He informed me that rye should be sown immediately after the plough, and never on what we call a stale furrow.

The Count grows a good deal of what we call mangel wurzel, or what he terms mangold root. He said it was chiefly employed in the manufacture of sugar, and that, in his opinion, turnips, and what he called cole-raps, are better for feeding cattle in his cold climate. Begging the Count's pardon, I cannot

see what the climate has to do with feeding oxen on mangel wurzel: the very presence of the sugar is the chief recommendation in its application to such purposes: but there is a prejudice against this valuable root, which, as is the case with many other acquisitions, time alone can remove.

After shewing us his carriages—one of which, a new one, made on purpose for his journey to Nice in Italy, where he passed the last winter for the recovery of his health, and which we considered an excellent specimen of the build of the country—he shewed us the guns with which he shot the various sorts of game his most extensive woods abound with. Being in the habit of seeing and hearing of the very expensive guns which the first-rate English gunsmiths furnished, and which, I presume, are unrivalled in their kind, I was much astonished to see excellent double-barrelled guns of the Count's—one barrel rifle, and the other for shot—the cost of which was only nine pounds of our money! They are made at Herzberg, not very far from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and have every appearance of being finished in a very superior manner.

I asked the Count if he had any pheasants in his woods, one of which, near his house, consists of five thousand acres. He said he had not, for he considered them a species of game quite too tame and domesticated for a real sportsman, which no doubt he is. His game is the stag of the forest, the roe buck, the wild boar, with hares, partridges, woodcocks, wild fowl, and every thing else that is wild. He told us he spent some part of every year with a friend of his who has thirty thousand acres

of wood land, well stocked with all sorts of game. How lamentable it is to reflect that a real sportsman, with such opportunities of indulging his favorite passion, should be disabled in the prime of life, and not allowed to mount any thing but a shooting pony, an article so difficult to meet with in any country, that he told Mr. Tattersall and myself that he would be happy to give fifty guineas for one if we could send it to him from England! Count Veltheim's brother is also a great sportsman, and a short time since performed the extraordinary feat of killing two stags at a double shot.

Not only are the pleasure grounds at Harbke laid out with much taste, but they abound in a most rare assortment of ornamental timber, and shrubs of all sorts and descriptions, "from the cedar tree, that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall!" Amongst other exotics is a tulip tree of immense size, which, last year, bore upwards of 500 tulips. There are also the *quercus palustris*, and the *quercus rubra*; likewise the American oak in very high perfection. This variety not only grows straighter in the stem, but, according to the Count's history of it, is better timber at eighty years growth than that of any other country at a hundred. The Hungarian oak (the acorns of which are so highly esteemed in Hungary for fattening swine) thrives in these grounds in very great perfection; and there are maples of only forty years growth, of a prodigious size for their age.

It was imperative that we should proceed on our journey without farther delay, or I confess I should have been pleased to have made a

longer stay with our kind host, from whose society so much useful information was to be gained. In addition to which there was something about the place that took my fancy much. First, its antiquity, yet its perfect state of repair; then, the fine clear moat that washed its walls, and of which the very swans that glided majestically on its surface appeared to feel a conscious pride, as if to say, *here we were born, and all our fathers before us*. Secondly, there was much of the old style of country living, which unfortunately has in my own country almost entirely yielded to modern refinement, though the change is not for the better. The offices were filled with well-dressed domestics, apparently enjoying themselves at their ease; and the size of the brew-house shewed there was good cheer where it ought to be, or "high life below stairs." As another emblem of rural simplicity, the curfew tolled, at five in the morning, to remind the labouring part of the community that it was time to rise; and at six, to dismiss them from their labours. Thirdly, the claret—Chateau-la-Rose, fifteen years in bottle—was the best that ever wetted my lips.

Speaking of claret reminds me of the dining room, which I will presently describe; but, as some of my readers may have no idea of a German dinner, I will recapitulate the dishes as they were *handed round to us* on the second day. I hope I shall be pardoned; but as it is the last dinner I sat down to in Germany, except at an inn, it is best impressed on my memory:—First soup, then game, then macaroni, and fruit of various kinds; then roebuck with different sweetmeats; then apricot pie; then cheese, raw

fish, and raw ham in very thin slices; then French beans stewed, with roast meat of various sorts; then fruit, &c. &c.

It will be observed that a short time elapses between the handing round these dishes; so that, what with the variety, and the changing from one sort of food to another, aided by frequent potations of the fine Rhine wines, or Monsieur Mozey's Champagne, and the relish of a bit of salt fish or ham, which, as it were, cleanses the palate from all former impurities, the appetite is kept unallayed almost to the conclusion of the meal, which lasts a considerable time. All the wine is drunk during dinner, and the gentlemen and ladies take their departure together. The lady of the house rises, and "*excunt omnes*," which I do not approve of.

The same forms are observed at supper as those I have now noticed. The gentlemen hand the ladies into the supper room; and when the repast—which in quality and quantity is nearly equal to dinner—is concluded, they hand them back to the drawing room. Here an hour passes; but I know not how to describe this hour, excepting as a sort of *conversations* on the events of the day previous to retiring to rest, which is always some time before midnight.

The two Countesses Veltheim, and some ladies who were on a visit to them, as well as Mrs. Strubberg and her daughters, chiefly amused themselves with knitting cotton stockings. Now I can remember when Ladies of Fashion in England were seen amusing themselves in this—to use the words of a great Northern Writer—"half busy, half idle occupation;" but mo-

dern refinement has thrown all such humble pursuits into the shade.

A short time before dinner this day we were rejoined by Count Putbus, who had been to see a relation in the neighbourhood, and took this opportunity of paying a visit to his very old friend Count Veltheim. We amused ourselves for an hour in the Count's library, where he has a most amusing and expensive collection of prints, chiefly in portfolios, amongst which are portraits of several very celebrated Arabians. I can only say, if the portraits of some of them were faithful to the originals, Old Harry should have ridden them for me! Our host told us His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has passed many an hour in this room.

Sitting down to dinner at the early hour of two, enabled us to proceed on our journey that evening. Taking our leave then of the chateau of Harbke, as also of the Chateau-La-Rose, and wishing our worthy host a speedy return of the blessings of health\*, we got into our carriages about five, and proceeded to Brunswick, where we had a most excellent supper at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, and were comfortably lodged for the night. On our road here I saw, for the first time when on our travels, two sportsmen taking the diversion of partridge shooting. They were dressed in green, had their guns slung over their shoulders, and each had a large pouch to carry the game in, but which did not appear overlaid. We also saw, only for the second time, a field of beans, cut and stacked in shocks, but by no means a promising crop.

\* I am happy to state the Count has informed me under his own hand that his health is very considerably improved.

Having now entered another Sovereign's dominions, we had yellow liveried postillions, and precious dirty brutes they were.

Sunday the 7th, we left Brunswick—a large town, but not particularly inviting—at eight o'clock, and made the best of our way to Gottingen, where we slept that night. The morning was delightful, the roads were excellent, and the only disaster we had was, our leader running into the *turnpike house* instead of through the gate. This, however, is considered a trifle; and I have reason to believe, in the fly season, a very common occurrence; for in the way this third horse is driven, he is very little under command. Perhaps my readers will think I am romancing when I state, that over one stage this day the postillion had only one *spring*—I will not degrade the science of the road to call it a rein—to his leader. This was tied to the left cheek of his snaffle bit; so the question naturally arises, how was this leader to be turned to the off-side of the road? I answer, he could not be turned to the off side of the road; but such was his docility, and so well did he know his accustomed stage, that he wanted no guiding at all. Now this is all very fine. "The cracked pitcher," says the proverb, "goes often to the well;" and so may this horse go many stages without driving; but the time may come when this total want of control over him may prove fatal to those who sit behind him.

"Jeremy," said I, "why don't you talk German to these fellows, and tell them to shorten their leaders' traces, and put their horses better together?" His answer was conclusive. "Faith, then," said he, "it has been so these three

hundred years, and they are not going to alter for you."

The road to-day, and indeed all the way to Frankfort, was a beautiful specimen of M'Adam; and not only was it then good, but there was a provision against its being otherwise, for three years to come. At the period of every twenty yards—and we saw no intervals—were large heaps of broken stones, very neatly put together and squared; nor was this all: the heaps were sprinkled with whitewash, so that no pilfering of them could take place after they were measured and paid for by the surveyors. There was also some little appearance of an alteration for the better in the posting system. We met with two curb bridles on the horses the postillions rode, and, to my surprise, breechings, which we had never seen before. These we hailed with joy; for really the want of power to hold the carriage back is a most serious inconvenience in travelling through this country, and enough to make a parson swear. For instance—you have a fine piece of this *chaussee* road, as they call it, before you; but because it happens to be a little on the descent, your carriage is taken into horribly bad ground by the side of it, abounding in holes and stones, because it would over-power the horses if kept on the good road. The breechings I found, however, were of comparatively little advantage; for by an act of stupidity, which I can neither reconcile nor account for, instead of being attached to the pole-pieces, they extend to a sort of loose collar that encircles the horse's neck, and slips almost to his ears.

This being the Sabbath day, and some great fête being about to be performed in Brunswick, in conse-

quence of its being the anniversary of a change in the religion of the country, the road was all alive. The Sunday costume of the country people amused me very much. The prevailing dress of the men was this:—a cocked hat, a white coat lined with scarlet, and reaching quite down to their heels; white leather breeches, kept tolerably clean, with frequently black, and often red, stockings, and very large shoe buckles. As for an accurate description of the women's apparel, it quite baffles my pen. Suffice it to say, they appeared *all petticoat*; and, as I said before, that plastering down the hair from the forehead would disfigure Venus herself.

The country about Brunswick is not only agreeable to the eye, but it abounds with gentlemen's seats, rare sights in Germany, where, as Dr. Moore observed, if you avoid towns and courts, you may travel a great extent of country without perceiving houses for any order of men between the prince and the peasant. I have already observed that we saw but one gentleman's seat during seventy miles of our journey.

We likewise this day travelled through a very rich country, where agriculture appeared to be good, and, although Sunday, a vast number of persons were pursuing their usual occupations in the fields. We likewise passed near two beautiful ruins, one belonging to Count Hartenburgh, of whom I have spoken before; and a very handsome chateau, the property and residence of General Dakon, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge. Our eyes were also feasted for the space of several miles with a view of one of the finest mountains in the world, inasmuch as it

is beautifully wooded almost to its summit.

About the middle of our day's journey we came to a large white post, on which were painted the letters G. R. These informed us we were in our own King's dominions (Hanover), and we pulled off our hats as we passed it. The liveries of the post boys was now changed to a red jacket faced with blue, and, as if to remind us of our country as well as of our King, we had, over the next stage, three pretty well-bred horses, that travelled with great ease at the rate of nine miles an hour.

Speaking of post horses, it is not amiss to know how these useful animals are fed in other countries than our own. I this day stepped into the stables of one of the post stations, at which a considerable number were kept. As far as I could learn, oats was the only species of grain given to them, but they had no loose hay. No less than four chaff-boxes were in the stables, all which appeared to have been at work that morning; and there were beds for the postillions in the stable.

I was very much amused one day at seeing the wonderful rapidity with which one of these fellows was metamorphosed from a clod-hopper—as we call farming servants here—into (*for his country*) a well-dressed postillion. Having doffed his rags, which sate loosely upon his body, he jumped into his leathers and jack-boots absolutely in the twinkling of an eye; for, having no stockings, there was no buttoning at the knee or gartering, the boot covering that part. His hat and jacket finished his toilet; and, as he walked out of the stable, a fellow-servant slung his horn across his shoulder, put him

pipe into his pocket, and in three seconds more he was on his horse. A Hounslow post-boy could not have done this in six times the space; but, when he had done it, I must confess he would look a little more like business.

For my own part, I could not distinguish much benefit to passengers from the great cumbersome French horns these postillions carry; and many of those who drove us being full fourteen stone, jockey weight, in their saddles, were, I should think, quite heavy enough without them. Their professed object is, to inform the drivers of wagons, carts, &c. that horses belonging to the *post royal* are coming, and therefore that they must give them the road in meeting or passing; but we very seldom found any notice taken of the hint. When loaded wagons met us, or were before us in the sandy roads of Mecklenburgh, we were almost always obliged to turn out, in spite of frequent blasts of the horns. Every now and then, to be sure, as almost every German is a musician, some pretty airs were played upon them, which had a beautiful effect in the large woods we passed through; and the following ludicrous occurrence attended our entrance into Magdeburgh:—The postillion who drove Count Putbus, as well as our own, had been trumpeters in the Dragoons, and when we arrived in the centre of this large garrisoned town, each drove his carriage abreast of the other, and they then struck up a martial tune on their horns. The effect was such that some officers who were at dinner arose from their seats, and threw open the windows of their room to see what regiment was coming in.

At Gottingen we were on classic ground, for no place stands higher in the learned institutions of the Continent. It is the chief University, to which young men from all parts repair to study the occult sciences, and the approach to the town gives an idea of its being a considerable place. "Richard," said I to young Tattersall, "let us walk and see the Colleges." But, alas! where were the Colleges to be found? I could have exclaimed with Tityrus—

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Mellibæe,  
putavi  
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem."

Blockhead as I was, I expected to see a second Oxford! However, I did not come to Germany to find fault, nor to compare it with my own country, for comparisons we are told are odious, and the "*parvis componere magna*" does not always answer.

When we approached within a few miles of this celebrated town, we could perceive we were in the neighbourhood of a University, for we met several worshippers of knowledge on the road. Some were on horseback, some in carriages, and others on foot. I thought, as they passed us, I could perceive in many of them the cheek pale with study, and the eye bright with intelligence of that happy age when it is pastime to attempt the hill of Fame. Afterwards, in the streets and in the houses, we saw parties smoking, drinking, and singing, and doing much as most of us have done before them. Did not our Porson smoke, and drink, and sing? and did not our Parr smoke all the day and half the night? Their mottoes might well have been—*Ex fumo dare lucem*.

I have said comparisons are



odious, and particularly so when unfair and impossible; but I cannot help observing there did not appear amongst the students I saw at Gottingen that gentlemanlike polish which distinguishes our members of the two English Universities; and some students from Rostock, who visited Dobberan during the race week, certainly excited my astonishment. They were perfect non-descripts in every respect but one—namely, no one could mistake them for gentlemen.

NIMROD.

#### A DAY WITH OLD MEYNELL.

SIR,  
SHOULD you think the following "Reminiscences" (since that is the fashionable word now-a-days,) of a rather celebrated day with the crack pack of the veteran Meynell likely to amuse your numerous readers, I shall feel much gratified by its insertion in the pages of your widely-circulated Magazine.

When a boy, and a very young one too, Mr. Editor, I was permitted to spend my Christmas holidays with some friends in that best of all fox-hunting countries, Leicestershire; and, during one of those happy visits, I was fortunate enough to be present at the run I have now undertaken to hunt over again for the amusement of your readers; and which left an impression upon my mind that years of active life have been unable to efface. Indeed, my recollections of its *every circumstance* are as fresh, as vivid, and as distinct as when I first told the story of its "moving accidents by flood and field" to a circle of envious and astonished shoofellows.

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We met at Shoby Scoales on the first morning of the year, and never shall I forget my delight, when that true specimen of the old English sportsman, Mr. Meynell, came up with his hounds. There was an air and manner about him which I have never seen equalled, and in all human probability never shall. His very seat had something so characteristic in it, that no one could see him on horseback without pronouncing him to be, what in reality he was, the very best workman in his way that ever graced a saddle. He was this morning mounted on his old favorite grey, which I had long had a great curiosity to see; for I had often heard him spoken of in terms which I thought no animal could possibly deserve. This day, however, he proved that his eulogists were correct to the very letter; for, with this old one on his back, he performed feats, which, I think, none of our young ones of the present day can surpass. In proof of this, I will mention one instance in which he gave us all the slip. When we had been running about three quarters of an hour, and at our best pace too, we had all—those at least who were up with the hounds—made for the corner of a large grass field near Dalby, surrounded by an ox-fence, expecting to find an easy outlet, as an old sportsman, Mr. Henton of Hoby, assured us there was a gate through which he himself had passed not long before. To our infinite annoyance, however, we found that the gate had been broken, and had been replaced with a flight of rails, so high and strong as to bring one and all to a stand-still. We were turning away in despair, when the old grey came up with his venerable and

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graceful rider; who, without giving the slightest check to his horse, but taking it in his stride, went over it in the most brilliant manner, leaving us in the lurch without one having the nerve to follow his example, although the hounds were a field or two a-head, and running breast high at the time.

We met, as I have said, at Shoby Scoles; and I need not tell many of your readers that a better place of meeting can hardly be found even in Leicestershire. A finer scenting morning I never met with, nor a more splendid field of horses and sportsmen; and, what added double interest to the animating scene, a brilliant display of ladies had assembled in various groupes to witness this interesting meet. After allowing moderate time for stragglers to come up, and the cockpit part of the field to prepare, the hounds were thrown into covert; where they had not long been before Champion, a favorite old hound, challenged so gallantly, that Mr. Meynell, whose knowledge of hunting was like intuition improved by experience, immediately cheered on the pack; and such was their determined perseverance, that pug, to save himself from a disgraceful death in covert, was obliged to fly on the instant; and, fortunately taking his course up wind, he made his escape, almost undetected; but the eye of Mr. Meynell was equal to his judgment. He first caught a view; and, as the fox had by this time reached the opposite hill, I and many who ought to have known better were not a little surprised that we were not immediately indulged with the gratifying sound of tally-ho! We all got on our stirrups, and ready for a start; but we were held in check

by the veteran taking off his cap, and crying, "Hold hard, Gentlemen! let the hounds get fairly out of covert, and settle a little to the scent, and then ride over them if you can." We were not kept long in suspense, for the gallant pack were too highly bred and too well disciplined to dwell long in covert after their prey had left it. They very soon broke; and the scent was so good that they immediately dropped their sterns, raised their heads, and went away, breast high, in such style, that we might safely take Mr. Meynell at his word, and *ride over them if we could*. For the first ten minutes the pace was so tremendous, that, I am quite sure, if we had kept on at the same rate for twenty minutes longer, we should all have received our quietus. This, however, was not the case; for just as we had reached the village of Ragdale, the hounds over-ran the scent, from the fox having made a sudden turn; and this, fortunately, gave our nags a few seconds to recover the puff, which in this short time had been so abundantly taken out of them. The hounds did not go far without bringing themselves to a check, and throwing up their heads; but by a quick and most judicious cast they again speedily settled to the scent, and, making a bend to the left, took us, at nearly our former speed, to Hoby. Making a second turn to the left, we soon found ourselves at Frisby Gorse; and such was the pace, up to this time, and such the difficulty of getting over the numerous great fences of all kinds, that very many found they had had enough of it, and were obliged to go home. It was, no doubt, fortunate for most of them that they were wise enough to do so; for had

they attempted, with beaten horses, to go through what followed, they never could have outlived it; as many horses, which at this time appeared tolerably fresh, died in consequence of their after-exertions.

We were detained in covert just long enough to give our horses another opportunity of mending their bellows, which the reader may easily suppose were not a little the worse for wear. After this short breathing, our fox broke away again, as gaily almost as ever, and took us, at a slashing pace, up to another favorite gorse near Great Dalby, which was planted expressly for a fox-covert for these hounds, by a once-famous old sportsman, Mr. Haines, late of Kirby. From this gorse we feared we should never get away, as poor Reynard appeared very unwilling to quit, and every moment seemed destined to be his last. At length, however, we were agreeably surprised; for he became so hard pressed, that he again ventured out, and took us in the most courageous manner across a most beautiful country to Gadsby, where we caught a view of him, and expected every moment to see the hounds run in to him. He was, however, preserved for a time by a curious occurrence; for, in passing a farmyard, he turned into it, and when the hounds lost view of him, a shepherd's cur espied him, and, as in duty bound, hunted the suspicious character from his master's premises. He too soon lost view, and began hunting him; but overrunning the scent, he was himself hunted by the hounds for nearly two miles before the laughable mistake was perceived. The nature of the chase being at length discovered, the hounds were brought

back to the spot, and, after some time, succeeded in recovering the scent; when, after the best cold hunting I ever saw, for forty minutes, we dragged upon him from time to time, till we found ourselves close to Queenborough. Here it was generally thought that every chance of recovering our fox was at an end; and, after making several casts to no purpose, we were about to give up the thing as settled, and many had left, when one of the most singular circumstances occurred that ever was recorded in the annals of fox-hunting.

Every one who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Meynell must be aware of his invincible perseverance in doing every thing in his power to recover and kill his fox; and in this case he seemed determined not to give a chance away; and it occurred to him that the fox had either thrown himself up, or made his way to the other side of the village. He therefore trotted on through the place, and as he passed the church-yard, two or three couples of hounds happened to stray into it. Among these was our old friend Champion, who had first delighted us in the morning with his music, and who now again sounded a note in the same key, which speedily caught the quick ear of his old master. Mr. Meynell declared he might be depended upon, and, putting his nag to the wall, he rode over it in his usual cool and beautiful style. He had not been long among the mansions of the dead before he discovered that our lost friend had gone to earth, though not exactly in the usual way: he had actually taken possession of a new-made grave, from which out he jumped, to all appearance as fresh as ever; and, although by this time all the hounds

had got into the inclosure, he contrived once more to give them the slip, and afforded us another excellent run, only excelled by that he had already given us up to Haines's Gorse. From Queenborough he went at double quick time nearly to Syston, where, turning to the right, he crossed the Leicester road, and led us in a straight line, charging a small river in his way, to Mount Sorrel. Here we ran in to this most gallant of all gallant animals, near the windmill on the hill, and thus ended one of the finest runs ever seen in this or any other country.

Were I to relate all the disastrous chances that occurred on this memorable day, I should too far trespass on the pages of your valuable miscellany; and therefore I shall rein up at once, lest my memory should run away with my modesty, and merely add that I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and admirer,

OLD REYNARD.

### THE EPPING HUNT.

THAT "brevity is the soul of wit," is an axiom too well substantiated for the most profound casuist to attempt to refute: and that T. Hood, Esq. possesses the very essence of "wit and brevity" is sufficiently evinced in his *Whims and Oddities*—"every line a witticism, every verse a jest." The Epping Hunt has long been "falling into the sear and yellow leaf," and Mr. Hood has endeavored to revive its drooping honours—indeed he may be said to have immortalised this "cockney sport" in a petite poem, just published under the above title by C.

Tilt, of St. Bride's Passage, Fleet Street. It is indeed a real feast served up to the votaries of Momus, and the name of the author is a pledge of laughter and amusement which never disappoints. It excites amazement as much as it promotes merriment, by the exhaustless variety of his punning imagination, and the apparent ease with which he brings into ludicrous conjunction ideas and objects the most dissimilar and opposed. The present little production is worthy of Mr. Hood's celebrity; this will be an all-sufficient recommendation to those who are familiar with his extraordinary talent; and for the benefit of others less experienced, we proceed to give a few specimens which cannot fail to render them more anxious for the enjoyment of the *tout ensemble*. Mr. Hood laments in his introduction that the Epping Hunt will soon be numbered with the *pastimes of past times*, and adduces the evidence of an observant and well-informed person in confirmation of the sad fact that there has been "a great falling off *laterally* in the Epping Hunt." The Sporting World are, therefore, the more indebted to Mr. Hood for thus recording its glories in immortal verse. Since the epoch of the renowned John Gilpin, there has been nothing of this kind produced so well calculated to rival the popularity of that most popular of poems. The hero is John Huggins, a concentration of all that is respectable as a citizen of *Cheap* and unfortunate as a hunter of *deer*.

Our first specimen relates to the appearance of the vehicle conveying the *hanimal* to the scene of action; he informs us that it was—

In shape like half a hearse, though not  
For corpses in the least;





*Lincoln Gold Cup for 1829.*

For this contained the *deer alive*,  
And not the *deer deceased*!

On the release of the *deer alive*,  
John Huggins and his City companions  
are equally unable to restrain  
their impetuosity or keep their seats.

Asses were sprawling on the grass,  
And beavers fell in showers,  
There was another *Floorer* there  
Besides the Queen of Flowers.

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,  
Some had no caps to shew;  
But few, like CHARLES at Charing-cross,  
Rode on in *status quo*.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,  
"I've surely broke a bone;"  
"My head is sore," with many more  
Such speeches from the *TROWN*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved  
The wide satanic clan,  
Who grim'd, as once the devil grim'd,  
To see the *fall of man*.

And hunters good, that understood,  
Their laughter knew no bounds,  
To see the horses "throwing off"  
So long before the hounds.

The progress of the hunt is not  
less disastrous, for though many of  
the horsemen survive the first shock,  
we find that

— Even those that galloped on  
Were fewer every minute  
The field kept getting more select—  
Each thickset served to thin it.

The hero Huggins is *pointedly*  
unfortunate. His steed pitches  
him into a furze bush—

Where, sharper set than hunger is,  
He squatted all forlorn;  
And like a bird was singing out  
While sitting on a thorn.

Right glad was he, as well might be,  
Such cushion to resign,  
"Possession is nine points," but his  
Seem'd more than ninety-nine.

Yet wame than all the prickly points  
That entered in his skin,  
His nag was running off the while  
The thorns were running in.

Now had a Papist seen his sport  
Thus laid upon the shelf,  
Although no horse he had to cross,  
He might have cross'd himself.

The peroration is as witty as  
the rest of the poem. All perils  
past, the happy sportsmen recount  
their adventures: how the stag  
stood at bay—

And how the hunters stood aloof,  
Regardless of their lives,  
And shunn'd a beast whose very horns  
They knew could *HANDLE* knives.

The whole poem abounds in humour;  
and we have only to add, that  
it boasts the farther attraction of six  
humorous sketches by Cruikshank.

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#### LINCOLN GOLD CUP FOR 1829.

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**T**HROUGH the kindness of Mr.  
Widdowson, of Fleet-street,  
we are enabled to present to our  
readers a beautiful engraving of  
the Cup run for at the late Lin-  
coln races, and won by Mr. Houlds-  
worth's ch. f. Fortitude, 3 yrs old,  
beating Mr. Golden's br. h. Robin  
Hood, 5 yrs old. The Cup is a beau-  
tiful piece of workmanship, and is  
another successful effort of the  
taste and execution Mr. Widdow-  
son has so often displayed in the  
numerous objects of this Nature  
which he has had the good fortune  
to manufacture. Its general effect  
is rich in the extreme; and the  
leaves and grapes on the body being  
raised in bold relief after Nature,  
with the handles formed by the  
vine, has quite a novel and pleas-  
ing appearance. The wild Ara-  
bian surmounting the cover is true  
to Nature, and the grace and fire  
of the animal are well imagined.  
We feel much pleasure in saying  
this is one of the handsomest Cups  
made for some time past, and re-  
flects much credit upon the maker,  
who, we doubt not, will meet with  
the encouragement he so well de-  
serves.

## REMARKABLE RACES.

SIR,  
**I**N your Number for May 1827\*, there is an article under the above title, giving an account of a race at Maldon, Essex, in 1748, and of another over Cowbridge race-course, Glamorganshire, in 1785, in both of which all the horses were distanced. Your correspondent on that occasion says he had examined the *Racing Calendar* for 1748, and could find no account of any races having taken place in Essex at that period, and requesting information as to where that statement was copied from. In looking over some of my old documents the other day I accidentally found the *Calendar* in which that race was recorded; from which it appears that there was an error in the statement of the year in which it occurred, it having taken place in 1738. Having also discovered another of these extraordinary events, I forward the particulars, and repeat those you have already given, that the whole may be recorded together.—I am, Sir, &c.

ULEG.

October 16, 1829.

1. Tenbury, Worcestershire, July 13th, 1737.—Ten Guineas for Gallows, 9st. the highest—Give-and-take.—Heats.

Mr. Hurst's b. g. Fear-not ..... 1 dis.  
 Mr. Savage's ch. m. Worcester-  
 shire Lady ..... 2 dis.  
 Mr. Kempsey's bald g. Tickle-  
 me-gently ..... dis.

The two first started for a second heat; "but as 'tis three times round at this place for a heat, they both stopped when they had gone twice round, so the whole three were deemed distanced."—*Racing Calendar* 1737, p. 55.

2. Maldon, Essex, Sept. 7th, 1738.  
 —Ten Guineas for Gallows, 9st.—  
 Give-and-take.

Mr. Dormer's gr. h. Quicksilver ..... dis.  
 Mr. Maskill's ch. h. Squirrel ..... dis.  
 Mr. James's gr. g. Hearty ..... dis.

Quicksilver ran on the wrong side of a post, but turned again, and came in first. The rider, however, omitting to prove his weight, he was deemed distanced. Squirrel also ran on the wrong side of a post, and being beat more than a distance by Quicksilver, as was also Hearty, by falling lame, they were all three deemed distanced. It was agreed ultimately that Quicksilver and Squirrel should start a succeeding heat for the prize, which was won by Quicksilver.—*Racing Calendar* 1738, p. 82.

3. Glamorganshire Meeting, July 20th, 1785.—Fifty Pounds, give-and-take, for horses, &c. bred in Glamorgan or Monmouthshire, that never won that value:—14 hands, aged, 9st. higher or lower, weight in proportion.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's bay gelding ..... dis.  
 Mr. Hurst's gr. g. Little-thought-of, dis.  
 Mr. Jones's br. g. Little Isaac ..... dis.

The first-mentioned horse did not bring in his weight, and the riders of the other two dismounted before they came to the ending post—consequently they were all deemed distanced.—*Racing Calendar* 1785, p. 69.

## THE BERKSHIRE COUNTRY.

SIR,  
**C**ALLED to the neighbourhood of Newbury a short time since, I determined to combine pleasure with business, by looking a little about me into the sporting stations of the country, and to ascertain the strength of the promises held out for "a goodly day to-morrow." I, therefore, proceeded to Harewood Lodge, the newly-taken seat of Francis D. Astley, Esq. (son of Sir John Dugdale Astley, Bart.

\* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xx. N.S. p. 48.



and M.P. of Everley House, Wilts), upon whose capacious hare-abounding downs the Wiltshire Coursing Meetings are frequently held.

Mr. Astley appears to have made good use of his time during a tour on the Continent, and did not, like many a travelled-fop,

"Take a *week's* view of Venice and the Brent,  
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content."

He brought home, among other gatherings, an Arabian entire horse, a beautiful grey, and certainly as handsome an animal as I ever saw, and, with his Eastern-bridle and trappings upon him, as noble in appearance as he is pure in blood. So gentle is he withal, that, as the cast of the horse-salesman has it, he may be "ridden with a pack-thread." This steed from a thirsty soil possesses also some speed, having run at Florence in 1628, and won the stake. Mr. Astley has also a Turk or Barb (aged), coal-black, and for a quarter of a mile of extraordinary fleetness, though he "has not a leg to stand upon." With this horse his proprietor has challenged Mr. Thornhill to run against any nag from the latter's stud for a short distance. An Alderney cow of extraordinary beauty formed also an object of interest in Mr. Astley's "cattle show."

Before he went to the Continent this gentleman commenced his career as a *Courser*; and by referring to your pages for 1825, it will be found that in the October of that year he distinguished himself by being a winner of a stake and several matches at the Amesbury Meeting. I well remember a black and white greyhound (lent him by Mr. Graily of Alton, North Wilts, for the occasion) which shewed

immense speed on that day of triumph, and afterwards defeated a fast bitch of my breeding in a private match. This hound has been admirably painted by Mrs. Astley, a lady as accomplished as her husband is liberal; and the picture forms one of the many ornaments of Harewood Lodge. Mr. Astley seems now, however, determined to surpass earlier attempts at gaining "golden opinions" for his favorites the "long dogs," inasmuch as he has recently built a very spacious and well-arranged kennel for the rearing and conditioning of those "slim champions of the Leash." A brace of very fine greyhounds, the gift of Mr. Alexander Wyndham, of Dinton, Wilts, the winner of cups, couples, matches, and stakes, will be capital auxiliaries to a *happy cross* in the Harewood Coursing Stud, which will thus combine, if I mistake not, the blood of North Wilts, Norfolk, and Stockton (Harry Biggs, Esq.'s kennel), if not Newmarket. In fact, Mr. Astley appears thoroughly determined not to do things by halves, but to remember, that "when 'tis done 'twere well done if 'twere done quickly."

Whilst in the neighbourhood I naturally made inquiries relative to the hunting establishments of Berks, &c. and was rejoiced to find all our brethren of the "right sort" in that county in tip-top spirits in consequence of Thomas Smith, Esq. (*the* "Tom Smith") having given up the Hambledon and taken to the management of the Craven hounds; and that he was already busy in measures to insure first-rate sport to every descendant of the "mighty hunter" who joins in the maddening cry "of the rejoicing chase." In fact, to use the words of one of the very

best supporters of fair sporting in all its legitimate branches—"by this move of Mr. Smith's, Newbury bids fair to become a second Melton."

Having thus stated the goodly promises held out for us, in my next I will, from *practical proof*, endeavour to sketch a faithful record of the *performances* of "good men and true" in the Berkshire country.—I am, &c.

Φιδος.

October 7, 1829.

P.S. Among other matters I ascertained the breed of hares to be exceedingly strong; so that the coursers would not have to beat long ere he "slipped" his gaze-hounds upon their game. Pheasants also abounded in the *battue*-preserves, of which there are too many in this neighbourhood; for the foxes have, and will be, made the sacrifice to the murderous and almost unmanly amusement which bears the *foreign* appellation (our English language being fortunately *too pure* to supply a term to the folly) fashion or vanity (*utrum horum mavis accipe*, the terms are optional) has given it.

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### THE DEVON COUNTRY.

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SIR,

SO much has been said against Devonshire as a hunting country, that I think it necessary to apologise to you and your readers for introducing it again to your notice: but if it is not such to go the best pace over; and if NIMROD himself does not condescend to lead the chase over our hills and dales; yet I think it will be allowed me, the goddess Hygeia presides over our hunting establishments; and when I name to you some mas-

ters of hounds in this neighbourhood, I think you will agree with me it is a *lasting* if not a *quick* country.

I feel a high gratification, Mr. Editor, as one of the Old School (and some five-and-twenty years a subscriber to your excellent Magazine), to introduce to you by name some very old acquaintance of mine, who, by following the chase, and enjoying those hospitable and convivial feelings inseparable (I believe) to the true sportsman, have left cares and sickness far behind them, and, at those years when most men go on three legs, if not on four, according to the Sphinx's riddle, have again taken the field. "Now all around are joy; men, horses, dogs; and in each smiling countenance appears fresh blooming health and universal joy." And now, my first in years, and my very oldest in the sporting line, Jonas Morgan, Esq. of Woodoves! How many happy hours have I spent with thee, both in the field and at thy hospitable board, where recapitulating the chase and the song has sent dull care away, and the dawn has often peeped on us while the hall has rung with the chorus of the *Kell-ruddery*\*! I think he told me he was 84 the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him. As a breeder of hounds he is well known in this county, and, with the practice of upwards of fifty years, has this year one of the finest packs of harriers in Devonshire, though I think the name of dwarf fox-hounds would be more appropriate to them.

Next, my valued and respected friend, Paul Ireby, Esq. of Goodmoor, who I have mentioned to you before, and who has often figured in your Numbers as an

\* A song Mr. Morgan (who by the bye is an excellent poet too) sings remarkably well.

excellent sportsman; his pack now will not lose by comparison. This hardy *sportsman*, at 77 years of age, still rides twelve or fourteen miles to covert, and, from five in the morning until sun-set, hunts his beautiful little pack, and takes a peep at the fox-hounds in intermediate days of hunting, to keep "all right."

Francis Coram, 75 years, still has a small pack of harriers; and though they are not kept in the same stile as my two friends above-mentioned, yet give great satisfaction to the sportsmen of his immediate neighbourhood.

I must mention my old friend, Chas. Jink, 72, who, though now he no longer figures as the master of a pack, yet having kept them upwards of twenty years (having given them up to the Lord of the Manor), is now a determined follower of the fox-hounds (promoted); and though his name is familiar to you in having often shone in your pages as a leading character in a fox-chase, honorable mention shall again be made by me. Such men should never die.

William Croseman, though moving in an humbler sphere of life, and disdaining "the horse and his rider," still at 69 follows his own bounds on foot.

Here, Mr. Editor, I have given you the names of five venerable sportsmen, whose united ages make 377 years, and who, I am happy to say, enjoy excellent health. Some will not wonder, after this, that Devonshire is called the Montpellier of England. But think ye it is the climate alone that insures this health and length of days? No; it is the noble sport of hunting—that is the best physician; for, as NIMROD justly observes, the God of Physic is the God of the Chase.

I am most happy to congratu-

late my fox-hunting friends on the auspicious commencement of the season. Mr. Bulteel has taken the field in fine force, with his whippers capitally mounted. Really too much credit cannot be given to this determined sportsman, who has had a great many disagreeable difficulties to wade through; but I sincerely hope there is now an end to them, and that gentlemen who have the power of preserving foxes for him will now exert themselves to that effect. I am happy to find there is no lack of them in the principal coverts at present; but it is too early to give a decided opinion on the numbers. A very pretty burst of forty minutes was run from Saltram on Thursday last: blown nags was the order of the day. Lady G. Bulteel honored us with her presence; and I do wish the ladies in our neighbourhood (for we have some excellent horsewomen among us) would a little oftener favour us with their company.

And now, while I am wishing joy to my friends on the fair prospects before us, it is not the least that I congratulate them on the acquisition the Hunt is likely to find from the presence of Lord Boringdon for the first time amongst them. That this young sportsman may delight in it I most fervently wish; and that he may join heart and hand in the noble diversion of fox-hunting, is the sincere wish of all the country round. And why should he not? He is descended from a race of sportsmen—"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis: est in juvenis, est in equis, patrum virtus; nec imbellem feroces progenerant aquilæ columbam."—His grandfather, the late Lord Boringdon, was certainly one of the first sportsmen in England; his name in the Stud Book, as a breeder

of some of the first horses of the day, pretty clearly establishes his fame; and the owner of such horses as Prophet, Saltram, Anvil, and many other good ones, told well, I suppose, for the pocket.

It is evident also, though the health of the present Earl of Morley does not allow him to take the field, that he is a true sportsman: witness his race-course, and the exertions he has gone through to get races established at Plymouth. He began by keeping a few race-horses; and his introducing that capital stallion Hyperion into our neighbourhood argued that he meant to have followed up the sport: but at that time there was no inducement to continue it. In the years 1822-3-4, racing was at a low ebb in Devonshire, and I do not believe he had five thorough-bred mares, except his own stud, put to the horse. Yet now the town and neighbourhood of Plymouth have, amongst other benefits, to thank him for a race course made at his sole expense; for a magnificent stand to accommodate company; for procuring for them a Gold Cup, the munificent present of our Gracious Sovereign (whom God preserve!); and two years of such sport as this part of Devon never witnessed. His obligingly giving up his stalls at Saltram for the accommodation of the race-horses, and provender

to some of the owners in the mansion, speak volumes in his praise as a sportsman. Do not think I am going here to write a panegyric on Lord Morley, nor believe that I am one of the favored few above-mentioned; for, as Peter Pindar says of beautiful lips, "that I never kiss'd, nor ever shall"—for *lips* read *dinners*—yet for all that he deserves an abler pen than mine to speak of the gratitude the people of Plymouth owe him. The beautiful bridge over the Lara, or Plym River, built within these few years at an immense cost, shew's his wish to accommodate the public. As his name has appeared in your pages not in the most flattering terms, and as your Magazine is read "from Indus to the Pole," I trust your readers will draw a fair estimate of his Lordship as a sportsman, though a rascally keeper shot a fox or two in the immediate neighbourhood of Saltram, where it was the wish to preserve game, knowing that some thousands of acres are open to his fox-hunting friends.

The length of years of my acquaintance may make me a little prosy, I fear you'll think—therefore I conclude.

Your humble servant,

A PLAIN COUNTRYMAN.

Devon, October 12, 1829.

## TWO DEVONIAN HUNTING SONGS.

SIR,

I Have been desired by my friends to give them a song: if this does not suit, I will give them another.

Ivy Bridge, October 13, 1829.

WESTERN ALOPEX.

Huntsman, rejoice,  
Lift up thy voice,  
And sing my Lord M——y's praises;

Foxes are found  
On the Saltram ground ;  
And the cry of the hound,  
Jolly boys ! how my spirit it raises !

Tallyho ! tallyho !  
Yonder they go,  
The 'Squire caps 'em on like a good 'un ;  
The scarlets are quite mad,  
Even trowser'd men are glad !  
So come, my merry lad,  
Give me a nag that's a blood 'un.  
For blood is all the go ;  
Nothing now will do,  
Except where high breed abounds, Sir :  
I must have Velocipede,  
Or some such generous steed  
Of tip-top racing speed—  
Our hounds are as fast as greyhounds, Sir !

The lads are riding fast,  
The Devil catch the last—  
There's one who flies like a swallow :  
He is of ten stone weight,  
He tops a five-bar gate ;  
'Fore George he will ride straight,  
And cheer on the hounds with his halloo !

See yon Eighty-fift  
Just gives his mare a lift,  
And slap a Devil's dyke she's over ;  
He is a powerful boy,  
So, maidens, give him joy—  
That bliss without alloy—  
And he will give you a lover.

See yon steady chap,  
I pray that no mishap  
Will stay his hunting career, Sirs ;  
That youth must needs live well,  
For he fears not witch nor spell,  
And copes blind ditch and dell,  
Bayard sans reproach et sans fear, Sirs !

Thus you see, my Lord,  
What joy you afford  
To a set of right generous fellows :  
Now may each Vulpecide,  
Who shall my song deride,  
In Norfolk ever bide,  
Or die like a dog of the yellows.

W. A.

## SONG II.

Cease, cease that raven note, that dringing  
Of sorrow in mine ears ; there is gone forth a voice  
Sweet as the lark's to Heaven's gate upspringing,  
Which says, rejoice, ye fox-hunters, rejoice !

The Sun of Saltram has dispell'd that gloom  
Which darken'd Cann Wood with a cloud of sadness ;  
The flower of fox-hunting therein shall bloom  
And spread its violet-smelling scent of gladness !

The Sun of Saltram shines forth in his glory !  
The red fox he shall laugh, the vixen grin,  
And keepers now, their hands no longer gory,  
Shall look with pleasure on the bloodless gin :

And I, the Antient One, ere long shall see  
The hope of Saltram, strong and quick in youth,  
First in the ranks of glorious chivalry,  
Where ride the Sons of Fox-hunting and Truth !

W. A.

### WINNERS OF THE WHIP.

Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum prius.—TERENCE.

What's in a name?—SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HIS "splendid trophy," as it is termed by some, is now in the possession of Mr. Gully, that gentleman having gained it in the Second October Meeting with Mameluke, by Partisan (winner of the Derby in 1827), beating Col. Wilson's Lamplighter, with ease, by several lengths. A degree of interest, however, attached to the race, from the circumstance of the WHIP not having been run for since 1794, although it has been repeatedly challenged, and as often given up without a struggle.

"It (THE WHIP) is of very antique appearance. The handle, which is very heavy, is silver, with a ring at the end of it for a wristband, which is made of the mane of the horse Eclipse. The upper part is like all other whips, except the lash, which is made of the tail of Eclipse. It is reported now to be the identical WHIP which Charles II. (not George II.) was in the habit of riding with, and which he presented to some Nobleman whose arms it

bears, as being the owner of the best horse in England. This gave rise to the challenge which for many years promoted admirable sport on the Turf, till His present Majesty won it with Auriel in the year 1787, in whose possession it continued till Mr. Charlton challenged for it this autumn, with his celebrated horse Master Henry."

I have copied the above description of this valuable relic from your Magazine, vol. xii. N.S. p. 213, for the sake of correcting an error into which your Correspondent has been led respecting *Auriel*, the property of His Majesty, having borne off the prize in 1787. I presume that *Anvil* is meant, who won it in 1783, then belonging to Mr. Parker, afterwards created a Peer by the title of Lord Boringdon. *Anvil* (by Herod), indeed, was entered for it in 1786, but paid forfeit. Regarding the armorial bearings alluded to in the above account, they are said, and with great probability, to be the arms of the Master of

the Horse to Charles II. to whom we are indebted for the breed of our present race of running horses.

Intrinsically, the WHIP is probably not worth a crown; to obtain it, however, it is necessary to stake 200 sovs. and run a horse over the B. C. carrying 10st.

The earliest account that I have been able to trace of the winner of the WHIP mentions a horse named Dimple; the particulars of which race, however, are not recorded in the *Calendar*.

The following is an epitome of the challenges and running for this trophy, as far as can be ascertained with accuracy.

1756, April.—Mr. Fenwick's b. h. Matchem (rode by John Singleton), by Cade, dam by Partner, beat Mr. Bowles's b. h. Trajan, by Regulus, out of a daughter of the Devonshire Blacklegs:—at starting 2 to 1 on Matchem; over the Flat, 5 to 1 on Trajan; at the turn of the lands, 100 to 1 on Matchem.

1764, April.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's b. h. Dumplin, by Cade (a son of the Godolphin Arabian), out of Cypron (the dam of King Herod), by Blaze (a Son of Flying Childers), aged, beat Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Panglos, by Cade, dam by Bartlett's Childers:—7 to 4 on Panglos.

1768, April 7th.—Lord Rockingham's b. h. Malton, by Sampson, dam by Cade, beat easily Lord Grosvenor's gr. h. Cardinal Puff, by Babraham, dam by Snip:—5 to 1 on the winner.

1770, April 19th.—Lord Grosvenor's Gimcrack, by Cripple, beat Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim, by Sampson:—5 to 2 on Gimcrack.

1775, April 20th.—Lord Grosvenor's Sweet William, by Syphon, beat Lord Abingdon's Transit, by Marake:—6 to 4 on Sweet William.

1777, October 2d.—Mr. Pigott's Shark, by Marake, recd. 100gs. compromise from Lord Grosvenor's Mambrino, by Engineer; and Lord Grosvenor retained the WHIP.

1778, May 14th.—Mr. Pigott's br. h. Shark, by Marake, aged, beat Lord Omory's ch. h. Dorimant, by Otho, 6 yrs; Lord Abingdon's ch. h. Pretender, by Marake, paid:—7 to 4 on Dorimant.

1781, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor challenged for the WHIP, and named his ch. h. Potooooooooo, by Eclipse; no one accepting the challenge, the WHIP was delivered to his Lordship.

1783, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Potooooooooo, by Eclipse, beat Sir John Lade's br. h. Nottingham, by Tantrum:—2 to 1 on the winner.

1783, Oct. 16th.—Mr. Parker's b. h. Anvil, by Herod, beat Lord Foley's b. h. Guildford, by Herod; Mr. O'Kelly's b. h. Boudrow, by Eclipse, fell lame:—11 to 8 on Anvil, 7 to 4 agst Guildford, and 8 to 1 agst Boudrow.

1786, Oct. 19th.—Mr. O'Kelly's b. h. Dungannon, by Eclipse, beat Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Drone, by Herod; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's b. h. Anvil, by Herod, paid:—5 to 4 on Dungannon.

1792, Oct. 17th.—Duke of Bedford's ch. h. Dragon, by Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Wilson's b. h. Creeper, by Tandem, 6 yrs old, and Lord Clermont's b. h. Pipator, by Imperator, 6 yrs old:—6 to 5 on Dragon, 7 to 4 agst Creeper, and 5 to 1 agst Pipator.

1794, May 22d.—Mr. Wharton's b. h. Coriander, by Pot8o's, aged, beat Mr. Wilson's b. h. Creeper, by Tandem:—7 to 1 on Coriander.

1795, Second Spring Meeting.—The WHIP was challenged for in this Meeting by Lord Darlington, who named his b. h. St. George, by High-flyer, out of a Sister to Soldier, 6 yrs old.—The challenge was not accepted, and the WHIP handed over to his Lordship.

1795, Second October Meeting.—Lord Sackville challenged for the WHIP with Kitt Carr, by Tandem, 6 yrs old.—The challenge was not accepted.

1808, Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor challenged

for the WHIP, and named his mare Violante by John Bull, dam (Sister to Skycraper) by Highflyer; but the challenge was not accepted.

1815, Second Spring Meeting.—The Hon. Geo. Watson challenged for the WHIP, and named his br. h. Pericles, by Evander, dam by Precipitate; the same not being accepted, Mr. W. became entitled to the WHIP.

1822, Second October Meeting.—Mr. Lechmere Charlton challenged for the WHIP, and named his b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford, aged.—The challenge not having been accepted, the WHIP was transferred to Mr. C. accordingly.

At the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, May 19th, 1823, Lord Foley challenged for the WHIP, and named his b. h. Sultan, by Selim, out of Bacchante, aged. The challenge not having been accepted, his Lordship became entitled to the WHIP, which was transferred to him accordingly.—In 1823, Sultan received 250l. 250l. and 100l. st. from Mr. Charlton's Master Henry.

1827, Second Spring Meeting.—The WHIP was challenged for in this Meeting by Lord Anson, who named Sligo; and Lord Exeter not accepting the challenge, the WHIP passed to Lord Anson.

1828, Second October Meeting.—Colonel Wilson's b. h. Lamplighter, by Merlin, 5 yrs old, recd. from Lord Cleveland's b. h. Memnon, by Whisker, 6 yrs old.

1829, Second October Meeting.—Mr. Gully's b. h. Mameluke, by Partisan, 5 yrs old, beat Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, 6 yrs, and Mr. Gully is now in possession of the WHIP.

C. ANNIGER.

#### FEMALE KESTREL.

Stonegall, Stannel Hawk, or Windhover  
of BRWICK—*Falco Tinnunculus* of  
LINNÆUS.

**T**HE male and female of this species differ very much from each other, the female being more

variegated and richer in colour than the male. Bewick says: "Its length is fourteen inches; breadth two feet three inches; cere and feet yellow; eyes dark coloured, surrounded with yellow skin; its head is rust-coloured streaked with black; behind each eye there is a light spot; the back and wing coverts are elegantly marked with numerous undulated bars of black; the breast, belly, and thighs are of a pale reddish colour, with dusky streaks pointing downwards; vent plain; the tail is marked by a pretty broad black bar near the end; a number of smaller ones of the same colour occupy the remaining part; the tip is pale.

"The Kestrel is widely diffused throughout Europe, and is found in the more temperate parts of North America: it is a handsome bird; its sight is acute, and its flight easy and graceful: it breeds in the hollows of trees, and in the holes of rocks, towers, and ruined buildings; it lays four or five eggs of a pale reddish colour: its food consists of small birds, field mice, and reptiles: after it has secured its prey, it plucks the feathers very dexterously from the birds, but swallows the mice entire, and discharges the hair in the form of round balls from its bill. This bird is frequently seen hovering in the air, and fanning with its wings by a gentle motion, or wheeling slowly round, at the same time watching for its prey, on which it shoots like an arrow. It was formerly used in Great Britain for catching small birds and young partridges."

These birds usually hunt in pairs. Hawks soon discover wounded birds if it be ever so slightly, which they immediately chase. During the frost of last winter a sportsman on the banks of the Lea perceived a hawk pursuing a





PLATE 11



mallard with the greatest avidity; and he, to avoid the fury of his enemy, betook himself to the river nearly within gun-shot of our informant. The hawk still continued the attack, the duck diving at every pounce of his adversary. After the gunner had satisfied his curiosity, and wishing to decide their quarrel, he stepped forward with *weighty* reasons; but before he could conveniently deliver them, the hawk made a quick flit, and his intended prey, finding himself free'd likewise, eluded the shooter's aim. S.

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#### ABUSE OF RACE-HORSES.

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SIR,  
THE statement respecting the treatment of two of His Majesty's race-horses, which appeared in the last Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, signed INDEPENDENCE, is utterly false.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

E. H. DELME RADCLIFFE.

59, Conduit Street, Oct. 6, 1829.

We immediately forwarded a copy of the above letter to the Gentleman who favored us with the article, together with another, the reply to which best explains its purport.

SIR—When a few weeks ago I communicated to you the few observations on the mal-treatment of His Majesty's race-horses, which, I perceive you have inserted in your present Number, I little thought of giving offence to any party; much less could I expect that the *individual most likely to be benefited by such information* should be most annoyed by receiving it. You must be well aware that in

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the article you published, I had no other intention than to serve all parties concerned; and, generally, for the advantage of other persons connected with the Turf, to shew how much they were in the power of underlings. No one who carefully reads the article can for a moment entertain a different feeling: and, instead of its being considered an injury, I feel that I have conferred a benefit upon those, who could not, without my information, have been aware of what occurred upon the occasion.

I rely with the utmost confidence on the veracity of the friend who gave me the information, and am quite ready to give every particular as communicated to me. But supposing his statement to be incorrect—which I cannot for a moment admit—I shall be willing to make the *amende honorable* most unequivocally. I repeat, however, I believe the whole statement to be true; and shall be happy to give any farther explanation should it be required.

I am, Sir, &c.

INDEPENDENCE.

October 15, 1829.

The two following letters have been received on the same subject.

SIR—Being an old subscriber and constant reader of your *Sporting Magazine*, I take the liberty of addressing you in consequence of seeing in your work of this month a letter on the subject of improper treatment of race-horses, which I am sure more frequently happens than the public are aware of; and hence arises the great difference of performance at different times. I quite agree with your correspondent in thinking that every circumstance likely to interfere with

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their public running, ought to be made known: but then, how is this to be done? for few, very few, have nerve to make public what they happen to learn privately. Those who do, equally with you, Mr. Editor, deserve the support and respect of every sporting man in the kingdom: and I say it without the fear of contradiction, that if your Correspondent on this subject were known, he would receive the thanks of thousands. That he merits this, I cannot doubt, as I have myself witnessed similar conduct to that which is described.—I am, &c.

A BACHELOR.

Ascot Heath, October 18, 1829.

SIR—As an independent individual you are indebted to my personal thanks for the disclosure made in your last, under the title of "Abuse of Race-horses;" and I am confident our beloved King will be pleased at the honorable way you have shewn the existence of such abuse; which, for one, I do not doubt often occurs in other studs. The Sporting World, one and all, feel indebted to you; and it is hoped that the important trusts confided to inferiors will in

future be more faithfully attended to: if not, there will be little protection for sporting men, who venture, and rely so much on good management.—I am, Sir, &c.

VERITAS.

October 20, 1829.

WE have received another letter on this subject, signed JUNIOR, appealing to our impartiality for its insertion. We should not hesitate to do so, if it contained one single argument or proof against the statement of INDEPENDENCE. It is literally a "tirade of vituperation," founded, it appears, on a letter from Mr. Delmé Radcliffe to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, to the same purport as the one addressed to us by that Gentleman, and inserted in the preceding page. We should not have given place to the article signed INDEPENDENCE had we not relied implicitly on the honour of the writer, who is personally known to us; and there is nothing in JUNIOR's letter to induce us to withdraw our confidence in his veracity. We therefore unhesitatingly reject the letter, merely remarking that abuse is no argument.

## CONDITION OF HUNTERS RESUMED.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from Vol. xxiii, p. 219.)

WE resume this interesting subject, which, from its importance to the Sporting World, has been suffered too long to lie dormant. The fault is entirely our own, and not in the slightest degree attributable to our valued Correspondent NIMROD. But, as

we cannot always command circumstances, the best apology we can offer to our readers for the delay is, to express our determination to complete the article in our next Number, which will include the following subjects:—Stables—Thick Wind—Thorns in Legs and

Stabs—Thorough-pin—Windgalls  
—Worms—Yellows.

#### SPAVINS.

I HAVE had no experience in spavins—that is to say, I have never had a horse lame with them. I have possessed several hunters with what are called *blood-spavins* (a preternatural expansion of the vessel passing over the hock), but I never regarded them, as I have always found them harmless. This, however, is not always the case. I have also had several horses with every appearance of *bone-spavins*—that is to say, boney enlargements of the inside of the hock joint. It has been my good fortune never to have suffered by their presence, no lameness having been produced by them. Some years since I sold a hunter for a good price in my old friend Mr. Tattersall's yard. "Do you warrant him sound?" said he.—"To be sure I do," replied I: "I have ridden him nearly three seasons, and he has never been once lame."—"But he has two bone-spavins," resumed Mr. T.—"I know he has," was my reply. The horse remains sound to this day, and has given his owner the greatest satisfaction.

I am sorry to say a great deal of unnecessary torture has been inflicted upon horses in attempts—

most of which have been unsuccessful—to cure this too common disease. Amongst these, taking up the vein, as it is called, has ranked nearly first on the list; but, thank Heaven! the operation is now only confined to the lowest orders of country farriers, for the smothering one half of whom there ought to be a law\*. I shall conclude this subject by observing, that, although in incipient cases firing or *very severe* corrosive blistering may cure a bone-spavin, they are wholly inefficient after a certain time, and in cases where the lameness has been considerable.

Perhaps I may attribute my not having suffered by spavins to the great attention I have paid in my purchases of horses to the proper form of the hinder legs. I received a lesson on this point in very early life, and never lost sight of it afterwards. There is a particular formation of the hock joint which, in severe work, will nearly ensure either spavins or curbs.

The proper way to examine the hocks of a horse is, to stand in the front of him, and look at them, as it were, between his forelegs.

#### SPLENTS.

Perhaps I have been what is termed lucky in this respect, for I have never had a horse lame from splents but once; and that case has

\* "This NIMRON would be a second Draco," I think I hear one of my readers exclaim; but I mean what I say. It would be nothing short of an act of humanity and justice to the brute creation, who are as much entitled to our protection as our own fellow-creatures; or at least we have no greater right to ill-use and torment them. That ignorant country farriers put thousands of animals every day that passes over our heads to dreadful and useless torture, it requires not my assertion to set forth; and I will just relate one instance to which I was an eye-witness about two years ago:—I was riding along a bye-road, not five miles from my own house, when I saw a horse tied to a blacksmith's door—his head being confined in a twitch—and a smoke issuing from his body similar to that of a newly-lighted fire. I was at a loss to conjecture whence or from what substance this great smoke could arise. Oh, reader! you will shrink when I inform you, that this smoke issued from the withers of this poor horse—he having a fistula in a dreadful state of disease, the very sinuses of which this ignorant and unfeeling savage had burnt out with a broad red-hot iron—the flesh absolutely hissing like a beef-steak on a gridiron!!

been already recorded in these pages, on account of its singularity in the first place, and held out as a beacon to those who summer their horses in the fields in the second. I should make it a rule never to touch a splent unless it produced lameness, which it does not once in a hundred instances. Blistering, as I have before said, often rouses the sleeping lion, and the whole bone becomes enlarged, so as often to occasion it being struck by the foot of the other leg. That stupid method, resorted to only by the ignorant, of puncturing a splent with a shoemaker's awl, and then hammering it, or rubbing it with the handle of a pitchfork, is also greatly to be condemned. The greatest proof of the general harmlessness of splents is, that they are never found on the legs of old horses, and unless they have been improperly treated.

#### STAKED HORSES.

It may be readily supposed, that, from the number of years I have followed fox-hounds in the strongest inclosed counties of England, I have witnessed the death of several hunters by dropping short at their fences, and alighting with the belly on the points of dead stakes, or live growers, either of which will have the effect of letting out the intestines; neither does it require a deep wound to do this, as the rim of the belly is but thin. Once in particular I saw a most distressing case, which occurred when Mr. Corbet hunted Warwickshire. Towards the close of a very fine run, a brook presented itself to our career. Four of us charged it in a line, and got well over; but as we were going, best pace, over the next field but one, Will Bar-

row, the huntsman, called out to Mr. Tarleton, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, to this effect:—"Stop, Sir; your horse's guts are out." On looking at him, I saw his intestines hanging down to the ground; and, it is almost needless to add, I saw his remains on their road to the flesh-gallows the next morning.

Now previous to the arrival of a veterinary surgeon, there is only one thing to be done by a horse which is staked. The protruded intestines should be replaced as carefully as possible; and, *without any time being lost*, a pocket handkerchief should be applied to the orifice, so as to prevent the admission of air. The saddle should be taken off; and, by means of the girths tied together by the pocket handkerchiefs of friends—for generally some of the field pull up on such occasions as these—a bandage over the part should be formed. The horse should then be walked very quietly to the nearest stable, and there await the arrival of medical aid. In case the intestines do not protrude, this is, I believe, as safe a plan as can be pursued.

In all these cases we lament our inability to administer a cathartic which will operate quickly on the bowels of a horse, but this appears to be a difficulty not yet overcome.

#### STRANGLES.

Of course I have had my share of strangles, which is, I believe, the only innate disease of horses. It is a most distressing complaint, attended, no doubt, occasionally with acute suffering; and why it should fall to the lot of every horse, ass, or mule, to be afflicted with it, is not for us to inquire. As Nature, however, inflicts the wound, she also generally provides the

cure, and I never trouble myself about a colt which has strangles at grass. The act of hanging down his head for his food—which he must perform, or starve—greatly accelerates the crisis; and the thirst which the fever produces, and from which he would suffer more if in the house, is checked by the cooling property of the grass. Great emaciation, however, is often the consequence of this disease, and care and good grooming are very necessary after recovery.

When strangles attacks a horse of mine in the house, I always pursue this plan. I feed him almost entirely on cold sloppy bran mash, or very young green food; keep him in a warm, but well-ventilated atmosphere, and let him wear a hood till he is well; and never let him go out till matter is formed. I confess I have seen but little benefit from fomentations, embrocations, &c. I have been told, that as in strangles no absorption can take place, in consequence of the crisis producing supuration, as well as plentiful discharge from the nostrils, physic is not necessary; but I conceive it highly so, and I have no doubt many subsequent disorders are produced by the neglect of it, in horses living a life of art. It is singular that this disease should only be infectious to young horses; those that escape it in youth never being afflicted with it after the adult period.

An attack of strangles often alarms the owners of horses; for the symptoms not only do not generally differ, but in many there is a perfect identity existing between the two diseases; and that which is termed bastard-strangles often ends in glanders. Symptoms, however, are doubtless often

taken for disease, and disease for symptoms.

#### STRING-HALT.

There has been a good deal of speculative amusement about this rather common defect; but the ablest practitioners of the veterinary art are, I believe, quite at sea as to the cause, or cure. I never saw but one horse with the string-halt in the *fore leg*. He was going about five miles an hour in a baker's cart, and it gave a singular appearance to his action. The baker told me he was not a shilling the worse for it, for the purpose he put him to.

The following is my own experience of string-halt:—I purchased a horse in Ireland for 25*l*. which had it in both hind legs to a great degree, but no horse could beat him over the Kildare country with the little Parson on his back who was the owner of him. I sold him to the renowned Colonel Wardle, who rode him several years. He then became the property of a brother-in-law of mine, who rode him till he reached his twenty-sixth year. He was then shot with whole stockings, for I really believe he never fell down in his life. I am much inclined to think the peculiar action of horses thus affected renders them safe on the road. Mr. Benson bought a horse, called *Jack-Catch*, from me, when he hunted in Warwickshire, and, I believe, he was never better carried—the horse continuing sound for several seasons, although he had string-halt to a considerable degree in one hind leg. I once had a hunter which had it in both his hind legs, when being “turned over in his stall,” as the groomers say, but never when out of his stable; and I had also a cart mare

much afflicted with it; and here it is an evil. On the road, it is no detriment to her; but at plough, when going very slow, it breaks the uniformity of her action, and consequently interferes with that of the others. Several good race-horses have been partially affected by string-halt.

#### SINEWS.

Although all muscular and ligamentous parts are liable to lameness, horses are seldom lame above the leg. Nine times in ten the injury lies between the knee and the ground. I have no reason to complain of injuries to my stud from sprains, having experienced very few bad cases. I can only recollect breaking down one hunter (by a down-leap on to a hard road), and one hack—a thoroughbred one, who broke down in both hind legs at the same moment, when going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour on a turnpike road.

There has been a wonderful deal of nonsense written about sprains in horses' legs\*—such as preternatural extension, and forcible elongation, of the tendons, &c. &c.; but as long as I have been enabled to consult my reason on such matters, I have always treated a sprain as a violent inflammation of the part, and done all in my power to repel it by fomentations, cooling lotions, and a dose or two of physic. Rest—absolute rest—how-

ever, is the grand specific; and does not the animal tell us this? for when a horse goes lame, is he not then resting the injured limb?

Blistering and firing, as I said before, are coupled together like two hounds, and one or the other of them generally is resorted to in the cure of bad sprains. If there is enlargement after inflammation is subsided, some stimulant must be used; but, since I have experienced the effect of the mercurial plaster, I am quite out of conceit with blistering. If firing must be resorted to, the operation should not take place till some months after the injury has been done, and until the horse has done a little gentle work.

Bones, tendons, and ligaments have little or no sensibility till diseased, but then they are exquisitely sensible, and horses suffer much bodily pain in bad sprains of their limbs; and hence the great necessity of physic, bleeding, and otherwise unloading the vessels near the affected parts.

Bad riders are very apt to lame their hunters in riding them over a country. If it were possible to give every man a good hand on his horse, there would not be so many lame ones as there are at present. I have reason to believe there have not been so many hunters lamed in their sinews since the practice of caulking the outside of the fore-shoe has been discontinued. Mr.

\* When we read the following passage in Taplin's *Sporting Dictionary*, we must agree it was high time that some of our regularly-bred veterinarians should take up their pens. "A sprain," says he, "is a preternatural extension, or forcible elongation, of the tendons, or a sudden twist of some particular joint, by which the ligamentary junction sustains an injury, and produces lameness. Horses having encountered such accidents should be turned out in a still and quiet pasture, where they may be free from alarm and disturbance. When at unrestrained liberty, it is natural to conclude, they adapt the gentleness of their motion to the state of their case, and exert themselves no more than a proper respect to their own safety may render secure. It is a self-evident fact, that a restoration of elasticity or strength of part is more likely to be obtained by rest, and the efforts of nature, than any topical application that can be made!" Well done, Mr. Taplin!



Warde assures me he has found a difference of at least one half.

On the subject of breaking down, as it is called, I met with the following passage in a work called the "Veterinary Surgeon; or, Farriery taught on a new and easy plan," by John Hinds, V. S.:

—"CAUSE OF BREAKING DOWN—Simple relaxation of the tendons and ligaments that support and keep together the pastern bones. Grooming overmuch by *hand-rubbing* the heels until the tendon is divested of most of its muscular covering, and it becomes naturally cool and elastic." To this passage is annexed the following note:—"This hand-rubbing causes lymphatic absorption of muscle, until tendinous substance supplies its place; and as the former state had been too fleshy and warm, so is the latter too cold or elastic." I make no comment here.

#### SORE BACKS.

It is many years since I have had occasion to discontinue the use of a horse by reason of a sore back. Common attention to saddles (made by good saddlers), by drying, beating, and brushing the pannels of them after use, is all that is wanted here. Heavy women, however, and many horsemen, from a peculiarity of seat, are apt to wring horses' backs. The skin also of some horses is so tender that it will gall with very slight pressure, as was the case with Shamrock; and I was obliged to ride him with a sheep-skin under his saddle to my no small discomfiture, for it has a very ungentlemanlike appearance by a covert's side in Leicestershire. Sore backs are easy to cure if the injury does not extend to bones or ligaments. Strong repellant lo-

tions, if the skin is not broken, are the best means to apply at first; but if a sit-fast takes place, either the knife or some very strong detergent ointment must be had recourse to. I have seen some very awkward cases of sore backs, proceeding from various causes, and often very difficult of cure. They require a nice treatment, and veterinary aid should be timely called in. On a horse receiving an injury of this sort, it is always advisable to strip him of his clothing, as the heat of it adds to inflammation, and retards the cure. Recollect! pollevil, fistula, and sit-fast, are very near relations.

NIMROD.

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#### A DAY WITH THE CONOCK HARRIERS.

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SIR,

I Have long been a reader of your *Sporting Magazine*, but have never until now ventured to add to its pages. For these last four or five years, I have often remarked in your columns the very high encomiums passed on the Conock Harriers that hunt the Wiltshire Downs. Having kept harriers myself for these last twenty years, and devoted the most of my time to that pursuit, I fancied that I either was or ought to be, as near the mark of perfection as any one; but my neighbours would not allow me to enjoy this imaginary idea, and were continually saying to me "you never saw the Conock." I was, therefore, determined to leave my own kennel and start for Salisbury. On my arrival there I got well mounted, by a friend, on an old racer that once belonged to Mr. Farquharson: they told me that nothing but blood could live

with them. As an old-fashioned sportsman, I rather disliked this report—in thinking that breeding for speed more than nose had even reached the West of England. With all anxiety did I mount my thorough-bred steed, and fancied I could never get soon enough to the village of Chiltern, near to which place they were to meet. I there found a respectable field of Gentlemen and Yeomen; but my attention was directed to the establishment, which is most complete. The master of the hounds, Mr. Amyatt, and his huntsman, were splendidly mounted: he had sixteen couple of hounds in the field—their condition very good, their height nineteen inches, and all of one size. On first viewing them, I considered that symmetry and beauty had been more studied than goodness; but this opinion I had convincing proof of soon altering.

In a small covert near to where we met, we soon found. The scent was any thing but good; and I had, therefore, just the day that I could have wished to witness what this pack that we had heard so much of could do. I must say I was amply repaid for the hundred and fifty miles that I had come, for a more brilliant hunting run I never witnessed. I remarked to a gentleman before we found, "these hounds are so high bred there can be no stoop in them;" to which he replied, "I hope it may be a bad scent: you will then see what they are." His words came true; for we found a brace of hares, one of which we ran for an hour and twenty minutes before we killed her, and the other nearly as long.

My trip only caused one regret—that I returned home dissatisfied with my own pack: but I was somewhat reconciled to my own

deficiencies, in hearing that Mr. Amyatt bred fifty couple every year, and could therefore afford to draft according to his judgment. I also heard that last season he refused 400gs. for his kennel. I was anxious while there to make all the inquiry I could relative to Mr. Amyatt's system of feeding. I had often heard of his using the mangel-wurzel. His huntsman told me that during the season, from the 10th of October to the 20th of May, each hound consumed half a ton. I asked him in what proportions he used it. He told me, to two buckets of oatmeal, four bushel baskets of the mangel-wurzel; but that he never used it except with flesh. He told me he considered it the finest vegetable ever given to a hound—it acts as a slight diuretic, and always gives a good coat. It is boiled to a pulp, and then put into a machine, and mashed and squeezed up with the food. The pot-liquor from the root is most nutritious, and as thick as glue. The huntsman also told me that since his master had fed on it, which he has done for these last seven years, they have never had the slightest cutaneous disease in the kennel.

Should this communication be considered worth a corner in your valuable Magazine, you are heartily welcome to it.—I am, Sir, &c.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Tavistock Hotel, Oct. 28, 1839.

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#### FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

SIR,

THE only apology, both for my long silence, and the non-fulfilment of repeated promises to break it, that I have to make to you, and such of your readers as

feel at all interested in the perusal of Dashwood's papers, is that of a very lengthened indisposition; which, if at no time of a serious or alarming character, has at least been sufficiently annoying and unwholesome to disqualify me for the resumption of my pen. A spice of hunting, however, and the prospect of a day or two a-week during the rest of the season, has sent the doctor one way, and his pill-boxes another; and I now hope to go on steadily every month with my remarks on the "Kennel," (which I propose to finish in the course of three papers,) and to give the conclusion of the "Reminiscences" in the Number for December.

"By the blessing of Providence," exclaims Lord Cleveland, in one of his hunting journals, after a severe illness, "I am once more restored to my hounds!" and would to God that I could re-echo the apostrophe with my own unforgotten pack on the unforgotten heath of Lammermuir!! Let us take, nevertheless, what we can get, and be thankful for it; and in much of the same spirit which prompted the exclamation of the old Croke in the Antiquary, "Eh Sirs! I have tasted wine twice in the same day!" I may cry, "I have had no less than three days with hounds during the last fortnight!" Of what these three days have been, I proceed with your permission to give a short account.

Sick, and melancholy, and misanthropic as my best friends could wish me, I was endeavoring, on Monday the 12th of October, to weather the windy corner of the Steyne, when a friend (a right

good fellow, and a right good sportsman to boot) absolutely stunned me with the following most unexpected request:—"Particular circumstances prevent my leaving home—my mare" (one of the best by the way in Britain) "is lost from want of exercise; will you do me the favour of giving her a gallop to-morrow with the East Sussex fox-hounds?"—"With all my soul and spirit," was the answer; "but how, alas! is it feasible? Neither boots nor breeches, nor hunting toggery of any description have I here; and it has pleased God to build me in a form so much resembling that of a whipping-post, that it is in vain to expect any other man's clothes to fit me. Had it been with the bow-wows, perhaps it would not have so much signified; but with fox-hounds, the *Wellington* becomes *Vilain-ton* with a vengeance; and, by Jove, I shall stand a chance of being mistaken for the man who writes the hunting intelligence in this part of the world for the *Morning Post*!!" In spite nevertheless of this last foreboding (a foreboding certainly of the most distressing circumstance that could possibly occur to a sportsman) and a thundering head-ache, the next morning found me—Russia ducks, Wellingtons, straps and all—at the farm-house of Erringham, a little above Shorcham Bridge, at a quarter before eleven; and the clock I think had scarcely struck, before a most gallant fox was viewed beautifully away from the little shaw (which put me irresistibly in mind of Crookstoun†) overhauling the public road.

\* Consult this elegant Journal of last year *passim* for some delicious records of Sussex hunting. The paper of Thursday last by the way contains an account of this very day at Erringham; I strongly recommend a perusal of it to "the curious" in such matters.

† See "Reminiscences," No. II.

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At no period of my life do I remember to have seen hounds either settle more quickly to their game, or rattle him along at a more determined pace than on this day—a pace, I can assure your readers, which, over the country he chose to pick, makes a field after a certain time (and particularly in the month of October) extremely choice and select; and I certainly was never more delighted with the behaviour of any pack I have in any place hunted with. Having had the pleasure of spending a couple of hours in their kennel about a month previously, when nearly every hound was drawn singly out for my inspection, I was partly prepared for the high treat afforded me; but I am free to confess that they far surpassed the very sanguine expectations I had already formed of them. Without wishing in the remotest degree to puff or exaggerate, I decidedly think them as clever, handy, and handsome a lot of hounds as man need wish to possess; and while the manner in which they are crossed speaks plainly as to the judgment and abilities of their master, Mr. Craven, their condition reflects at least equal credit on their huntsman, George Hennessy. As to their young entry this season, I consider that they have amongst them more than one couple of the very handsomest\* hounds in Christendom; and, from every thing that I can learn, they are at least as good as they look to be. On the day I am speaking of, we had the dog-pack in the field, and God knows they went fast enough to please the very fastest Meltonian

that ever breathed†; but if we had had *the ladies*, I most firmly believe that not three men in the field could have seen the way they went: for of all the hounds *as a body* formed for speed and stoutness that I ever beheld, the East Sussex bitches stand *hitherto* decidedly in the first place. Colonel Wyndham's hounds I am told are faster; *if it be so*, flying is no longer confined to the feathered race—however, *nous verrons*; and meantime let us hark back for a moment to the run from Erringham.

Being a complete stranger to the country, my account must necessarily be a crippled and imperfect one; and all that I can relate of the day's sport is, that they ran him beautifully—nay magnificently—at a racing pace for several miles over the hills, and into the vale, through (I think) the Poyning's coverts, to Danny, where a fresh fox was on foot, to which they changed, had a smart burst with, and ran in to in good style. This last part of the story I tell as it was told to me; for before we got to the first covert under the hill, Nature said “enough;” and, much doubtless to the disappointment of the gallant game animal I was so kindly mounted on, I was obliged not only to pull up for the day, but to call in the aid of cold water and other disagreeable preventives to the still more disagreeable alternative of “sounding away,” as a Yorkshire friend of mine once called it. So much for bad condition! of which I then for the first, and I hope for the last, time in my life whilst with hounds felt the ill effects.

\* Search the world for another “*Slately*,” and it is 20 to 1 against your success.

† Mr. Craven I thought rode remarkably well, and very close indeed to his hounds. Hennessy's chance was quite out from the very first, as he had a bad hill to climb at starting, and his horse was any thing but fit to go.

On so short an acquaintance, it is of course impossible for me to offer any thing in the shape of comment on the management of these hounds in the field. I may say, however, that I was particularly pleased with the very quiet manner in which Hennessy appeared to handle them; and, as I before remarked, their condition could scarcely be improved. They were not perhaps looking quite so bright in their skins as when I saw them in kennel; but they nevertheless had all the appearance of the highest health, and the morning was by no means one of those in which hounds shew themselves to the greatest advantage. Taken altogether, I am quite satisfied that it is a most *business-like* establishment; and I trust to have repeated opportunities during the winter of renewing my observations.

Having partially patched up the inner man by physic, and succeeded in clothing the outward one in garments a little better adapted for the field, I took advantage of an offer made me by one of the very best dragsmen, and most obliging creatures in existence, Mr. James Mitchell, of the *Working Accommodation*, and, on a very spicy little brown horse of his, which I had some days previously driven as leader in the team from Washington to West Grinstead, met the Portalade harriers at the same place—Erringham. The morning was a beautiful one, and looked I thought like hunting; but, much to my disappointment, the scent throughout the whole day was vile in the extreme; and, although we had blood at the end of a dodging indifferent run, and the hounds,

with the exception of one mute-running, skirting, incorrigible beggar, most certainly deserved their hare, I cannot say that I felt all the gratification that as an old master of harriers I ought to have done. To-day, however, the case has been very different; and I am just returned from witnessing with them (again in the immediate neighbourhood of Erringham) one of the very prettiest hunting runs I ever remember to have ridden to with harriers.

Our hare (evidently belonging exclusively to the hills, for, although a large wood was repeatedly staring her in the face in the low country, she never even looked near it) stood gallantly before them, with occasionally a capital scent, for at least an hour and a quarter; and having repeated opportunities of viewing her antics, I think I may safely say I never saw one of her species cut out more puzzling and intricate work for her pursuers; and I may also say that I scarcely ever saw hounds more thoroughly determined to taste their game. After being stopped from a fresh hare, they recovered their hunted one, and picked it out right up to her in a patch of turnips, in a style that to me was more than beautiful; and, to speak truth, I was not in the least displeased to see them eat the greater part of her at the finish before their huntsman could get down to stop them\*.

Fastidious as I am with regard to harriers, I must say that I saw much to be pleased with in this little pack. They do not perhaps run quite so well together as might be wished: nor indeed *can* they, from the *difference of sorts* amongst

\* They adhere with these hounds to the barbarous custom of *saving* all the hares they can. Fie! fie! Messrs. Vallance and Bridger.

them ; nevertheless, out of the ten couples we this day had out, there were at least six or seven very evenly matched, and the *rear-guard* had amongst it more than one of those staunch old gentlemen on whom the flyers have very often to depend in cases of difficulty. One capital hound they call *Hermitage* I should think invaluable as a stallion ; and, although a good deal heavier, he more than once reminded me of my own famous old *Roman*. Put him, and such as he is, to pure-bred line-hunting fox-hound bitches, and you can scarcely fail of producing the very exact thing that is required for the Sussex hills.

The summons of the clock that it is fast approaching Sunday morning, reminds me, Mr. Editor, to conclude this hasty scrawl. I cannot, however, dismiss the Portslade barriers without remarking that I thought them in very fair condition, and that their huntsman, Mr. Vullance, not only rides capitally up to them, but that you cannot be ten minutes in the field without perceiving *that he is a sportsman*. Whatever days I can snatch from the fox-hounds during the month of November, I shall certainly devote to his very pretty little pack ; and, should I see any thing worth sending you, will again trespass, perhaps before long, on your indulgence.

DASHWOOD.

Worthing, Oct. 24, 1829.

P.S. Pray sit cross-legged for a good scouting day on Thursday next. The East Sussex meet at the Dyke, and we are all looking for a capital day. Colonel Wyndham too comes here on the first days of next week. With what pleasure do I look forward to the gloomy month of November !

## BIGGAR COURSING MEETING.

**T**HE Autumn Biggar, or Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, Coursing Club, for the trial of puppies under twenty months, was numerously attended. The first day's running was on the farm of Swaites, the property of Sir John Carmichael Anstruther, Bart.

*For the Silver Couples.*—Mr. Sim's yel. b. Speed beat Mr. Cunningham's b. b. Kate—here killed ; Captain Edmonstone's br. b. Lassie beat Mr. Forrester's yel. and wh. b. Miss—here killed ; Mr. G. Gillespie's wh. b. Kate beat Captain Paterson's br. d. Hassan—here killed ; Mr. Baillie's yel. b. Fair Helen beat Mr. Sim's br. d. Snake—here killed ; Mr. Ker's b. d. Killer beat Lord Douglas's b. b. Yarrow—here killed ; Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's b. b. Swallow beat Mr. Dickson's br. b. Miss Noel—here killed ; Mr. Anstruther's br. b. Swallow beat Mr. Brown's br. d. Bob—here killed ; Mr. Sim's r. b. Swallow beat Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's br. d. Sprightly—here killed ; Mr. Ker's r. d. Kenmore beat Lord Douglas's br. d. Ransom—here killed.

*First Ties for the Couples.*—Captain Edmonstone's Lassie beat Mr. Sim's Speed—here killed ; Mr. Baillie's Fair Helen beat Mr. Gillespie's Kate—here killed ; Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's Swallow beat Mr. Ker's Killer—here killed ; Mr. Sim's Swallow beat Mr. Anstruther's Swallow—here killed ; Mr. Ker's Kenmore ran a bye with the first beaten dog of the First Class—here killed.

### SECOND DAY.

On the lands of Covington, the property of Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart, Bart.

*Second Ties for the Couples.*—Captain Edmonstone's Lassie beat Mr. Baillie's Fair Helen—here killed ; Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's Swallow beat Mr. Sim's Swallow—here killed ; Mr. Ker's Kenmore ran a bye with the first beaten dog of the Second Class—here killed.

*Deciding Course for the Couples.*—Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's Swallow beat Captain Edmonstone's Lassie—here killed ; Mr. Ker's Kenmore ran a bye with the first beaten dog of the Third Class—here killed.

By the rules of this Club, if the dog running a bye loses his course with the first beaten dog of the former Class, he is declared a beaten dog ; and Kenmore, having been beaten in this bye, the *Couples were adjudged* to Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's Swallow.

*Sweepstake of Four Young Dogs.*—Mr. G. Gillespie's br. b. Gipsy beat Mr.

Dickson's Miss Noel—have killed; Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart's Sprightly beat Mr. Ker's Killer—have killed.

*Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.*—Sprightly beat Gipsy, and won the Stakes—have killed.

*Matches.*—Mr. Dickson's br. d. Caning beat Lord Douglas's Tinto—have killed; Lord Douglas's bl. b. Snake beat Mr. Dickson's b. d. Random—have killed. David Brown, jun. Winchburgh, tryer.

## AQUATICS.

THE aquatic season has at length terminated, and a more unfavorable one for its delights (as to weather) was, perhaps, never experienced. As was anticipated at its commencement, the past summer has afforded greater amusement to the amateur, as well as to the professor, than any of its predecessors. There have been far more rowing matches amongst the aspirants for aquatic fame than were ever known, whether those between the gentlemen or those between the watermen betaken as the criterion; but with respect to the former, there certainly never was a season within my remembrance when so many, and such satisfactory, contests have "come off;" and the "trials of strength and skill" between the latter, if not so numerous in regard to the number and variety of the men, have been much more frequent than heretofore.

Amongst the gentlemen, those who have come out this year, or, in other words, those who have come into aquatic life as young hands, the most conspicuous are Messrs. Horneman, Wingfield, Attenborough, Osbaldiston, and Hume; and the contests between the watermen have "drawn out" Campbell of Westminster, and Williams of Waterloo Bridge—the last year's men of each grade holding the same pre-eminent stations as on former occasions.

The summer of 1829 has produced novelties far surpassing that of any other, inasmuch as during its progress there have been matches rowed, without precedent, as a legal adviser would say. The Oxonians and Cantabs never contended against each other in

eight-oared boats in Henley Reach until the summer of 1829:—the Westminster and Eton scholars never pulled against each other from Putney Bridge to Hammersmith and back, until the summer of 1829:—a pair of oars never accomplished the undertaking of rowing from London Bridge to Gravesend, up to Richmond Bridge, and down to Westminster (a distance of nearly 100 miles), in the short space of time of thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes, until the summer of 1829, when it was performed by J. D. Bishop and F. Horneman, Esqrs.:—and the Corporation of the City of London never gave a wherry and other prizes to be rowed for at Richmond, until the same period. Each of these affairs has created much speculation, and the encounters themselves have given universal satisfaction: for even those parties who lost their bets could not but say that the performance of the various matches has been such as to yield abundant gratification and amusement. Hence the season of 1829 will, so long as aquatics form one of the leading sports of the day amongst the Nobility and Gentry of this country, stand at the top of the list from the number of good events it has produced.

### GENTLEMEN'S AMATEUR SUBSCRIPTION MATCH.

The gentlemen upon whom the honour of the contest fell (per ballot) were,

C. Duke and Wingfield.....Scarlet.  
Hume and Clarke .....Green.  
Horneman and W. Denison...Light Blue.  
W. Duke and A. Bayford ..Yellow.

The competitors were to start from Vauxhall Bridge, and row through the centre arch of Putney Bridge. At five o'clock the signal for "going off" was given by Mr. J. D. Bishop (who was selected at Umpire), when Light Blue ran clean a-head about three boats' lengths, which distance it maintained until just before it arrived off the Spread Eagle, where a barge tacked right athwart it, and before its rowers could clear their unwieldy obstacle, Yellow drew on them, and, from the unlucky situation in which they were placed, were turned round by the latter,

who gradually headed them. By this mishap Light Blue became last, Scarlet and Green having passed ere they had righted again. The boats eventually came in thus—Yellow, Light Blue, Scarlet, and Green.

#### THE GREAT ROWING MATCH.

On Monday, the 28th September, the match entered into by J. D. Bishop and F. Horneman, Esqrs. came off. The wager, for a considerable sum, was, that these gentlemen did not row from London Bridge to Gravesend, up to Richmond Bridge, and back again to Westminster, nearly 100 miles, in fifteen hours. I have understood that Mr. Horneman and another friend were the parties with whom the wager was originally made; but as the time for its performance drew near, the former gentleman found that the health of his friend was so bad as to compel him to decline entering on the task. Mr. Horneman, therefore, requested Mr. Bishop to occupy the vacant thwart, which that gentleman kindly consented to do. No sooner was the affair known to the amateurs generally than betting commenced and ran to a very large amount; the rowers, notwithstanding the match had never been accomplished, having "the call." A. L. Slater, Esq. the leading patron of the River sports, in order to give the rowers every chance of success, tendered the use of his new wherry, which was built by T. Hunt, at Sullivan's, of Millbank.

About five o'clock in the morning of Monday the 28th September, the parties met at the Southwark Bridge, where Bishop, of the Palace Tavern, Lambeth, was in waiting. Every preparation having been completed, the rowers got on board, and a few minutes after the above-named hour they shot London Bridge, and pulled on for Gravesend. They saved their tide down to the entrance of St. Clement's, where they were met by the flood, accompanied with a stiff breeze. This circumstance, though unfortunate and discouraging, seems to have inspired the men with renewed vigour, for they "gave weigh," and reached the Jetty at Gravesend at eighteen minutes after

eight o'clock, having accomplished thirty-one miles and a half in little more than three hours. The men here went ashore and refreshed themselves at the Pope's Head, where they received the greatest attention from mine hostess.

At a quarter past nine they were again afloat, and started for Richmond amidst the warmest expressions for their success by nearly all the inhabitants of Gravesend—the kind advice and directions of the watermen, a heavy sea, and the wind "slap in their teeth," or, as some in the Navy would say, with a "dead noser." The parties continued to pull on steadily and strongly without any accident, until they attempted to get across Long Reach to windward, where the water was so rough as to cause them to ship a quantity of the "aquaceous fluid." The danger of being completely swamped compelled them to row up the Kentish shore. In fact, so tremendous was the effect of the wind on their slight bark that a large American vessel beat up the Reach in the face of the wind, and made Purfleet before them. On arriving in Erith Sands, the water was tolerably calm; but on making the Reach they again had to combat with an extreme roughness. It would very naturally be expected that the rowers had by this time become, from the heavy weather they had met with, somewhat exhausted; but no—every fresh difficulty seemed merely to act as an additional stimulant to their exertions; and in this instance, as before, they laid out with a manful determination to overcome any obstacle which might present itself; and they were eventually, I am happy to say, victorious. Indeed, had they not put out a more than ordinary degree of strength upon several occasions during the match, they must have lost. By the time they had cleared Gunter's Point, the boat was more than half full of water, and they were without any article on board which could be used to bail it out; so that they had to pull for a long distance with the water splashing to and fro from stem to stern, with their clothes entirely wetted through, and their



sandwiches floating. In this state the rowers continued their slavery until they arrived, at five minutes past one o'clock, off Mr. Fearndall's, at Limehouse, into whose house they went, where they were rendered every assistance which the feelings of hospitality could possibly dictate. At twenty-three minutes before two, having, during the period of relaxation, partaken of those refreshments which were best calculated to replenish their strength, they again renewed their labours in high spirits, and expressing their confidence of accomplishing the match. About this time they began to meet their friends, many of whom pulled alongside of them throughout the remainder of the distance, and by the time they had reached Westminster Bridge an immense number of watermen, as well as amateurs, joined the flotilla, and received the wagersmen with astounding cheers; and, on shooting the Bridge, Searle, the boat-builder, saluted them with a discharge of guns. This, in addition to the continued cheers of the spectators, inspired them with renewed vigour, and they went on at a slapping rate; so much so indeed that many of the leading watermen advised them to lay by until they had reached the Bridge at Richmond; but Mr. Bishop would not attend to them, saying, that he was afraid of their not being able to "save tide." The result proved his fears not to be without foundation, for on making Chirwick Eyot they had to

contend against an ebbing tide. On reaching Kew Bridge a heavy shower of rain fell, which, though many thought to the contrary, I conceived, would act as a "refresher" to the wagersmen, who passed through Richmond Bridge about five minutes before five o'clock. As soon as they had turned their boat round, and came down, they were saluted with the cheers of their friends, the passengers on board one of the steam-boats, and numbers of persons who had collected on the shore at that place. They were also cheered by several assemblages of individuals who had come to the various openings on the banks of the River to witness the match. On gaining Hammer-smith, where another addition of boats, containing persons of both sexes, was made, a discharge of guns took place. From this point not a single occurrence worthy of particular notice happened, and the victors arrived at Westminster Bridge five minutes before seven o'clock, having completed the distance in thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes—one hour and twenty-five seconds within their time. They were very warmly congratulated by all present.

The difficulty of the undertaking, and its accomplishment, render it unnecessary for me to remark more, than that which had never been done before was effected in this instance, and that no others than two exceedingly good men could have attained the object.

AN AMATEUR.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**A**T the Craven Meeting 1830, first day, Lord Ranelagh's Sontag, 8st. is matched agst Lord Worcester's Coulson, 8st. 12lb. D. M. 150, h. ft.

**First Spring.**—Saturday: Lord Worcester's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Walton, out of Calypso, 8st. 7lb. agst. Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Skip, grandam by Sorcerer, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

**July Meeting 1830.**—Monday: Renewal of the July Stakes of 50 sovs.

each, 30 ft. colts, 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. New T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Emilius, out of Pawn

Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Emilius, out of Whizgig

Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Truffle, out of Zinc

Lord Exeter's ch. a. by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catten, out of Dulcinea

Lord Tavistock's c. by Middleton, out of Lynnessa

Mr. Rogers's c. Brother to Lapdog

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Flourish, by Partisan, out of Pasta

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus, out of Astonishment's dam

who gradually headed them. By this mishap Light Blue became last, Scarlet and Green having passed ere they had righted again. The boats eventually came in thus—Yellow, Light Blue, Scarlet, and Green.

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About five o'clock in the morning of Monday the 28th September, the parties met at the Southwark Bridge, where Bishop, of the Palace Tavern, Lambeth, was in waiting. Every preparation having been completed, the rowers got on board, and a few minutes after the above-named hour they shot London Bridge, and pulled on for Gravesend. They saved their tide down to the entrance of St. Clement's, where they were met by the flood, accompanied with a stiff breeze. This circumstance, though unfortunate and discouraging, seems to have inspired the men with renewed vigour, for they "gave weigh," and reached the mill at Gravesend at eighteen minutes

eight o'clock, having accomplished thirty-one miles and a half in little more than three hours. The men here went ashore and refreshed themselves at the Pope's Head, where they received the greatest attention from mine hostess.

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took place on the 27th September at the Champ de Mars. The first heat was run by Lionel, 4 yrs old, belonging to Lord Seymour; La Paulina, 4 yrs old, belonging to M. Cremieux; and Young Milton, belonging to M. Schickler. Lionel ran twice round the course (2052 toises) in 5 min. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec., and La Paulina in 5 min. 41 sec.—In the second heat, between the two former horses, Young Milton being drawn, Lionel did the distance in 5 min. 17 sec. and La Paulina in 5 min. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec.; Lionel therefore gained the prize of 2000 francs.—In the third heat, between Paulina, belonging to M. Le Comte, and La Carina, the property of M. Cremieux, the latter performed the 2052 toises in 5 min. 34 sec., and gained the prize of 1200 francs (5*l.* sterling).

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Oct. 24, 1839.

THE result of the running at the Second October Meeting has at length brought out a strong field for the DERBY, with several fresh favorites for the OAKS, and the betting on the whole is tolerably brisk. On the 19th and 22d The Mummer was all the rage. One gentleman, a Mr. G., who sits in the very judgment-seat on these matters, took 1000 to 150, and would have gone on. Mahmoud (Advance), despite of his bad running and sulky temper, jumped up several points, and the odds were freely taken. Cressida is coming up with great force: in fact he is the finest colt in the stake, and, at the present odds, has numerous friends. If he trains on, more will be heard of him. Mr. Petre's two are stationary, the speculators still continuing ignorant of the intentions of the parties, and all are shy. A re-action has taken place in the OAKS, Mouche giving way to Leeway, who has a very strong and influential party; and, although beaten, she is decidedly best. Shumla was in slight demand, two of the leading betting men backing her to some amount; and if all that's said be true, she must be points higher. Nothing was done upon the others. The ST. LEGER was scarcely mentioned, and the only alteration

which took place was in The Major and The Barber, the former advancing and the latter retrograding five or six points. The rest are quiescent.

Yours truly,

Z.B.

DERBY.

- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 agst The Mummer (taken).
- 12 to 1 agst Brunawicker.
- 17 to 1 agst Mahmoud (taken).
- 17 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Sal.
- 20 to 1 agst Wat Tyler (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst The Major.
- 24 to 1 agst Rupert.
- 24 to 1 agst Red Rover (Patron's dam).
- 25 to 1 agst Cobweb.
- 25 to 1 agst Captain Arthur.
- 25 to 1 agst Mouche (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Cetna.
- 25 to 1 agst Brother to Lamplighter.
- 25 to 1 agst Brine.
- 30 to 1 agst Canker.
- 30 to 1 agst Miniature (taken).
- 30 to 1 agst each of Lord Egremont's.
- 10 to 1 agst Mr. Petre's.
- 10 to 1 agst Lord Sefton's.

OAKS.

- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 agst Leeway filly (taken).
- 9 to 1 agst Mouche.
- 11 to 1 agst Shumla.
- 15 to 1 agst Emma (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Sister to Devise.
- 20 to 1 agst Doria.
- 25 to 1 agst Caroline.
- 25 to 1 agst Sprightly.

ST. LEGER.

- 9 to 1 agst Bud.
- 13 to 1 agst Brunawicker.
- 13 to 1 agst Lady Mowbray.
- 14 to 1 agst St. Nicholas.
- 16 to 1 agst The Mummer.
- 18 to 1 agst Reginald.
- 22 to 1 agst Laura
- 22 to 1 agst The Major } together.
- 22 to 1 agst The Barber.
- 35 to 1 agst Lady Emmeline.
- 125 to 1 agst Splendour.
- 25 to 1 agst Redstart.
- 30 to 1 agst Carolan.
- 30 to 1 agst Canker.
- 33 to 1 agst Beagle.
- 33 to 1 agst Walz.
- 33 to 1 agst Thomasina.

NEWMARKET, OCT. 27.

DERBY.

- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Wood's Mummer.
- 14 to 1 agst Cetna.
- 13 to 1 agst Brunawicker.
- 16 to 1 agst Mahmoud.
- 18 to 1 agst Cressida colt.

OAKS.

- 8 to 1 agst Mouche.
- 10 to 1 agst Shumla.
- 12 to 1 agst Leeway filly.

H

## HORSE-RACING LAW CASE.

An action was brought—*Beauchamp v. Parry*—in the Court of King's Bench on Monday the 19th October, on a promissory note for 375*l.*, dated the 1st of March 1827, drawn by the defendant, J. Parry, payable two years after date to the order of Charles Henry Wade, and by him indorsed to the plaintiff, a pawnbroker, residing in Holborn Bars. The hand-writing of the defendant and Wade was proved. It was stated by one of the witnesses on cross-examination, that Mr. Wade was a gentleman who formerly resided at Brompton, and had been well known on the turf. He was for some time in the Fleet Prison, under a committal of the Court of Chancery for marrying a ward of Court. Two grounds of defence were relied upon by Mr. Campbell: first, that the note in question originated in a gambling transaction between the defendant and Wade; and, secondly, that the plaintiff had taken usurious interest. The Learned Counsel stated, that in the year 1826, the defendant and Wade betted on a celebrated horse-race at Epsom, and on that occasion the defendant lost to Wade 375*l.*, for which the former gave to Wade two notes of hand. Not being paid when they had come due, they were, at the request of Wade, delivered up, and the note in question was given as a renewal on the 1st of March 1827, payable two years after date. Other gambling transactions took place subsequently between the parties, and on a settlement of accounts there was found to be a balance in favour of the defendant. Wade then left the country, having in the mean time handed over the defendant's note of hand to the plaintiff, who had discounted the former notes for him. The Learned Counsel, after detailing the particulars of the transactions between Wade and the plaintiff, for the purpose of shewing that the latter had taken between 3*l.* and 4*l.* beyond the legal interest, called two witnesses, by whose testimony the fact of the note having originated in the manner stated was

established; it being sworn that both the parties (Wade and the defendant) had stated that the former note of hand was given for the sum which the defendant had lost to Wade on the Derby Stakes. It was objected by the defendant's Counsel (Mr. J. Williams), that what had been stated by Wade was no evidence against the plaintiff, the *bona fide* holder of the bill. Lord Tenterden, however, was of opinion that the evidence was admissible, and that the effect of it was to prevent the plaintiff from recovering; all notes of hand, &c., of which the consideration was a gambling transaction, being void under the Statute of the 9th of Anne.—The plaintiff was nonsuited.

## Stud Sales.

On Saturday the 26th of September, a meeting of sporting characters took place at the stud-house of Lord Grosvenor, at Eaton Hall, when a number of horses, brood mares, and colts were offered for sale by Mr. Tattersall. Most of the lots were almost literally given away; and several yearlings, certainly not in the best condition, were withdrawn, no one being inclined to run the risk incident upon their purchase. The following is a list of the horses, &c. sold, with the prices which they fetched:—

Mavrocordato, 5 yrs, by Blucher—*Larissa*, by Trafalgar; engaged in the Holywell Cup and Champagne Stakes—bought without her engagements by Mr. Darling, for 100*gs.*

Curlew, 3 yrs, by Master Henry—*Plover*, by Sir Peter—44*gs.* to the Hon. B. Simpson.

Platée, 3 yrs, by Master Henry—*Larissa*, by Trafalgar—39*gs.* to the Hon. B. Simpson.

Kamachatka, 3 yrs, by Master Henry—*Passamaquoddi*—37*gs.* to the Hon. B. Simpson.

Fag, 3 yrs, by Master Henry—*Zadora*; in two Stakes at Holywell, 50*l.* each, h. ft.—bought without her engagements by Mr. Clarke—70*gs.*

Hymettus, 3 yrs, by Thunderbolt—*Larissa*, by Trafalgar, the dam of *Tempe*, *Hybia*, &c.—80*gs.* to the Hon. B. Simpson.

Victim, 4 yrs, by Blacklock—*Finesse*, Sister to *Bizarre*—44*gs.*

Navarino, 4 yrs, by Blacklock—*Larissa*—140*gs.* to Mr. Watts.

*Pastamaquoddi*, by *Lignum Vitæ*—*Hind*, by *Sir Peter*—54gs. to *Mr. Tattersall*.

*Zillah*, 4 yrs, by *Blacklock*—*Zadora*, by *Trafalgar*—59gs. to *Mr. Tattersall*, and afterwards sold to *Mr. Watts* for 60.

*Teneriffe*, 4 yrs, by *Blacklock*—*Moei Fama*, by *Thunderbolt*; her dam *Delta*, by *Alexander*—*Iais*, by *Sir Peter*—60gs.

A Brown Colt, 3 yrs, by *Sir Gilbert*—*Nodina*—52gs. to the *Marquis of Anglesca*.

A Bay Yearling Filly, by *Conductor*—*Medina*—26gs.

A Brown Hack, aged—13½gs. to *Buff the groom*.

During the First and Second October Meetings, the following horses were sold by Messrs. Tattersall:—

Bay Colt, 2 yrs, by *Bustard*, dam by *Dick Andrews*—16gs.

Bay Mare, thorough-bred, 3 yrs—17gs.

Ches. Gelding, by *Anticipation*—*Ariel's dam*, 4 yrs—23gs.

Bay Mare, by *Andrew*, dam by *Quiz*, out of *Selim's dam*, covered by *Camel*—100gs.

Bay Mare, by *Scud* or *Pioneer*, out of *Canary Bird*; dam by *Quadrille*, *Varennes*, &c.; covered by *Emilius*—bought in at 110gs.

Morel, Sister to *Trifle*, covered by *Emilius*—32gs.

Brown Mare, by *Prime Minister*, dam by *Dick Andrews*, grandam by *Coriander*, out of *Miss Gunpowder*, covered by *Emilius*—80gs.

#### Lord Lowther's.

*Bielakoi*, b. g. 4 yrs, by *Smolensko*, out of *Lamia*—33gs. to *Mr. Meynell*.

*Sepio*, b. g. 2 yrs, by *Nicolo*—*Tint*—11gs. to *Mr. F. Richardson*.—The purchaser was so dissatisfied with his bargain, that he put him up the following day, when he fetched four guineas!

Bay Yearling Colt (unbroke), by *Partisan*, out of *Fatima*—100gs. to *Mr. C. Robinson*.

Ches. Yearling Filly (unbroke), by *Tirreias*, out of *Landscape*—80gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Filly Foal, by *Partisan*, out of *Fatima*—21gs. to *Captain Grant*.

Filly Foal, by *Partisan*, dam by *Tirreias*—70gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Ches. Filly Foal, by *Truffle*—*Aline*—26gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Ches. Filly Foal, by *Young Whisker*—8gs. to *Mr. Jenner*.

*Fatima*, by *Selim* (covered by *Partisan*)—70gs. to *Captain Grant*.

*Rivulet*, 11½gs.; *Landscape*, 120gs.; *Scheme*, 90gs.—bought in.

#### The Underley Stud.

##### YEARLINGS.

Bay Filly, by *Muley*, dam by *Sooth-*

*sayer*, out of *Miss Eliza Teazle*—no engagement—51gs.

Bay Filly, by *Bustard*, out of *Miss Witch*, by *Sorcerer*, her dam *Rosetta*, by *Young Woodpecker*—no engagement—35gs.

Bay Filly, by *Muley*, out of *Erin Lass*, Sister to *Hesperus*, by *Irish Hollyhock*, out of *Rally*, by *Waxy*, out of *Rattle*, by *Trumpeter*—no engagement—31gs.

Brown Filly, by *Muley*, dam by *Haphazard*, out of *Ridicule*, the dam of *Gedolphin*—no engagement—105gs.

Ches. Filly, by *Muley*, out of *Harriet*, by *Selim*, *Precipitate*, Sister to *Colibri*—no engagement—61gs.

Bay Filly, by *Muley*, dam by *Dick Andrews*, out of *Dorina*, *Clara*—no engagement—17gs.

Bay Filly, by *Bustard* or *Muley*, out of *Miss Knaption* by *Walton*, her dam *Miss Dunnington* by *Shuttle*, out of *Miss Grimston* by *Weazle*—no engagement—21gs.

Bay Filly, by *Muley*, out of *Bequest* by *Election*, engaged on Wednesday in the *Craven Meeting* 1831, fillies only, 100l. h. ft. R.M., eight subscribers—not sold.

Bay Filly, by *Muley*, out of *Eliza Rubens* (the dam of *Conquest*), engaged on Tuesday First Spring Meeting in the *Underley Foal Stakes*, 100l. h. ft., ten subscribers, last mile and a distance of B.C. and at *Ascot*, 100l. h. ft., fillies only, Old Mile, 12 subs.; both 1831—200gs.

Brown Colt, by *Muley*, out of *Lucinda*—80gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Ches. Colt, by *Muley*, out of *Lacerta*—67gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Bay Colt, by *Muley*, out of *Young Caprice*—37gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Brown Colt, by *Muley*, out of *Lady Erme*—125gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

Ches. Colt, by *Muley*—*Prima Donna*—125gs. to *Mr. Sowerby*.

Ches. Colt, by *Bustard* or *Aladdin*, out of *Camelina*—70gs. to *Mr. Sowerby*.

Brown Colt, by *Muley*, out of *Miss Wasp*—165gs. to *Mr. Forth*.

On the second day of the *Newmarket Houghton Meeting*, the first portion of *Mr. Payne's stud* was disposed of by auction, as follows:—

#### OUT OF TRAINING.

*Belzoni*, 6 yrs, by *Blacklock*, *Memnon's dam*—180gs. to *Mr. Lucas*.

*Shakespeare*, 6 yrs, by *Smolensko*, *Charming Molly*, by *Rubens*—bought in at 240gs.

#### IN TRAINING.

*Privateer*, 4 yrs, by *Walton*, *Johanna Southcote* (a foreigner)—325gs.

*Alcaston*, 4 yrs, by *Filhe*, *Leviathan's dam*—bought in at 500gs.

## THREE-YEAR-OLDS, IN TRAINING.

Merman, by Whalebone, Mermaid (Duke of Richmond)—450gs.

Colt, by Whalebone, Varnish—65gs. to Mr. Wigram.

Pauline, by Moses, Quadrille—440gs. to Mr. J. Scott.

Filly, by Phantom, Discord—47gs.

Jungfrau, by Skim, Miss Craven's dam—bought in at 155gs.

## TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Bay Colt, by Bustard or Orville, Prima Donna, by Soothsayer, Tippetwitchet, by Waxy, engaged in the Underley Stakes, First Spring Meeting, 100 h. ft., four subscribers in the Derby 1830—200gs.

Bay Filly, by Bustard, Brown Duchess, Toss's dam, engaged in the First October Meeting, 100 h. ft., R. M., six subscribers, and in the Oaks 1830—bought in at 200gs.

Filly, Sister to The Dragon, by Cervantes—Calypso, engaged in the Column Stakes, 60, h. ft. 1830—31gs.

Filly, by Bawker, Lady Caroline, by Portman—38gs.

Filly, by Wrangler, Pinwire, by Whalebone, grandam by Gohanna, engaged in the Brides on Sale Stakes, 100, h. ft. Craven Meeting 1830, and in a Stake of 50 each, First Spring Meeting 1830—bought in at 130gs.

## HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

Bay Colt, 2 yrs old, by Gulliver, dam by Cæsario, grandam by Waxy, great grandam by Highflyer—to Austria.

Mancuvre, by Rubens, out of Finesse, in foal to Waxy Pope—to the Duc de Guiche, France.

Shepherdess, 3 yrs old (late General Grosvenor's)—to the Duke of Lucca.

Bay Filly, 3 yrs old, by Anticipation, out of Little Folly—to the Duke of Lucca.

Zillah, 4 yrs old, by Blacklock, out of Zadora, in foal to Filbo da Puta—to Mr. Watts, of Dublin.

Navarino, 4 yrs old, by Blacklock—to Mr. Watts, of Dublin.

The following four were sent to Russia in May last, by the Count Matsouhevets:—Moth, 5 yrs old, by Blacklock, out of Helen, by Oberon.—Bay Colt, 3 yrs old, by Champion, out of Rosabel, by Rubens.—Rein Deer, 11 yrs old, by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle, out of Edna, by Highflyer. This horse covered in England before he was sold.—Bay Colt, Dew-

drop, 5 yrs old, by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop, by Highland Fling.

Although so few thorough-bred horses, &c. have lately been sent abroad, we regret to learn that many others have. At Horncastle fair no less than 300 were bought by three Foreign dealers, most of which were mares. This must very much hurt the breed of riding horses in England, more especially those used for the cavalry. Our farmers being tempted to sell their three-year-old fillies to these dealers (who never buy the worst, or one with either splint, spavin, or curb), they must either breed from the blemished ones, or, tempted from the low price they fetch, buy the mares which are imported from Germany, the Netherlands, &c. and breed from them, which are really too bad for our hackney coaches. Mares should not be allowed to be exported, except on paying a heavy duty, or in a few years our breed will be very much injured. If the Government do not put a stop, or in some way check the exportation of mares, should a war break out, in a few years, the cavalry cannot be mounted, except at a great advance in the Government allowance.

Earl Fitzwilliam has sold his celebrated stallion, Humphrey Clinker, by Comus, out of Clinkerina.

Wm. Watson, Esq. of Daybrook House, near Nottingham, has purchased Mr. Houldsworth's Uncle John, by Sherwood or Magistrate, dam by Cervantes, 3 yrs old, for 41gs.

John Clifton, Esq. of Lytham Hall, has purchased of Mr. Moiser, of Huntingdon, Peter Lely, by Rubens, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver.

Capt. Rouse has purchased Kil-dare, by Regent, for 300 sovs.

Mr. W. Chifney has purchased the Cressida colt for 1500gs.

Col. Cradock has sold his b. c. Pancake, by Swiss, out of Sister to Torchbearer, 2 yrs old, for 50l. to go abroad.

## THE CHASE.

His Majesty's stag-hounds turned out at Ascot Heath, for the first time this season, on the 11th October.—During the chase on the 18th, at

Swinley, Lord Maryborough met with a serious accident, by being thrown from his horse through the unmanageableness of the horse rode by Mr. Moss, surgeon, of Eton, which came violently in contact with his Lordship in crossing a field. So great was the concussion, that his Lordship was dislodged before he had time to recover himself, and in the fall broke his arm. The accident happening near to his Lordship's residence, his carriage was sent for, and he was conveyed home, where professional assistance was procured, and his Lordship, we are happy to say, is going on well. His Majesty, on learning the nature of the accident, made the most anxious inquiries.

J. A. Sullivan, Esq. has just completed a kennel for his stag-hounds at Great Hampden, near Missenden, Bucks, to hunt three times a-week. On the 20th October a stag was turned out at Monk's Ristborough, which made for the Chiltern hills, and, after taking a circuitous route by Sollinger and Lag-down, ran into the Vale of Aylesbury, and after a severe chase of two hours dropped dead near Kimble Grove.

*Irish Steeple Chase.*—One of the best chases ever witnessed in the vicinity of Dublin took place on the 20th October, under the direction of the Stewards, the Earl of Howth and Captain Montmorency. The ground was given to be run over by John Andrews, Esq. of Castlewarden, in the handsomest manner, and every attention to the safety and comfort of the numerous field of Noblemen and Gentlemen assembled was shewn by him. His Grace the Duke of Northumberland arrived on the ground at two o'clock. Shortly after, the following Gentlemen belonging to the 7th Hussars, with their horses, paraded in fine style before His Excellency, prior to starting:—Captain Cox's b. g. White Noe; Captain White's m. Funay Eye; Captain Sheddons ch. g. Clipper; Captain Lawrenson's Counter-sign; and Captain Biggs's Kildare. At the word "off," they all went away, Funay Eye leading, whose first leap measured thirty feet; however, in

the running, she fell, as did Counter-sign, and the race terminated in favour of Captain Cox, whose riding was much admired; Captain Sheddons second. His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant appeared highly delighted with the day's amusement, and expressed his high satisfaction at the arrangement of the Stewards, and the beauty of the ground, which bids fair to rival in future any ground in the vicinity of that great metropolis.

#### SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.

Mr. Burgess's celebrated Stud of Greyhounds was sold at Mr. Beardsworth's Repository, Birmingham, on Thursday, October 8, and produced the following sums:—

Brutandorf, red dog, by Hall's Topper, out of Fly—1g. to Mr. Forster.

Brutus, blk. and wh. dog, by Hall's Topper, out of Old Jig, own brother to Beppo, and winner of the Puppy Goblet at Sudbury, Feb. 7, and the Aged Stakes at Morfe, Nov. 1828—18gs. to Duke of Gordon.

Bepporina, red bitch, by Beppo, out of Sappho, winner of the Puppy Stakes at Morfe, Feb. 1829—25gs. to Duke of Gordon.

Beetle, blk. t. bitch, by Hippogriff, out of Brilliant, Sister to Mr. Campbell's Hotspur, a winner of two sets of Sweepstakes—8gs. to Mr. Lawrence.

Orpheus, blk. d.—8gs. to Mr. Forster.

#### PUPPIES.

Bennington, blk. d. by Sweep, out of Briseis—9gs. to Duke of Gordon.

Barbarossa, blk. d. by Sweep, out of Briseis—4gs. to Mr. Williams.

Bhurtpore, blk. and wh. dog, by Banquo, out of Bashful—4gs. to Mr. Greaves.

Belshazzar, blk. and wh. dog, by Desperate, out of Empress—5gs. to Mr. Montgomery.

Balak, blk. dog, by Brutus, out of Wasp—4gs. to Mr. Forster.

Belisarius, blk. dog, by Brutus, out of Wasp—2gs. to Mr. Sant.

Herenice, blk. bitch, by Brutus, out of Wasp—30s. to Mr. Manzy.

Bucephalus, blk. dog, by Beppo, out of Dol—1g. to Mr. Harries.

Roadicea, blk. and wh. bitch, by Beppo, out of Jig (ill)—not sold.

Benjamin, wh. dog, by Beppo, out of Jig—6gs. to Mr. Forster.

#### WHELPS.

White Puppy, by Beppo, out of Dorah—1g. to Mr. Carter.

Black and tan, by Brutus, out of Bashful—5gs. to Mr. Harries.

Black and white, by Brutus, out of Bashful—not sold.

Brace of Whelps, red, by Brutus, out of Wasp—2gs. to Mr. King.

Brace of Whelps, blk., by Brutus, out of Wasp—3ss. to Mr. Wedge.

Bashful, f. b. Sister to Beppo—5gs. to Mr. Harries.

Barbarossa, red and wh. dog, Brother to Beppo—5gs. to Mr. Montgomery.

Briseis, blk. b. Sister to Beppo—net sold.

#### EQUESTRIANISM.

Great interest had for some time been excited in Sussex by a match of T. R. Kemp, Esq. M.P. for Lewes, which came off the 21st of October, between six and seven in the morning, on the London Road, starting near Pyecombe, and riding into Brighton. The first three miles at a trot, notwithstanding six breaks and consequent turns, were performed in 13 min. 55 sec.; the next three miles at a walk, without a break, in 35 min. 54 sec.; and the last three at a gallop, in 8 min. 41 sec.—winning cleverly by 1 min. 30 sec. The original bet was 100 guineas to 5 guineas; but there was a great deal of betting on the event—10 to 1, and 6 to 3 on time, the performance being considered almost impossible, Mr. Kemp riding fourteen stone. The horse, 5 yrs old, was bred by Mr. Kemp, got by Octavius, out of a hackney mare. Notwithstanding the early hour there were numerous spectators; among whom were Mr. Campion, Sir R. Falkner, Colonel Mayor, and several officers of the 15th Hussars. In the evening a dinner was given to a large party at the Royal York Hotel, where cheerfulness held uncontrolled dominion till the little hours warned them home.

#### ARCHERY.

Newport, Oct. 3.—On Tuesday the Society of Archers lately established in this island, held their first public meeting at Carisbrooke Castle, a situation peculiarly adapted, from historical and traditional reminiscences, for the practice of this ancient sport. The meeting was attended by all the rank and fashion of the island; and the picturesque and sylvan dresses on the occasion, particularly those of the ladies, combined with the delightful scenery of the spot, forcibly impressed on the mind the sports and vesture of our fore-

fathers. The Ladies' first medal was adjudged to Miss Glynn, of Cornwall, and the second to Mrs. Hastings, the lady of Thomas Hastings, Esq. of East Cowes Cottage, to whom the Society is indebted for its formation. The gentlemen's medals were disposed of, the first to Captain Campbell of Swainston, and the second to Mr. Hastings. After the amusements of the day were concluded, the assembled company sat down to an elegant repast, prepared by Mr. Mew, of the Bugle Inn, which was followed by a ball in the evening, at which were present nearly 200 Ladies and Gentlemen. The weather was most propitious, and every one who had the pleasure of being present was delighted with the charms which the day had afforded, and the unalloyed pleasure they had received.

On Saturday the 17th of October, the St. Andrew's Cross prize, given by Sir George Mackenzie, Bart. of Coul, to the Royal King's Body Guard for Scotland, was shot for in Hope Park, and gained by Henry George Watson, accountant, Treasurer to the Royal Company.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

Mr. Hayward, miller, of Bexhill, has in his possession a skylark, which was of the common colour until the last season of moulting, when his feathers changed to a jet black, and the bird now, in his sable plumage, exhibits a great curiosity.

An extraordinary trout was caught on the 22d of October, by Mr. James Hards, of the Royal Mills, Dartford, in his mill-head, weighing 12½ lb., measuring 23 inches in circumference, and 30 inches in length. This immense fish was sent to Windsor as a present to His Majesty.

Woodcocks have already made their appearance in this country. On the 17th of October, a fine bird of this species was killed by Mr. Serle, of Eldersfield, Worcestershire; and another was shot by Mr. Blakeway, near Abergavenny.

A snipe weighing 5 oz. was killed October 22d, on Roborough Down, by Mr. R. Oxenham, of Devonport. It has been shewn to Mr. Drew, the or-



nithologist, of that town, and pronounced by him the largest he ever met with of the common species of snipe.

A bird of the hybrid species, between the pheasant and the black grouse, was shot on the 19th of October on the borders of Dartmoor, and is now in the possession of Mr. Drew, of Devonport, for the purpose of being stuffed and preserved.

Early on the morning of the 19th of October, was caught, opposite Newham Passage, by Thomas Jones and G. Hall, of Arlington, Gloucestershire, an immensely large eel; its length seven feet two inches, weight 59 lbs., and girth 23 inches. In the course of the day it was taken to Gloucester for the inspection of the public, and was allowed by judges to be the largest and finest fish of the kind ever taken in that neighbourhood.

A gentleman pike-fishing a few days since at Gatton Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, Bart. hooked a fish of considerable weight, and, while endeavoring to bring him to land, was not a little surprised at finding him attacked and seized across the back by another pike of extraordinary dimensions. Eager to make prize of the larger fish, he waded into the water above his middle, when the monster, rather than relinquish his prey, allowed himself to be grasped under the gills, and was thus landed; the gentleman retaining the lesser fish, which was hooked by him, in his left hand. By this means he succeeded in securing both, the larger weighing twenty-three pounds and a half, the smaller seven pounds. The head of the former, which weighed four pounds, has been preserved as a trophy of so remarkable a capture.

#### WRESTLING.

The *Exeter Alfred* contains a letter from James Polkinghorn to Abraham Cann, of Exeter, stating, that on the 18th of June he sent him a challenge to wrestle with him for 100L. a-side, either at Launceston, Tavistock, Plymouth, or Devonport; to which he received an answer from Cann, declining to meet him at either of these places, but proposing to meet him

either at Exeter or London. To this proposal Polkinghorn replied, that he would meet Cann in London, and desired him to name any day after the 20th of October for mutual friends to meet at Plymouth, to deposit the stakes, to which suggestion he has not since received any answer; he, in consequence, now publicly repeats, that he is willing to meet him in London, any day he may appoint, and desires an immediate answer; observing, "that if he shall decline, it will plainly appear to all the world that he is afraid to meet him."

#### FACETIE.

Travelling anglers soon discover that Bala is, in Wales, the focus of dissenters and methodism, though the honesty of its inhabitants by no means exceeds that of other places. A skinner, named W. Jones, a constant frequenter of the Conventicle, lately defrauded a number of persons by means of forged bills, &c. and was obliged to fly to save his neck. He embarked on board the *Britannia* at Liverpool for the United States, where he now is. He had the *modesty* to write to Enoch Evans, one of his brethren, requesting the prayers of *his people* for his safe voyage to America!

At a recent execution, previously to being turned off, one of the culprits was observed not to join in the psalm, and on being asked why he did not, rejoined, he should be happy to oblige the company but he was so *gallows-ropy* he could not get out the line!

In Ealing Church-yard is the following curious epitaph:—

Here lies the body of John Gray,  
In this cold bed of clay,  
A pleasing youth to every eye,  
But God saw fit that he should die.  
This world he left without pollution,  
To gain, through Christ, sweet absolution.  
As he was passing by a dray,  
That moment God called him away,  
To join the heavenly harmony,  
There with Cherubim to sing  
The praises of our Heavenly King.

#### SPORTING OBITUARY.

*Eccentric Character.*—Died, on Sunday, the 18th of October, at Rawcliffe, near Snaith, the eccentric individual, James Hirst, at the advanced age of 91, several anecdotes of whom

will be found in our *ninth* Vol. N. S. p. 46. He was by trade a tanner, and finding that his business much interfered with his odd ways, he free'd himself from its trammels, devoting himself entirely to his whimsical and eccentric propensities. One of the first things he did, when disengaged from business, was to purchase for himself a coffin, which he made a practice of exhibiting for any small remuneration, and in this coffin was deposited his food. His habitation was one of the most curious places in Yorkshire, the rooms being hung round with agricultural implements of every description, and pieces of old iron, nails, &c. in a rusty state. The inmates consisted of himself, and a man and woman servant, to which he added a tame fox, an otter, and a bull. The carriage in which he appeared at Doncaster races was of his own workmanship, and was generally drawn by asses or dogs, to prevent paying the horse duty. He was on the ground on Thursday in the last race-week, every meeting of which he has attended *beyond the memory of man*, distributing apples to those whose attention he had excited. In his shooting excursions he rode a bull, attended by pigs and dogs, the former trained to scent, the latter to carry the game. He set the greatest value upon a waistcoat which he had formed from the front

parts of the drake's neck, and to obtain which he had solicited the surrounding villages. He had three bulls, which were kept for the sole purpose of baiting at country feasts, after which his man generally collected from the populace. The remains of this eccentric individual were interred at Rawcliffe, on Saturday the 24th.—It was his express wish to be carried to the grave by eight old maids, each of whom was to be paid 10s. 6d. for her trouble; and if this could not be effected, eight widows were to be engaged at 2s. 6d. each to perform the same service. The former wish, however, could not be complied with, either from a want of a sufficient number, or from a desire of not publicly acknowledging a designation of such a contumelious and appalling import. The funeral proceeded from the house to the chapel, about four o'clock; the corpse was borne by eight widows, and a solemn tune was performed the while with a bagpipe and fiddle, the former being played by a Scotch shepherd, and the latter by a person of Rawcliffe. During the ceremony, the chapel was crowded to excess; and the number of spectators from the surrounding villages to witness the obsequies to a man whose eccentric habits had become proverbial throughout the district, is computed at upwards of a thousand.

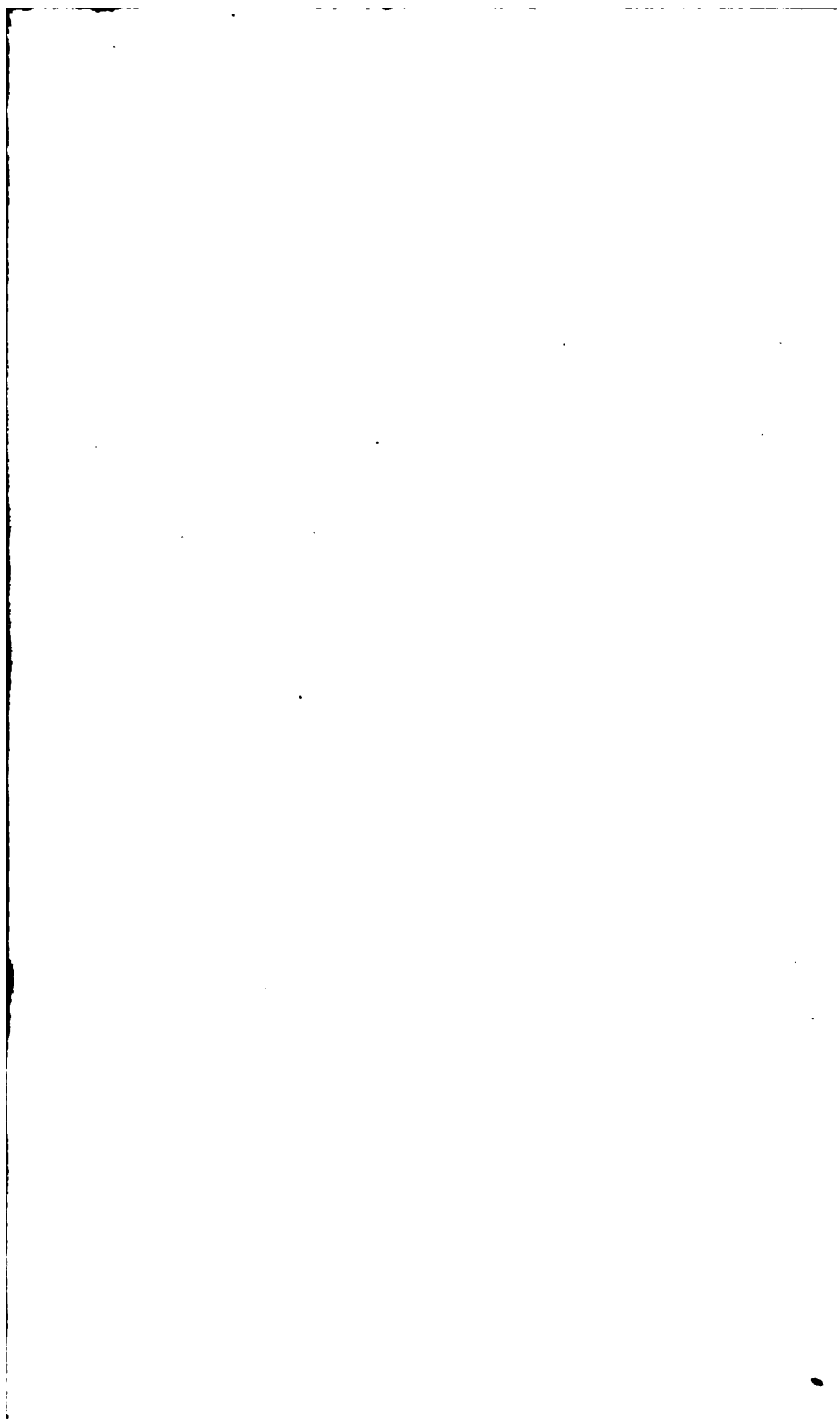
#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

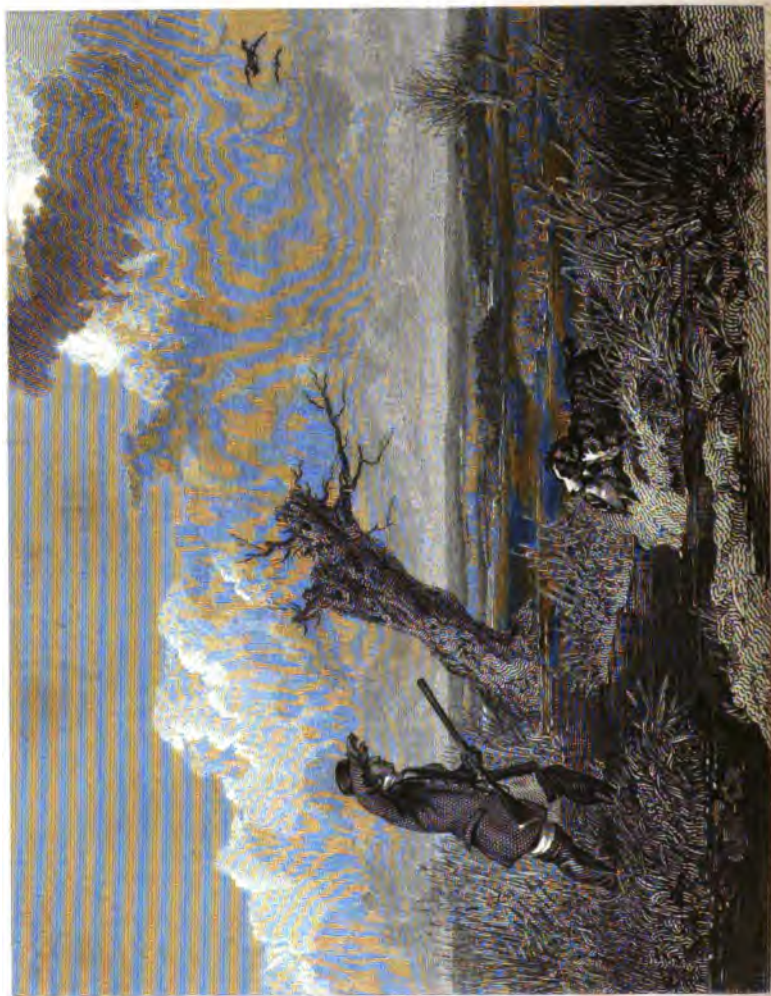
The next will be the *DOUBLE NUMBER* of the Volume, and will contain several highly-interesting communications.

Another instance of the abuse of race-horses has been communicated to us under the signature of "Justus, jun.;" but as we did not receive it in time to add it to the other letters on that subject, we give its substance here. The writer says—"I was proprietor of a great favorite for the Oaks five years ago, and made sure of success; and was reckoned by good judges, who had an opportunity of witnessing the speed of my horse, to stand first for the race eight-and-forty hours previously to the day of trial. But when she came to the post, she was evidently laboring under severe cold, and before she ran half over the course she was ready to drop from want of wind. I was afterwards informed that my groom had been shewing the animal to every pot-house lounge; and indeed I was fully satisfied of the veracity of the statement, from the under-groom's acknowledgment that the animal was uncovered no less than twenty times in one afternoon!—I am sorry to add, the abuse spoken of is too prevalent, to the injury of both horse and owner."

A periodical, under the title of *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, has been started at Bombay; and to shew the interest excited in that part of the world by English Sportsmen, "who think of home and all its dear delights," before the third Number appeared, the third Edition of the two first was in the press.—We have some very interesting articles from India for our next Number.

Since the article, "Winners of the Whip," p. 38, was put to press, "C. Armiger" writes us that Diuple was the property of the Duke of Devonshire; and that he has ascertained that he had the WHIP antecedently to 1732.





DUCK SHOOTING.

J. Waller sculp.

W. Woodcut.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## Embellished with,

I. DUCK SHOOTING.—II. FLUSH.—III. CANTEEN.—IV. TINEY.

### DUCK SHOOTING.

Engraved by WEBB, from a Painting by  
A. COOPER, Esq. R.A.

SIR,

IF I understand the point of time chosen by the artist, it is when the shooter has killed a mallard, (which his dog is retrieving,) while he is endeavoring to mark down the other ducks.

Perhaps after woodcock-shooting there is no exercise of the trigger preferred to that of wild-fowl, including snipes. Ask an old sportsman how he would class shooting under its different heads—I think

he will say: woodcocks first, snipes and wild-fowl second, rabbits third, game last.

The care and circumspection required to get at and kill wild-fowl, owing to the extreme wariness of the birds, constitutes in my opinion the pleasure derived from the pursuit. In marshes I have always found that windy weather was most favorable—I think, owing to the noise made by the reeds, flags, rushes, &c. blowing to and fro, preventing birds from hearing the approach of the sportsman: also, that birds of all sorts are more or less disposed to get under the lee of

some tuft of foliage, thereby screening themselves from the "blustering railer."

Your dog should be a good water or strong spaniel—though a Newfoundland will, when well broke to the sport, answer all purposes—one that understands "to heel," "down charge," &c. and is very expert in the water, which is highly necessary, as winged ducks, teal, &c. are difficult to retrieve, owing to their diving.

With a dog of this description; a good double gun—first barrel loaded with No. 7. for snipes (which

I know from experience will stop a duck at forty yards), No. 2. in the second; *straight* powder, and *plenty of it*; a North-easter; and a good pair of boots. Now, if with all these, success does not attend the shooter, the reader may guess where the fault lies.

"Hands apt, time agreeing, confederate season."

Wishing my brethren good sport and a merry Christmas, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A BOGTROTTER.

Nov. 24, 1829.

### HUNTING IN SUSSEX—THE E. S. H.—COLONEL WYNDHAM— RUN WITH THE SLINFOLD HARRIERS, &c. &c.

BY DASHWOOD.

SIR,

**I**N my last communication to you I mentioned that the East Sussex Fox-hounds had advertised to meet at the famous "Dyke," near Brighton, on Thursday the 29th of October; and, as is usual at that fixture, when the morning chances to turn out a fine one, a thundering large field from all quarters of the compass was the result. Nor can this (bore as it certainly is, except for the coffee-houses) be wondered at; for a more inviting place for the multitude "*to see the hounds throw off*\*" can scarcely be imagined than this celebrated and commanding spot: and though a man, when out fox-hunting, is, or ought to be much better employed than gaping about after prospects and the picturesque; yet even NIMROD himself might be pardoned in stopping for a moment on the top of (I think) Cock-a-

roost, to admire the landscape spread around and beneath him. No doubt, however, the whole *locale* of the Dyke is as well known and familiar to nine-tenths of my readers as Richmond Hill itself: I therefore gladly refrain from any attempt at *scene-painting* (which does not lie at all in my line), and turn to a much more congenial subject—the Hounds, and their operations.

We had on this occasion a mixed pack of dogs and bitches in the field; and, I am only doing common justice to George Hennessy when I say, that no hounds in Europe could make their appearance at the covert side in better or more first-rate condition. To my mind, indeed, they were the very exact thing: *neither too high* to contend with the hills; *nor too low* for their afternoon fox. The

\* Mr. Alken's very clever exemplification of this part of fox-hunting would hardly have been applicable on the morning I am describing; for with so large a field I think I never saw so few purls; nor indeed were there more than three or four horses loose at any time of the day. To be sure we were not in an inclosed country.

fresh on them appeared *hard and good* in the extreme; and there was an airiness and buoyancy about the whole of them, that the animal never displays but when in the enjoyment of the very highest health. Every one has his hobby, and I of course have mine; and I would willingly ride a hundred miles any day of the year to see a pack of hounds turned out in the condition that pleases me: in other words, in the condition which Mr. Craven's displayed on the morning I am speaking of. I ought not perhaps (having done with the subject) again to introduce a Scottish Reminiscence; yet I may, I hope, be pardoned for saying, that, what with the very superior appearance of the pack, the country itself, and the presence of more than one East-Lothian old friend\* at the covert side, I could have almost fancied myself transported to some favorite hill-fixture of the olden time. I looked in vain, however, amongst the crowd for the form of old *Bounty*, and her regretted, good old master; and when the hounds were once in covert, *there was a cheer wanting*, that it will be long, I fear, ere again my spirit thrills to and replies!!

For a great length of time, although we drew a succession of very likely gorse-coverts on the hills, we had not a single challenge; and if we had been in the land of keepers†, pheasants, and other vermin of the same sort, I should have known what to think of it;

but beyond a hare or two (few and far between), and now and then a brace of birds, we did not see a head of game throughout the day; neither did the plush jacket and double-barrel make their appearance at any part of it. The foxes, too, *are known* to be most religiously preserved; and as the night had been a calm one, it certainly was unaccountable that we drew so long, in so friendly a country, and in the month of October, without finding.

At last, however, and in a very small and open patch of furze, we *did* find—an unfortunate cripple with a broken thigh; and, as a matter of course, ran in to him in the space of a hundred yards or less. We then continued drawing on and on with a very lowering prospect, until close to Erringham, where a disturbed fox was viewed some time before us; and, by dint of galloping the hounds as I certainly would not have gallopped them, we got up to him in a strongish piece of gorse about a mile off. Although close to his brush, however (Hennessy indeed viewed him out of covert not two minutes before his hounds), the scent was at first so iniquitously bad, and the botherment of the crowd so great, that they could scarcely be brought to acknowledge it in the least: but old Sapling and one or two others were not to be beat so easily; and after some time we began to get on rather better terms with him, and ran him back on the sides of

\* Mr. Burn Callander of Preston Hall, and Mr. Balfour of Whittinghame, both of them most constant in their attendance on the Lothian hounds, were in the field this day.

† Some months ago as I was walking with a Gentleman through some magnificent woods of his in a country that shall be nameless (but many miles distant from the Dyke), where, thanks to his neighbours, although a strenuous friend to the cause, it is totally out of his power to ensure a find, I thought I would have a rise out of his woodland, a most respectable looking servant; so thus addressed him—"Beautiful coverts for breeding these, my friend! no doubt you have plenty of foxes all over the neighbourhood?"—"Devil of one, &c." was the answer—"plenty of keepers, if you please."

the hills towards the Dyke, with a pretty fairish hunting scent, although constantly brought to check, and over-pressed by the charge of cavalry in the rear. At one time his point appeared decidedly for the low country; and would to Heaven that he had been allowed to make it good! for, in the first place, there would have been, I think, a much better scent than on the Downs; and of course, it is needless to observe, that amongst the inclosures we should have lost more than one half of the abominable and provoking field. "We are going down now; *they won't ride quite so close to them there!*" cried George Hennessy as he galloped past me; and certainly from my experience of the country on a future day, *I can venture to affirm that they would not.* This piece of good luck, however, was not on the cards; and after hammering at him over a severe hill country, or, more properly speaking, on some severe hill-sides, sometimes with a better, sometimes with a worse scent for about three quarters of an hour, and with a brace of foxes on foot, we earthed him in a little *hanger* as it is called in this country (that is, a sloping bank of brushwood), perfectly honey-combed with rabbit holes it seems, at the bottom of Beeding Hill; not much above half a mile from the place where we had been first halloo'd to him.

As is almost invariably the case on *show* occasions, this was unquestionably any thing but a good day's sport; yet I must nevertheless acknowledge that I went home, like *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, "rather pleased than otherwise;" and the morning will stand marked as a memorable one in my calendar, as it introduced me to the acquaint-

ance of NIMROD, who by chance was in the field. Let me trust that long before this meets his eye, he is perfectly recovered from his late severe illness; for the rascally cause\* of which an especial and most Draconian Act of Parliament should forthwith be created for the benefit of all publicans and sinners.

Of the minutiae of Mr. Craven's establishment, until I have seen more of it, it is of course impossible for me to say much. In Mr. Craven's good sport, however, I trust he will allow me to express myself interested in the extreme; and I was rejoiced to hear from his own lips, on the eleventh of this month, that in twenty-three days' hunting his hounds had killed *ten brace and a half of foxes*, with some very excellent sport considering the youth of the season. This is just as it should be for the young hounds; but, highly satisfactory as such a commencement is, it is nothing more than, *with good luck*, might be expected; for, as the Glasgow huntsman writes somewhere or other to NIMROD about his pack, the E. S. H. *are desperate clinkers* to a fox; and I cannot perhaps pay them a higher compliment than the following, which I had the other day from a very good old sportsman, to whom I was talking about fox-hounds and fox-hunting:—"There now," said he, "there's that *East Sussex* pack—I likes to see *them* hunt: *they puts me in mind of my own harriers.*"—Certain it is, from what little I have seen of them, that, *without a scent*, they will not go an inch; and that, *with one*, the Lord have mercy on any fox in Christendom that ventures to remain long above ground before them!

Their huntsman, George Hen-

\* Being put at an inn between damp sheets.



neasy, appears to be a very persevering fellow, and fond of the thing; but I must see more of his performance in the field before I attempt to criticise it. I may say, nevertheless, that although he must ride quite a welter weight, I saw no deficiency in his getting to his hounds on the day I have been speaking of; and I am given to understand that it is a very rare thing for them to steal very far away from him either on the hill or in the deep. I like the cut of the whipper-in much: he looks as if he had a *strong cross of Yorkshire* in him; appears to understand his business well; and is a very civil and obliging servant in every respect. No pack of fox-hounds, however, is, in my opinion, perfect without a *brace* of such artists at their sterns.

As to Mr. Craven, in all that relates to his hounds, he is enthusiasm itself; and I am happy to say, that his country begins to acknowledge its obligations to him for the manner in which he hunts it, by the very excellent show of foxes he almost every where has. A very heavy debt of gratitude indeed is owing to him; for, solely by his personal and indefatigable exertions, in spite of a host of disadvantages and obstacles, has he made the E. S. H. what it is at this moment: and I was not a little amused the other day at hearing it remarked, "that it was a pity he was so *over zealous* in the cause." This of course differs *toto cælo* from my ideas: and all that I will say to it by way of reply is, that whenever Mr. Craven ceases to be an enthusiast, it will be high time for him to cease being a master of fox-hounds. For the present, however, I make my bow to the East Sussex, and the gallant sportsman at their head.

On Monday the 2d of November, much to the joy of Worthing and its neighbourhood, Colonel Wyndham commenced his regular season in the Findon country; and the best plan that I can adopt perhaps is, to give the following summary of what I have seen with him *verbatim* from my hunting journal, and afterwards proceed to a few remarks that will naturally suggest themselves.

*Monday, November 2:* met Col. Wyndham's bitch pack at Castle Goring. Found below the house, and after several turns in the wood, broke away at a good pace to Clapham woodlands, where he was running up and down, and in and out, with good scent and with bad, for the best part of an hour, when they killed him—an old dog fox. I then left them, intending to hunt the same horse the following Wednesday; but heard that they drew blank until very late in the afternoon.

*Wednesday, Nov. 4:* met the dog pack at Parham Park, where it was given out that the woods were swarming with foxes, young and old, in every direction: tried the whole of the coverts, however, blank, and almost without a challenge. Found at last in Wiggan Holt, and ran sharply to Huston Furze; after which we did nothing with him worth speaking of, and the weather drove us all home.

*Thursday, Nov. 5:* spent a very pleasant morning in the kennel at Findon.

*Friday, 6th.* Fixture, the Dial Post Gate, near West Grinstead. Unfortunately not out. The bitches had a beautiful thing from Frenchlands down to Beeding brooks, where they lost him.

*Saturday the 7th:* met the dogs at Polling. Found, and after badga-

ering about the infernal\* Michelgrove woods for a length of time, lost him. Found again late in the day in the upper end of the covert by the road side, where we had met, and ran again to Michelgrove: more than one fox was on foot; and one went away across the park, with whom we might have had a run, but the hounds got, as I have good reason to believe, on the line of the hunted fox of the morning, and ran him well through all the thick coverts, backwards and forwards, to where we had first found, and thence again to Michelgrove, where they left him about half-past four o'clock, and we went home.—A distressing accident happened whilst running our first fox. A hound called *Bobadil*, to whom Col. Wyndham had cheered the pack not five minutes before in some furze, where he made a pretty hit, went over one of the chalk-pits so common in this country, and broke his leg. Being likewise most dreadfully bruised and mangled all over, his sufferings were of course put an end to on the spot.—N.B. The second accident in three days' hunting with this pack, that I have seen from these accursed quarries!

*Monday, the 9th.* Again unfortunately at home from the state of the stud.—A very pretty half hour indeed, I heard, with the ladies, from a turnip field, near Pulborough which was the fixture.

*Wednesday, the 11th:* met the dog pack at Toddington Wood, a capital covert immediately under the Downs; but had scarcely any sport whatever whilst I stayed with them; and the behaviour of the crowd, tantamount almost to *felo de se*, rendered it quite impossible for the case to be other-

wise. From fear I suppose of splashing the tops and cords by going down into the dirt, and in hopes of getting a good start if he broke over the hills, one half of the field—a very large one—thought proper to post themselves, deaf to all remonstrances, in the very place where they were sure to head him; and most amply and abundantly was this *very sportsmanlike* conduct rewarded: for *no less than three times* did the second fox endeavour to penetrate their phalanx and make his point good, and as often was he forced and driven back by them into the mud. This is, I am given to understand, invariably the case at Toddington, and other coverts similarly situated; on which I have only to observe, that, were I master or manager, not a single hound, offend or please whom I might, should leave my huntsman's heels until every man, woman, and child, was off the hill, and posted where they ought to be. Colonel Wyndham's patience on this day was almost beyond belief; but late in the afternoon, when all sport became hopeless, he gave, I heard, an uncommonly neat rub to one of those who had contributed to make it so. The dialogue I was told ran somewhat in the following fashion:—"Well, Colonel, it is all over now; we shall do no good with him."—"Humph! and where have you been all day?—your boots seem uncommonly clean!"—"Oh! on the hill to be sure, Colonel; the fox always goes up, you know."—"Yes! and, thanks to the conjurers who plant themselves there, *he always comes down again!*"—Early in the day we ran one fox to ground in the same hanger, where

\* Sportsmen unquestionably do not expect or desire to have their path strewn with either roses or violets: care, nevertheless, should be taken to remove all superfluous and unnecessary thorns from their way; and I entreat "the powers that be" to grub up some of the new-cut hazel-stacks in the rides through Clapham and Michelgrove woods.

the East Sussex earthed him on the 29th of October (close by); and *very late*, after I left them, they had ten minutes pretty quick from a new gorse covert of Lord Egremont's, when they whipped off pretty nearly at dusk.

*Saturday the 14th*: met the bitch pack at Pelling. Found almost immediately, and ran across the road to the covert (Woodleys, I think they call it) where we first unkenelled, this day week, and earthed him. On digging to him, the terrier, not much bigger than a good sized Hanover rat, made a bolt at and choked him, an uncommonly fine large dog fox. Tried a great many coverts in and about Michelgrove—blank. Found at last a brace of foxes in a small but favorite covert, and had some really beautiful woodland hunting with one of them for about an hour, and killed him handsomely. N.B. Lamed the only animal I have at present to lay my leg over, so all that follows will be *hearsay*, and nothing else.

*Monday the 16th*: a bad scenting day, and but little done; although they again found in the turnip field, near Pulborough, and he went gallantly away. Some fine morning or other this gentleman will give them a clipper.

*Wednesday the 18th*: a grand show day with the bitch pack at Applesham Furze; a very pretty thing indeed over the hills to near Findon, and killed him. Found a second fox, I can scarcely say where, had a tolerable thing with him, and killed in Findon Park.

From the above extracts it will be seen that, contrary to the newspapers\*, the country near this *has not as yet exactly eclipsed Leices-*

*tershire*; and that even for the sport it has afforded, I have been out of luck in my selection of days; but having, I may say, scarcely seen Colonel Wyndham's hounds except in difficulties, I am perhaps the better enabled to appreciate their good qualities. The limits assigned me, however, in the present Number, are so extremely contracted, that I must say what I have to say in very few words. In the first place, then, I consider them an uncommonly handsome pack of hounds in every sense of the phrase: the bitches indeed are beautiful in the extreme; and the dog pack, though not over-sized, is a particularly powerful and even lot. Throughout the whole of them there is an unusual clearness of throat, and a very capital display of legs and feet: and as their huntsman, Harber, is no friend to flesh and fat, his hounds present a very sprightly appearance both in field and kennel. From what little I have seen, it strikes me that, *with a proper system, both packs* can hunt an extremely low scent; although I was led to expect but little from the bitches excepting on a capital scenting day, and over the open. I have yet to see, however, any defect in their hunting; for on each occasion that I have been with them, they turned, I thought, exceedingly close, and stuck remarkably well to a very short-running fox, with a capricious scent, and in a very baffling woodland country: and they have this year most decidedly the advantage over the dogs *in point of blood*, being I believe at this moment either four or four and a half brace in advance of them. I must here, however, break off, but shall resume the subject at

\* According to an absurd puff in one of the Provincial Papers the other day, Sussex is the "best hunting country in all England," and Worthing (in which there may be perhaps a dozen men who turn out pretty regularly) quite an ultra Melton in every respect! *Padre Francisco!*—what fools there are in this world!

some length in my next communication. DASHWOOD.

P. S. An account having appeared in the newspapers of an extraordinary run at the beginning of the month with the Slinfold Harriers, I was induced to make some inquiries respecting it, and the following will be found, I fancy, a pretty accurate report. On Monday the second instant, the S. H. unkenelled a fine dog fox about half-past eight o'clock at Session House Furzes, near the seat of Chas. Chitty, Esq., and after a slow hunting run of *four hours*, were on the point of giving up after a long check, when they were accidentally joined by *Lily* and *Cloudy*, two favorite and first-rate bitches belonging to Mr. Dawson, of the Southwater and Horsham Hunt. *Lily* immediately hit it off in most beautiful style, and the two bitches *hunted him by themselves for two miles*, right up to Rye Farm covert, where he had waited for them, and they unkenelled him afresh. The scent had

now much improved, and after sticking gallantly to him *for three hours and twenty-five minutes* more of hard running, they at last changed from scent to view, and ran in to him at South-End in the parish of Lower Beeding—having had him on foot *for seven hours and twenty-five minutes* from first finding; during which time he passed through at least *six different parishes*, and covered a *computed distance of upwards of sixty miles!!* The latter and best part of this extraordinary day's sport was attributable solely to Mr. Dawson's hounds; and it is with much regret that I hear of his intention to dispose of the staunch little pack of which they form a part. So good a sportsman, and a man so fond of it as he is, should never be without a few couples of *Likes* and *Cloudies* in his kennel; and it will give me much pleasure to hear that he still retains the management of the present establishment.

Worthing, November 20.

### BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Nov. 27.  
ON the 9th very few subscribers were in attendance, and the betting was excessively dull. Brunswick was in more demand, a Mr. R. offering to back him for 500 against Cetus. The Mummer still continues in great favour—the highest offers not exceeding 7 to 1, and all takers. Cetus had no friends, and gave way a point. Leeway is fast recovering her lost ground, several of the best judges freely backing her, 10 to 1 having been taken to a large amount.

The 16th, very little was done upon the DERBY, the Sal colt and a few others being the only ones mentioned. In fact the betting was chiefly confined to the OAKS; and several very important changes took place. The Sister to Emma was all the rage, three of the leading speculators heavily backing her; and, to all appearance, she will become a great favorite. Filagree and Zelus (Nina) were in more request, the parties freely taking the

odds. Shumla is receding, a Mr. S. making large offers against her. In the St. LEGER, Raby (Bud) continues firm; whereas the others are all retrograding, and scarcely anything doing upon them.

The 23d was very flat and unimportant, the DERBY being scarcely mentioned; and, if it had not been to mark the gradual and progressive rise of the Sister to Emma, the day itself was unworthy of observation. Zelus is still on the advance, and being a very fine mare the odds are freely taken. Bud got up a point; but the finish was altogether spiritless.

On the 26th scarcely any business was done, and the bettings closed as below.

Yours truly, Z. B.

#### DERBY.

7 to 1 agst The Mummer (taken).  
12 to 1 agst Cetus.  
13 to 1 agst Brunswick.

#### OAKS.

15 to 2 agst Mouché.  
9 to 1 agst Leeway filly.  
10 to 1 agst Sister to Emma.

## CONDITION OF HUNTERS RESUMED.

BY NIMROD.

(Concluded from our last Number, p. 47.)

## STABLES.

**H**AVING, in a vast number of instances, seen horses produced in very bright condition from very indifferent stables, I was for many years of my life very indifferent about the structure of them. Few men, however, have put their good and bad properties to the test more than I have done, in the roving life I have generally led with my horses in the winter months. It may appear strange, but, in my younger days, I cared little what sort of a building my horses were put into, provided I had it in my power to stop up every hole and crevice about it, and as nearly as possible approximate it to a hot-house. As for ventilation, I never dreamed about it; neither did I consider it at all essential to the health of my stud. All I can say is, that, with such fearful odds against me, I had no inflammatory complaint in my stable until I had been an owner of hunters for more than ten years, during more than eight of which my daily morning salutation to my groom in the winter was—"Well, Ned, is the stable warm and comfortable?"—"Pretty well, Sir."—"That's right, Ned: put lots of dung outside the door; stop up every crevice over their heads; stuff the foot of your old stocking in the key-hole; and mind there is no cracked pane in the window."—Now it is quite evident that Ned\* and his master

were two ignorant boobies; notwithstanding which their horses looked, and were, well. I must also add, that this practice was not confined to my own stable, but was in pretty general use with some of my neighbours, who liked to see their horses look bright and well; and furthermore, I am quite satisfied inflammatory attacks were not more frequent or fatal among hunters at the period I am speaking of, than they are at present, and have been since.

In a small pamphlet on the *Diseases of Horses*†, which I met with at Shrewsbury about three years ago, the writer chiefly attributes what may be termed the indisposition of horses to the improper construction of stables; and for which he considers the county of Salop to be notorious. "The consequences," says he, "of an ill-ventilated stable are of a very serious nature; they are not calculated upon until your horse points them out in language not to be misunderstood; and, unless the most active measures are adopted, the rapid progress of the diseases produced by it will baffle all your endeavours, and your horse become unsound for life. When a stable is too much crowded or ill-ventilated, a very powerful poison is generated there—the pernicious effect of which soon shews itself, especially if you bring a fresh horse within its sphere of action." Mr. H. then proceeds:

\* This Ned, it must be observed, was a most excellent groom, and, having served me faithfully for nine years, obtained 100l. per annum wages as hunting groom, and now keeps a very respectable inn.

† By Mr. Edward Mickman, V.S. &c. published in 1823, and dedicated to John Mytton, Esq.

"A hunter is brought from grass in full health—he is put into a crowded ill-ventilated stable—in the course of the night, or on the following day, he is seized with a violent shivering; irritation in the throat follows, with a cough, difficulty of breathing, and inflamed eyes." Mr. H. now produces some cases of horses thus affected, which, however, we can only look upon as the natural consequence of bringing a horse, which for three or four months has been breathing fresh air in his pasture, all at once to respire the hot and stimulating atmosphere of a crowded or ill-ventilated stable. On reference to my former letters, it will be seen I have gone at some length into this part of the subject, and strongly protested against this sudden change; which must ever be a concomitant of the grazing system in the summer, and by which thousands of good hunters are destroyed.

Now notwithstanding my conviction of the high temperature in which a horse kept all the year round in the stable will live and enjoy the highest health, yet my common sense points out to me the necessity of the means of ventilation. These means, however, should, for hunters or race-horses, be limited. No streams of air\*; no broken windows (for a horse should stand in an equal temperature, and this he can never have if the windows of his stable are broken, as it will then depend on the point the wind blows from); but small wooden tunnels, ascending through the roof, the tops of which should be constructed so as to prevent the rain descending through them.

It does not require a philosopher to point out to us, that, when the air of any building becomes more rarified than the external air, a wind or current of air is pouring in from the crevices of the windows and doors, to restore the equilibrium; but the light air with which the room is filled must find vent, in order to make way for the heavy air which enters. This fact is proved in the following way, and has often been the sport of children. If we set a door ajar, and hold a candle near the upper part of it, we shall find that the flame will be blown *outwards*, shewing there is a current of air flowing out from the upper part of the room. Now if we place the candle on the floor, close by the door, we shall perceive, by the inclination of the flame, that a current of air sets into the room, and therefore the flame will be blown *inwards*. In fact, the current of warm light air is driven out to make way for the cold air which enters; and this I believe is the case in the grander scale of Nature. The light air about the Equator, which expands and rises into the upper regions of the atmosphere, ultimately flows thence back to the Poles, to restore the equilibrium.

The influence that cold, combined with humidity, exercises over the animal economy is too well known to be dwelt or enlarged upon, and I have already said I never yet saw a horse produced in perfect condition from a cold and damp stable. The latter evil property is not sufficiently appreciated; but, very early in life, I saw its baneful influence. A friend of mine, residing under the Broad-

\* If any cold air be allowed to enter a stable, it should, as Mr. Hickman observes, be through apertures at the bottom of the *back wall*.

way hills in Worcestershire, paid the greatest attention to the condition of his hunters, but never could attain it there, although, to the eye, his stable was every thing we could desire, *and it was warm and well ventilated*. When his stud moved to Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, where his stable was very inferior to look at, they immediately improved in their condition. The fact was, the first-named stables were damp, although he drained them; the latter were dry.

Mr. Percival (Lecture 38) says,—"He that has clean and cool stables will have a healthy stud; and the converse of this will never fail to engender disease. Above all other considerations then, in taking the colt from his natural state, it behoves us to guard him from the vicissitudes of cold and heat, and to keep him in an atmosphere as pure as that of which we have just deprived him." This is strongly in favour of the regular in-door system; for we know the out-door system is anything but regular; yet, with great deference to Mr. P., he has gone a little too far here. In the first place, it is impossible to keep a stable as pure as the open air; and, in the next, it is by no means essential to a horse's health that it should be so, or that he should be kept cool: on the contrary, if a hunter or race-horse—I maintain the contrary, on experience; and affirm, that a temperature of sixty-two or sixty-three is almost essential to the perfect condition of horses. Here, with respect to the race-horse, I am backed by Mr. Dar-

vill in his *Treatise on Training the English Race-Horse*, who says, that thorough-bred horses, which have originated in a hot climate, are not to be got into racing condition unless kept in a stable of a certain temperature of heat, which he estimates at sixty-three\*.

Another writer on the disease of horses says—"The moment parturition is accomplished, the subsequent existence of animals depends so much on respiration that they enjoy health, activity, and vigour, or become enfeebled, emaciated, and diseased, according with the degree of purity, or the state of contamination of the atmosphere in which they breathe. For it is to be observed, that the air, in its passage through the lungs, undergoes a decomposition—the oxygen, or vital part, being absorbed by the blood; and with this fluid, carried to every part of the system—to which it imparts life and vigour—the azotic gas thrown off by expiration, though it may retain its elasticity, is nevertheless deprived of that vivifying principle essential to life: hence it will appear, that disease must necessarily prevail in stables where a great number of horses stand together." Now this is very pretty theory, and in part correct in principle—that is to say, were a parcel of horses, just taken out of their pastures, or from camp, huddled together in a close ill-ventilated stable, with bad grooming to boot, the effect would be as described: but had the writer visited the great stable at Quorn in Leicestershire, for the last twenty-five years, and seen thirty horses

\* Mr. Darvill properly observes, there should be a thermometer in every stable, which should be consulted before it is shut up at night. When on this subject also, Mr. Percival writes thus:—"I have ever, to the extent of my power, inculcated ventilation, which I have always found to be compatible with as much warmth to the skin as was necessary to the production and preservation of a fine coat."

standing in it, all in perfect condition, what would become of the greater part of his theory? It reminds me of Mr. Darvill's remarks (himself one of the profession) on the writings of such veterinary surgeons as have treated of getting horses into condition, where he speaks thus:—"It does not appear," says he, "in any of their (the veterinary surgeons) works which I have read, that those authors have done much, in this respect, for these poor fellows (grooms), beyond that of recommending them to keep their horses in cold stables."

I have good reason to believe there is no vapour which acts more offensively on the eye-sight than animal excretions; and our own feelings convince us of this whenever we enter a dirty stable. Here, however, a great change has taken place in the practice of grooms, and a most beneficial one it is to horses under their care. The old plan was, to put a very large bed of straw in a horse's stall twice a-week, removing very little of the foul litter at other times. The consequence was, a great accumulation of offensive matter, the greatest part of which is now removed every day, and fresh straw supplied. Another improvement has also suggested itself. The truss is cut through with a hay-cutting knife, which makes the straw go much farther, and for this obvious reason—When it is of tolerably long growth, one end of it gets stained, whilst the other is quite clean; but in this case, of course, it must all be thrown out together.

Apologizing for this trifling digression, I proceed to state, that a clean, wholesome, warm, and dry stable is a great desideratum in getting horses into condition; and,

although I would not carp at trifles, yet if a person were to say to me, "I will build you stables for eight hunters for your own use," the following should be the plan.

I would have two four-stalled stables, in which I would keep only six horses—i.e. three in each; and I would have a loose box at the end of each. If possible I would have a southern aspect, with windows opening from the top or downwards; or else on a pivot in the centre, and placed so high in the wall, that, when open, the air may be circulated through the stable, without affecting one horse more than another; and the height of the interior should be only twelve feet in the clear. I would have the stalls paved nearly flat, with only a trifling inclination to the centre; in each of which there should be a small grating over the drain, and the stalls should be no more than six feet wide. There should be at least twelve feet behind the horses, and the exterior walls and doors should be very thick. The wooden partition walls of the loose boxes should be only nine feet high, with wooden bolts to the doors; and each box should not exceed ten feet square. The saddle-room, well fitted up with saddle-cupboards, boiler, &c. should be in the centre of the building; in the front of which there should be a passage, under cover, for horses to stand in when their legs are washed. Of ventilation I say nothing, that being a matter of course; but I would have the sides of the stalls nine feet high at the head, with small iron racks, and pillar reins for each horse to be dressed in. I should also be very particular about the stall-posts; for these are very frequently the cause of severe injury. When I went to



see the King's stables at the new Palace at Pimlico, I was astonished to see almost every other horse in them with capped hocks. On inspecting the stall-posts, I perceived the cause. They were of fluted stone, and with angles, which proved Mr. Nash knows nothing about the *inside* of stables. Stall-posts should be made of wood, quite smooth and circular; and they should extend to the ceiling, or at least ten feet high.

It thinks I hear the question asked—Would you not have more loose boxes? A trifling addition converts each stall into a box. Two bars, from the two centre stall-posts to the wall, convert these stalls into loose places, quite sufficient for the purpose we require of them; and the horse that is loose is prevented, by a very simple contrivance, from annoying the one that is tied up. In the stables of my old friend, Sir John Dashwood King, at Halton House, Bucks, I first saw this used. It consists of a light cast-iron guard, hitched to the stall-post in the first place, and then to the top bar or rail, and extending only far enough to prevent the loose horse touching the quarters of the one tied up with his mouth, which otherwise he would be inclined to do. Thus it is evident, that, out of eight horses, four may always be loose, which, in my opinion, is quite sufficient for horses in constant work. One little improvement, however, may be suggested here. To one of the loose boxes at the end, there should be an outside door; then, in case of a horse expected home out of stable hours, he may be taken into his box and dressed, without disturbing the stud.

When we consider that after every hard day's work with hounds an effusion of lymph takes place

in all those parts which are exposed to severe friction, it is unnecessary to remark that the sooner absorption of that lymph takes place, the sooner is our horse fit for work, and the less liable is he to become injured from the effects of bangs or blows which his legs may have received. Now an admirable auxiliary here is the power a horse has, when loose, to shift his position as often as he feels inclined, and to put his whole frame into motion, to the very great relief of all the muscles and joints in his frame. Loose boxes are also recommended for mares in the spring of the year, for reasons too obvious to specify, and for all horses laboring under disease, or lameness, and for such as carry very heavy weights.

The permanent objection to loose boxes, for general use, consists in the great space of ground they occupy, so that it is impossible to keep a large stud loose. Indeed it is not only unnecessary to do so, but in some cases I am far from being an advocate for loose boxes—at least the constant use of them. In the first place, to horses which have thin, fleshy feet, with thrushy frogs, they are decidedly injurious. They are equally so to crib-biters and horses inclined to be vicious; although these inconveniences should be over-looked for a day or two after a very severe run, for the reasons I have just stated.

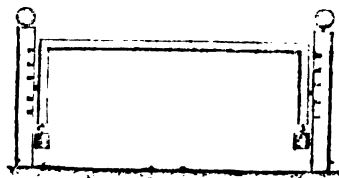
Scarcely a year passes over but some new plan or plans present themselves for improvement of stables. Amongst them is one which Mr. Dickenson, of New Park Street, Southwark, London, has published to remedy the ill effects and lessen the waste of corn, caused by the manner of feeding a horse, by which he spills a great portion, and swallows a great deal unmastered, which passes through the

body unchanged. Mr. Dickenson has invented his *masticator*, which is employed in the following manner:—A part of the manger, about eighteen inches long, is separated from the rest by a partition, into which the feed of corn is put, and over this the masticator—which is made of a thin plate of wrought iron, about one inch less both in length and breadth than the receptacle in which it is put—uniformly cut out into square holes about five-eighths of an inch diameter. The horse, in feeding, works this plate about with his mouth and tongue, and easily extracts the corn as rapidly as he can thoroughly masticate it, proceeding at length to clear away every grain, when the masticator lies flat upon the bottom of the manger. The beneficial consequences that result are, an increased facility of digestion, inducing health and enjoyment to the horse, and the saving of a considerable portion of corn, commonly wasted in the ordinary way of feeding.

Now taking for granted that this statement is correct, as far as relates to the horse being enabled to get at his corn through the interstices of this machine, I hesitate not to say it must be used with benefit to some very greedy feeders; but as for the better masticating the corn, there is a simpler method of obtaining this end, by first bruising it in a mill. This method, so often preached up, has always hitherto been lost sight of again; but it is once more reviving in the stables of those who are good judges of such matters. I am fully convinced of the very great saving produced by it—I would say, at least, one part in four—and I think it will soon come into very general use. If oats and beans will grow and flourish,

after having passed through the stomach and intestines of the horse, let me ask the physiologist what nutriment could the animal have derived from them?

As Mr. Dickenson may be considered a practical man—having more than once been seen in Leicestershire, and always particularly attentive to his horses, and a leaping-bar being a kind of accompaniment to a stable, I present my readers with a description of his: Two upright posts are fixed in the ground, between which the bar is made to revolve between two axles, situated as drawn below. In order to keep the bar poised in the situation shewn, weights are suspended at the extreme ends; so that, in leaping, should a horse push or strike against the bar, it bends down to the earth before him, and he infallibly clears it, even if he were not to leap a foot high. As some horses may not be disposed to leap when they have discovered the trick of the bar, it may be loaded with more weight, and they may thus be punished into the performance. The bar may also be fixed by bolting it with a little bolt, shot into the side posts. The notches in the posts are to receive the axles of the bar to raise or lower it as required. This may be said to be a sort of cockneyish contrivance, but I think there is merit in it; and I am far from condemning the use of leaping bars, as it is so much the fashion now not to consider a horse a perfect hunter, unless he will leap timber in a stand.



## THICK WIND.

As Mr. Percival very justly observes, the theory of a disease consists, first, in discovering its seat, and then in demonstrating its nature. Now in this instance I shall attempt neither the one nor the other; but it may be naturally supposed, that, in the numerous horses I have ridden and driven, I have seen vast difference in the natural state of the wind. Some, though apparently sound, can do but little in fast work—I mean with bounds—unless *very well prepared*; whilst others can go a sharp burst, even if taken by surprise. By thick-winded horses, however, we generally imply those whose organs of breathing are diseased, many of which, with care, can go a good pace either in or out of harness.

I have had several thick-winded horses in my stable. I never found them better for any thing in the shape of pectoral medicine, nor do I approve of strong physic. Light doses—little more than alteratives—frequently administered, have most effect, with plenty of exercise and a regular adherence to the hard meat and in-door system. I am perfectly aware that it would be in vain for me to talk to half the world of the impropriety of letting such horses as these—or even broken-winded ones—live entirely on green meat when it can be had; but my experience has convinced me it is highly injurious. Does not flatulency accompany every stage and degree of disordered respiration? Why then load the stomach with a heap of such food as must, from its nature, produce it? No—good grooming; plenty of work; good hay and oats; frequent discharges of the bowels, and occasional use of

tonics, will alone render a thick-winded horse equal to all that can be expected from him—not forgetting the setting muzzle the night before fast work, if he be given to eat his litter.

On the bad effects of a distended stomach, even on horses that are sound, I will quote from Mr. Percival's able and most entertaining Lecture on the Stomach—which, in the horse, is smaller in proportion to the size of the animal than in any other we know of:—"The stomach," says he, "is situated principally in the left hypochondrium, which it nearly fills, extending more or less into the epigastrium, according to its state of distention; its anterior part lies in contact with the liver; its left extremity is opposed to the diaphragm and spleen; it lies in part upon the small, but mainly upon the large intestines. It is evident that the full and empty conditions of the stomach will affect its position in relation to the neighbouring viscera, and that the motions of the diaphragm will alter its situation; for during the recession of that muscle, it must be pushed into the umbilical region. On the other hand, the action of the diaphragm will be interrupted by distention of the abdominal viscera, and more particularly by fulness of the stomach; for increased pressure will counteract its efforts to recede, and the chest, under these circumstances, will be expanded by the other inspiratory agents—the intercostal muscles, and those passing from the ribs to the fore extremities. This accounts for the inaptitude of horses, recently fed, to undergo violent exertion, and the increased embarrassment in perspiration that hard work then occasions, why they

should be sooner blown ; and why they will, if pressed, absolutely sink from exhaustion. Hence the practice of keeping hunters short of water, and feeding them unusually early, and on corn only, on the morning of hunting."

Some most interesting facts relating to wind in horses are elucidated in Mr. Percival's Lecture on the Physiology of the Stomach. He plainly shews us that Nature must have intended this animal for the greatest exertions of speed, from the care she has taken in the formation of this essential part. "First of all," says Mr. P. "let us inquire why Nature, who has given four stomachs to the ox and sheep, should have restricted so large an animal as the horse to one, and should have made that one much smaller, in comparison to the bulk of the body, than those of man and quadrupeds in general; a fact of which I have already given some demonstration, by actual comparative admeasurement. And what makes this investigation the more curious and interesting is, that, although the stomach of the horse will contain so little, his consumption of food is not only greater than that of carnivorous and many other animals, but the aliment on which he lives is of that kind which necessarily occupies very considerable space, either in or out of the body. A man probably will consume about a pound-and-a-half of solid food at a meal; a horse, we will say, about six pounds, all, or a great proportion, of which may be hay; and this, in respect to bulk, will occupy twelve or even twenty times the

space that a pound-and-a-half of any sort of cooked meat or vegetables will; and yet the stomach of the latter will not contain three times as much as that of the former\*! One natural and self-evident conclusion from the foregoing fact is, that the food which a horse eats cannot remain long in his stomach—that portions of it must successively pass into the intestinal canal, at short intervals, during the time of feeding, in order to make room for those last swallowed."—"It would appear then (adds Mr. P. p. 502), that the stomach of the horse, in comparison to that of other animals, is made proportionally small, in order to render him more effective as an animal of speed and burthen, and in course more useful for the various purposes for which he is employed by man."—Mr. Coleman says, the horse is the only animal that can be compelled to take violent exertion after a full meal.

Mr. Percival tells us, that in the horse the gastric process of digestion is very active, and it was necessary that it should be so; "for being an animal," says he, "that feeds beyond what in others constitutes satiety—distention of stomach—chyme must be continually flowing out in order to make room for the aliment he continues to take in." Of course, as he observes, the duration of this process varies with the nature of the food; but the following experiments will refute what I have heard so often insisted upon—namely, that a horse cannot endure long fasting without considerable exhaustion, and danger to his general health:—

\* The stomach of a middle-sized man will contain more than three quarts of water; whereas that of an ordinary-sized horse, whose body exceeds his in weight and bulk by eight times, will not hold more than three gallons, or four times the quantity of the man's.

" December, 1823, a young female ass was taken up from grass and kept fourteen hours without food or water. A quartern of oats was then given to her, which she ate in about twenty-five minutes. Six hours afterwards she was bled to death. The stomach contained both grass and corn; the former occupied the vascular part; and the boundary line between it and the corn, which all laid in the culicular pouch, precisely corresponded with that formed by the borders of the sensible and insensible linings. The grass was dark-coloured, soft, and pulpy, and had much the appearance of chopped or mashed boiled spinach. The corn preserved its colour, was sheathed in a layer of mucus, was humid, and emitted a faint sour odour!" We may conclude from this, that no danger can arise from a hunter being absent ten or twelve hours from his manger.

As almost all defects of wind are produced by inflammation of some parts of the organs of respiration, and which inflammation is caused by catching cold, or by bad grooming, which occasions plethora, &c. it behoves us to expose the extreme excitability of these organs as little as we can help to the pre-disposing cause.

#### THORNS IN LEGS, AND STUBS.

There are few cases of mechanical injury to which the horses of fox-hunters are more liable than thorns in their legs, or stubs in their frogs or fetlocks. These subjects have been very little noticed by veterinary writers; but there is a field for a display of their knowledge in the art of extracting, and healing. With thorns, of course the first point to be desired is extraction; but then it is often

difficult to find the seat of them: also, when the seat of them is found, they are not always easy to be got at; in which case I have never been sparing of the knife or lancet. Sometimes, however, we are compelled to wait for suppuration, which must be encouraged as much as possible. In two instances it has happened to me, that four or five gatherings of pus have been collected and discharged before the thorn would make its appearance—it having been, of course, deeply seated. I have the point of a black-thorn, three quarters of an inch long, now in my possession, that a hunter of mine carried nearly a whole season in his fetlock joint, causing suppuration after every day's work. He was a game horse, or he would not have worked sound with it, which he never failed doing, when he had got a mile from his stable. *Had he not been worked*, he would have been ruined for life.

The following case will shew how necessary it is to cut and search for thorns, when there is every reason to believe a horse is lame from that cause. Some years since I sold a mare to an intimate friend for a good round sum. The second season he lamed her; and, after having been severely fired by the late Mr. Walton, V. S., of Shiffnal, she was turned out for the summer. When she came into work again the following autumn, a large black-thorn issued from between hair and hoof! She was then sound; but it availed nothing, for she caught cold at grass; became a roarer; and this capital mare—for there were few better—was thus rendered useless from want of proper management.

More hunters are ruined by stubs, or splinters of wood running

into their legs and feet, than by thorns. Indeed when we reflect on the many hundred times in the course of a season that hunters, ridden in close woodland countries, alight, from high banks, on ground nearly covered with sharp pointed stubs, from which fagots, stakes, &c. have been cut, we must confess our surprise that accidents do not oftener happen. Many good horses, however, are, I fear, annually lamed by being stubbed, as we call it, many of which are so far injured as to be destroyed.

In the first place there is no judging of wounds but from appearance and locality; therefore a description of them is useless. Add to this, it so often happens that ligaments, tendons, or nerves become wounded, the treatment of which—fatal consequences being always so near at hand—requires all the skill of the regularly-bred veterinarian, who alone is fit to direct it, and observe the attempts of Nature in their progress. Contused and lacerated as the parts are from accidents of this nature, we cannot be surprised at the violent inflammation which too often ensues.

#### THOROUGH-PIN.

I never had a horse lame from thorough-pins. Most old hunters have them to a certain degree. Like blood spavins, which they strongly resemble, the less they are tampered with the better. If they do produce lameness, a dose of physic and rest are the best remedies.

#### WINDGALLS.

A windgall is an enlargement of the mucous capsule of the pastern joint, filled with fluid, and not air, therefore improperly christened.

In legs not made of the best materials they are generally found, more or less, if they have been used on the road at an early age: whereas, in better organized limbs, no ill usage can produce them. Although I would not give a large price for a horse whose legs were much "wind-galled," as we term it, yet I am at a loss to produce an instance of lameness arising from them in my own stable. They often appear to be absorbed by rest, but return after hard work. I should rather be without them.

#### WORMS.

I think lightly of worms. A dose of mercurial physic has always answered the end in my stable; but I have very seldom had occasion to resort to it on this account. Horses that are properly physicked, and regularly dieted, are but little subject to worms—that is to say, such as are liable to injure them. As for bots, we learn from Mr. Bracy Clarke, they have a salubrious influence on the stomach of the horse, by promoting digestion. Be this as it may, very few horses—none I believe which have been at grass late in the summer—are free from bots; and, as they do not appear to affect their general health, we never trouble ourselves about them. Their natural history, provided it be correctly given us, is extremely curious; and it is no less extraordinary that no medicine which can be administered to a horse will occasion their death. "That Nature," says Mr. Percival, "should have created an animal, and designed it as an inhabitant of the stomach of another animal, without some good, but, I suspect, *unknown end*, I think, in unison with others, highly improbable and

irreconcilable with other beautiful and more readily-explained operations. I am, however, for my own part, unable to draw up the curtain which is here interposed between fact and design."

#### YELLOW.

As horses have been pronounced gouty, there is no reason why they should not be bilious; and, when bilious, yellow. I never had but one horse affected with the yellows, and he was soon put right by a mercurial purge. The complaint is caused by bad grooming; but it is one that greatly debilitates, and good grooming is very necessary on recovery.

NIMROD.

#### SKETCHES OF BENGAL.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

Sangor Island—Calcutta—Tulloh's Auction Rooms—Various Breeds of Horses in India—Fort William—Anecdote of Colonel Gilbert, &c.

SIR,

NEARLY four years have flitted past on their irrevocable wings since I had the pleasure of seeing my MS. in the *Sporting Magazine*; and, although I have now assumed a different title from that which I then bore, I hope you will not reject an old friend because he appears with a new face.

In how short a period does the revolving wheel of Time effect the greatest changes! 'Tis but a few fleeting years since I bade farewell to my native country, and sailed for the land of diamonds and rupees; and yet on my return I find friends and kindred scattered like sand before the gale; summer

changed to winter; the Catholic Question carried; and (oh, ye Gods! and little fishes!) NIMROD sojourning in the wilds of Germany!

Yet in truth there is a melancholy pleasure in surveying the devastation and the changes which Time hath wrought. I have stood by the death-couch of friends and brother-soldiers without a tear, and have witnessed numberless scenes of Death in his most agonizing forms without emotion; but, when I now roam through the wild forest and woodlands, where in boyhood I have galloped with the fox-hounds, as free and thoughtless as the wind that whistled amongst the leafless trees, I feel a damp and solitary sensation at my heart, which seems to whisper—"Those were joys that never can return!"

Little do those who seek a land of exile, in the sanguine anticipations of youth and health, imagine to themselves the gaunt spectre of Memory, which will dog their steps with the pertinacity of a bloodhound, when the futility of their hopes is discovered, when the veil of delusion is torn off, and the golden land of promise grows dark and gloomy to them as a prison-house. All who, having the means to enjoy themselves, are not contented with the rural pleasures Old England affords, ought to be shipped off for the East Indies; and, if a lonely life amongst the jungles, thermometer at 120° in the shade, no Christian lady within 800 miles, and a touch of cholera, spleen, fever, or dysentery about once a month, did not cure them of their propensity for rambling, they must be, like myself, one of those restless ne'er-do-well spirits, who are good enough to be shot at,

but of no other earthly use whatever, except to torment their quietly-disposed neighbours.

Where the deuce am I running to?—I must put a Chifney-bit on my old stubborn boring Pegasus, or we shall be at the bottom of the Red Sea—*alias* the Editor's fire—before we arrive in Bengal.

I can never forget the pleasurable feelings with which I viewed Bengal for the first time; and, although I had spent some time at Madras, the stunted trees and matted underwood which cover the surface of Sangor Island excited nearly as much interest as did the Blue Mountains of Ceylon, and the cocoas and fan-palms on the shores of Coromandel.

Sangor Island is too well known in every old woman's and showman's story to need description; for who has not heard of the unfortunate Mr. Munro, carried off by a tiger whilst dining with his brother sportsmen?—the showman always swearing that the tiger before the eyes of the spectator is the identical animal which killed the poor gentleman, although that tiger was actually shot to death before Mr. Munro expired.

Sangor is a low, long, and gloomy island, fringed with an impervious mass of jungle; and, on account of the heavy surf beating on its shore, and the hazy and squally weather accompanying us over those dangerous shoals, the Sand Heads, I did not attempt to land, but remained satisfied with the assurance of several old Nabobs, that I should catch nothing in Sangor but a fever and an ague.

A few years since the Supreme Government determined on clearing and making it a station for *Invalids*; but every unlucky sol-

dier, engineer, and woodman, taking it into their heads to die, this pestilential spot has been entirely abandoned to the tigers, alligators, and wild deer, which abound within the recesses of its coverts.

The Sand Heads are passed, and Kedjeree, at the mouth of the River Hoogly, is in sight! A long and narrow canoe, called the *dawk* or post-boat, comes alongside, filled with black rowers, clad in the sable garb for which they are indebted to Nature alone—and we all scribble *chits* (letters) to our friends in Calcutta, eighty miles higher up the river, to tell them that—please St. Anthony and the pigs—we shall stretch our legs under their mahoganies in a day or two.

The beautiful and luxuriant scenery on the Hoogly's banks has been too often described to demand a place herein; and at 2 P. M., on the second day from leaving Kedjeree, our ship let go her anchor opposite the Coolie Bazaar Ghaut, a short distance below that huge guardian of the British interests in India, Fort William.—The day was hot almost to suffocation; not a breeze fanned the sluggish bosom of the Hoogly; and, but for the vultures, kites, and argeelas, screaming from the ramparts of the fortress, and the remoter palaces of Calcutta, and the distant hum of voices from the shipping and bazaar, we might have imagined ourselves arrived in a forsaken country—the land of plague, pestilence, and famine. The second it was, sure enough; for five of our sailors were seized with *cholera* that night, and in a few days twelve of our finest fellows were no more: their bones moulder in the vast, but over-filled, burial-ground of Calcutta, and their sweethearts will long linger on the



banks of Old Thames, and sigh in vain for their return.

Many a chequered hour of joy and sadness have I since spent in the South Barracks of Fort William; many a *cheroot* (cigar) have I smoked, and many a glass of claret and *brandy-pannee* have I drunk to the "days of auld lang syne," and "the girls we've left behind us," with gallant fellows, who no longer see that sun which still shines upon my head; and even now those merry faces gleam upon me, and in fancy I hear the song and the chorus drowning even the growl of the trombone, and the boom of the kettle-drum, in the outer hall! Our concluding song was generally this—and the words of which it was my part to give out with a sonorous voice:—

"Come, soldiers, shout! now the danger's past—  
And the tyrant Tippoo's slain at last:  
Let us not forget our throats to wet  
With a bottle of the best Champagne!"

#### CHORUS.

Let the toast go round—let the trumpet sound,  
Where our chargers bound on the Eastern ground!  
Let the cymbals bang, with a merry merry clang,  
To the joys of the next campaign!"  
    &c. &c. &c.

Nothing but a full chorus of thirty red-coats, with a martial band accompanying, can do justice to this inspiring air.

After the novelty is worn off, Calcutta becomes somewhat tiresome to a sportsman, who longs for the deep coverts and open fields, where he may indulge his propensities at will. Nevertheless, before commencing my first journey up the country, I managed to kill time pretty easily; and to give some idea of the daily amusements to be found at the Presidency, I

will insert the transactions of two days.

*Saturday, September the 1st.*—Crawled out of bed at gun-fire, viz. 4 A.M.; crept into white jacket and trowsers, with the assistance of two servants, the sirdar and bearer; mounted my stud-bred mare, just as the grey morning became lighter; and rode out of the Fort with a fox-hound bitch and a brace of greyhounds, to beat up a fox or a jackal on that turf plain which separates Fort William from Calcutta, and on which the Race Course is situated. Found a grey fox near the Stand; the greyhounds (*proh pudor!*) viewed him, the fox-hound winded him, and off we all went like mad ones! Passed at a slapping pace the Great Tree in the middle of the plain, where gentlemen show their pluck in affairs of honour; skirted the tank of Durrumtollah; turned to the left; rattled over the glacis of the Fort; and lost him, after a sharp burst of three miles, in a brake on the other side of the stream near Kidderpore.

Tried to find again, but without success; felt my right side, and found the liver a *little* tender; rode home, and breakfasted on the invigorating mocha of my Arab friend Hoosein Ebu 'l Rasoul, with a mess of rice, fish, and eggs, beat up together—an exceeding good *viver*; wet to the skin, or rather from the skin, with perspiration; so changed everything; smoked a few *cheroots*; read the twice-told tales and endless lies of the Calcutta newspapers; sauntered about the Barrack-passage, and annoyed a few studious and well-disposed fellows; sat down at 9 A.M., and with much difficulty got through three pages of *Gilchrist's Persian Story-Teller*, without understanding a word of

it; consulted thermometer; found it was rising to 94°, with punkabs going; wished I was partridge-shooting in England; beat the devil's tattoo for 37 minutes and 3 seconds precisely, by the watch; at eleven ordered palankeen and bearers, and went to Tulloh's Horse Auction, in Tank-square, Calcutta.

Mr. Tulloh is certainly the Tattersall of India; although Leyburn's Horse Bazaar is very excellent indeed. Each has a sale-day twice every week—Tulloh on Mondays and Thursdays, and Leyburn on Tuesdays and Saturdays (if I rightly remember). Besides being general bazaars for almost everything that man requires, numbers of buggies, stanhopes, landaus, palankeens, palankeen carriages, tonjohns, tents, elephant howdalls, guns, horses, dogs, goats, cows, birds, wild beasts—(as leopards, bears, hyenas, &c.)—are weekly sold at these splendid establishments; without which I verily believe we incorrigible idlers would have been obliged to hang ourselves from want of something better to do, during the intense heat of the day.

As India is becoming daily more interesting to the British at large, and there are few who have not some relative or connexion either going or gone thither, I will give a few hints respecting the purchase of horses, &c., which may perhaps be of service to young sportsmen who are about to adventure to these sultry climes, and many of whom I know to be readers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

On a sale-day at Tulloh's there are very frequently more than one hundred horses of different descriptions put up; and the new-

comer, if he resides for any time in Calcutta, may turn his knowledge of horses to advantage, by constantly attending the auctions and buying young unbroken things, low in condition and price, at which few will look, as *flesh* in India is a *sine qua non* to most people; and, if he uses his own judgment (supposing him to be in possession of that useful article), he is certain of ample amusement, and of making some excellent bargains—as I myself have repeatedly done. For instance; not long since, I purchased an unbroken mare, 5 yrs old, of Pindara origin, and lean as a lizard, for 60 rupees\*, at Tulloh's; and by treating her *à la Nimrod*, and working her along pretty well with hounds, sold her in three months to Lieutenant L—— for 300 rupees; who, in a month, raised her price to 500.

A man who does not mind a few inconveniences in riding mares, where the horses are all entire, and is not blindly prejudiced in favour of English and Arab horses—as most Anglo-Indians are—may always provide himself with nags fit for fox-hunting, hog-hunting, or any other hunting that hath a place in an Indian's vocabulary, at one third the expense—which with most military sportsmen is of some consideration; and many civilians would have as much sport and more money, were they to follow the dictates of prudence rather than of fashion.

Next to Arabs and English imported horses, perhaps we may rank those bred at the Company's Stud, generally of the same blood, crossed with the best of India's own breeds, or of the countries adjacent. These breeds being as various in quality as quantity, for

\* The Sitca rupee is nominally worth 2s. 6d., but about 2s. is the rate of exchange.

the benefit of young embryo-Nabobs, I will enumerate a few, with the peculiarities of each kind.

1st. The Persian and Toorkoman horses; which are higher than the Arabians, and in many instances equal, if not superior to them, in goodness; they are often "advanced in years" before the dealers bring them down from Persia and Khorasan; and, although the Persians usually have thick lob-ears, they seldom sell (if sound) under 800 rupees, and now and then I have known them fetch more than 3000.

2d. The Toorky—probably an inferior kind of Persian; low in the shoulder, and seldom more than 14 hands 2 inches in height; has lob-ears, and, though rather sluggish in temper, answers well enough for welter-weights, possessing great power.

3d. The Serissah Tazee—which I prefer to both the preceding (except the Toorkoman) for a light weight. It is fiery and active in the extreme, and possesses many good points, but with too little bone below the knee. At the great fair of Hajypoor, near Patna, where I have seen 50,000 horses collected for sale from all parts of India, Serissahs may often be bought for a mere trifle from the native dealers; and I have known some (afterwards) splendid hog-hunters purchased there for 80 rupees. Yet Serissahs not unfrequently rise to 800 or 1000 rupees; and the average price for a tried one may be estimated at 400 or 500. This breed is often vicious and unruly; and, if very bad, the native jockeys dose them with opium the night before sale. These rascals perform tricks with much dexterity; and one day a gentleman was riding a newly-bought horse over some

stony ground, when it suddenly fell with him, and, on rising, he discovered that the animal had *lost a hoof*, for which the crafty Indian had substituted one of *leather*!

4th. An immense kind of horse, generally standing from 16 to 17 hands, and coming, I believe, chiefly from Caboul and the Punjab. Their limbs are large and long, with fine raw-boned bodies, and very high shoulders; their breed is apparently of a mixture between the *dromedary* and the *camel*. The saddle knoweth them not; but they are useful in drawing single-horsed palkee-carriages; and, notwithstanding their gigantic stature, I should consider 150 rupees a long price for a good one.

5th. The Jungle Tazee—a well-formed and spirited race, rising to full 15 hands, and often uncommonly handsome. A good one will fetch as large a price as a Persian or Toorkoman. The flower of the Mahratta and Pindaree cavalry rode Jungle Tazees.

6th. The Majennis—a mixed breed between the Persian and Jungle Tazee, more than 15 hands high, and very serviceable animals. I once bought one out of condition for 150 rupees, and, but for an accident, should have received 600 for him when increased in flesh.

7th. The Tanian, or Pony of Bootan—a most singular phenomenon of Nature, about 13½ hands; always pied or skew-bald, with a natural hog-mane, short bushy tail like a besom, pot-belly, short thick neck, and pumpkin head, producing a *tout ensemble* which causeth the beholder to doubt whether he has stumbled on a bacon-hog, or a *bonâ fide* species of the equine genus. It is a very stout, slow, and plethoric quadruped; amblea easily, and suits the fat old

baboons or merchants of Calcutta to admiration, whose bloated livers could not endure the concussion of a more active animal. The Tanian will perform long journeys, at its own pace, especially in mountainous districts; and I should strongly recommend it to young subalterns for their baggage: it will carry twice as much, and travel thrice as far, as a common low-country bullock, and will get through mud where a camel would split up and be ruined: a subaltern cannot aspire to the sublimity of an elephant.—Tanians cost from 20 to 70 rupees. The Thibet, Bootan, Assam, and Sirinagur countries chiefly produce them.

8th. The Tattoos, or indigenous ponies of Bengal—cat-hammed hardy little animals, not 12 hands in height. I only wonder that they are not more generally used: for draught and agricultural purposes they would be infinitely superior to the miserable little wretches of Bengal bullocks in common use, but are now only employed by the Native officers, a few of the middle classes of Hindoos and Mussulmans, and in the *r'huls*, or native hackney-coaches, which ply about Calcutta. A few rupees will purchase a Tattoo, and nothing will hurt him: he bids defiance alike to disease and starvation, which last is too often the lot of this useful but maltreated creature.

At present I do not recollect any other *distinct* breed of horses in India, that have come within my cognizance, either at Madras, Bengal, or in the higher provinces. From their growing intermixture, the various races are now becoming less definable; and in a few more years perhaps it will be as difficult to trace the pedigree of any

country-bred Indian steed, as to analyse the exact quantity of foreign and native blood which flows in the composition of the English race-horse.

Tattoos never have the *Bursaulty*, a nauseous and hitherto incurable complaint, which often attacks other horses' heels in the rainy season, especially in Bengal Proper, and the other humid countries of Hindoostan. Exercise and physic, with a short allowance of *gram*\*, during the inactive months, may be considered as the best preventive, which in this case is certainly better than cure—there being apparently no cure at all, the *bursaulty* returning every wet monsoon.

To return to my diary of Calcutta amusements:—I inspected every horse stationed with its *syce* (groom) in double rows behind the pillars of Tulloh's immense auction room, which is completely covered in, and yet sufficiently spacious to allow trotting-out ground for the nags under the hammer; standing room for more than 100 horses (which are only brought in on the morning of sale, and held by their respective *syces* till sold); and space for innumerable carriages and people besides.

I bid 30 rupees for a young leopard, which was finally sold at 40, and waited till a lot of my own came forward, consisting of neither dogs nor horses, but of 16 as handsome Patna goats as ever held udder over a milk pail. I gave 3 rupees per head for them at a remote station—bringing them to Calcutta cost me 5 more for the whole—and Mr. Tulloh managed to knock them down at 7 rupees each, on an average, which was no bad profit in a small way. Up-

\* A kind of pulse.

country goats give delicious milk, and are consequently much esteemed by the *Qui Hiss* of Bengal, where they seldom live long—so detrimental is the damp climate to man and beast, unless they be ducks or Dutchmen. This was one of my chief amusements when out of the way of sporting; and at different times I have speculated in horses, dogs, bullocks, goats, sheep, monkeys, cockatoos, and camels, not a little to the amusement of my friends; and the astonishment of my servants, when a box-full of young hyenas, or a bag of box-constrictors has been sent to my quarters. Returned in my palkee to the Fort at 3 P. M.; made a memorandum that eight horses out of twelve in India are lame in the foot or spavined—the first originating from the everlasting hardness of the earth; and the latter, in a great measure, from the injurious plan of the native breakers pulling up their horses so suddenly as to throw them upon their haunches. Found every officer in the Fort asleep, taking his *siesta*, except the unlucky dogs on duty: but as I made a point of avoiding such self-indulgence, and had no one to torment, I put on a clean suit (being wet through again), and trotted back in palkee to Calcutta, which is about half a mile from Fort William: went to the bazaar; passed two hours in looking over the musty old volumes of Hindoe, Persic, Arabic, &c. which the native book-stalls exhibit in profusion, and returned to Fort at five.

They call me a sloven, but I think they lie—under a mistake; but it was, natheless, a grievous trouble to put on the stock, red cloth jacket, and long-spurred boots, in order to sport the dandy

at the fashionable evening drive, according to General Orders—it being considered indecorous to wear the white rag in the presence of our Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General. The evening was too hot even for a Stoic's patience; so I d—d etiquette, and threw the scarlet at my bearer's head, put on the white again, mounted my beautiful chesnut Arab, which I always reserved for *show* occasions, and rode over the last draw-bridge just as the sun went down on the Western bowers of happy England: avoided the gay capenade, where hundreds of horsemen and carriages rattled backwards and forwards to stare and to be stared at; and, with a rough rat-catcher's terrier at my heels, cantered my vicious Son of the Desert to a less-frequented part of the course.

As the Devil would have it, here I encountered a short dark man, dressed in a blue silk sartout, and mounted on a white charger, pacing along as quietly as he did when exposed to the hottest fire of the Blurtpoor artillery—it was Lord Combermere: and I was riding up to pay my respects, when I observed his Lordship's eye fixed sharply on my unfortunate barber's jacket! "What shall I do?" thought I: "how shall I escape? whither can I run? I shall get a *wigging*, or a cutting remark, to a dead certainty!" for I knew that his Lordship was as angry if the tail of a *cotte* was an inch beyond the regulation-length, as he would be at the misbehaviour of a whole brigade. A sudden thought struck me: my horse was renowned for his vice throughout Calcutta, and when he was castrated became ten times worse; so I tickled him with the spur, and he instantly commenced his old manoeuvre of

running backwards, rearing all the while, and biting at my legs. By this ruse I gradually backed to a safe distance from the General; and, seeing his head turned, galloped away as fast as two pair of legs could carry me. When next I attended at Government House, I heard Lord C. making some observations to a friend of mine, about "free and easy gentlemen," "Robinson Crusoes," &c. &c., to which I turned a deaf ear, as it could not possibly concern such a pink of a dandy as myself.

Returned from riding at seven; changed linen at sound of first bugle; second sounded at half-past seven; lounged into mess-room, where we demolished fish, curry, pillow, and as many other good things as we could cram; drank a *quantum sufficit* of claret and Madeira (brandy being decidedly low out of private rooms); took coffee; talked ourselves hoarse till nine; voted the band a bore indoors, and agreed to ask Lord Combermere to substitute gongs for kettle-drums, that the tympana of our ears might be split at one fell crash, and not cut by inches. As the evening-gun fired, adjourned to my barrack; ordered Khidmutgar to put brandy and manillas on table for twelve; as master of the feast bade my guests make themselves quite at home, and rest their legs on the table; then we lighted our manillas, filled our glasses once, twice—I forget how many times—sang ditties, comic and lugubrious; told stories, which none listened to; talked of England and fox-hunting till we began to grow sentimental; and parted at one o'clock the happiest fellows on earth, caring as little for the Commander-in-Chief and the cholera morbus, as we did for the Devil and all his

works! Good night! who's afraid? d-a-m-n-e-e!!!

Such is the routine of a subaltern's life in Fort William: yet that period was perhaps the pleasantest I spent in India. Such are the recreations, for which many of us quit the pleasures of our native land, for a dreary term of twenty-five years at least, and ninety-five of us out of a hundred for ever!

*Sunday, September 2.*—Lay in bed till six; heard the bell of that elegant building, the Fort Church, tolling to prayers, but was not good boy enough, I lament to confess it, to turn out of bed. A grand day at the Cathedral; so roused up the energetic powers of my friend Jemmy G—, as staunch a Scot as ever listened to a sermon of three hours on a wet hill-side, and made an appointment with him to patronise the parson. At eleven donned the full-dress tog-gery, epaulettes, tails, and all; buttoned up close (as if the thermometer at 120° in shade was not warm enough for us salamanders); and went in our palkees to the Cathedral, where a full congregation of *burra-sakibs*, or grandees, was assembled. When the Archdeacon was half-way through his sermon, somehow or another the drowsy creaking of the Nunkahs over-head, and the sultriness of the morning, inspired a soporific trance, from which I was suddenly awakened by the damning clatter of my sword, as it dropped from my hands, and clashed like a thunder-bolt upon the pavement! Every pillar in the Cathedral re-echoed to my clumsiness; the *padré* drew the bit of his discourse, and, with all the saintly personages, white and tawny, glared upon me with the cold sharp eyes of

horror and abomination. Even Jimmy G— was greatly scandalised; and I could only make amends by complaisantly listening to the padre's sermon to its close, and magnanimously resisting the drowsiness which ever and anon stole over my eyelids.

After church paid visits to ladies of our acquaintance in Chowringhee, the west-end of Calcutta, till 3 P.M.; and ate *tiffin*\* at every place where we called; went home; studied Paradise Lost and Sam's Peerage till five; mounted horse, and rode for a couple of hours on the course; there met Colonel Gilbert, whose portrait, by the bye, ornaments one of your late Numbers, and of whom perhaps I may be allowed to tell a short anecdote. A brother of Sir Charles D'O—y, a mutual friend of mine and Colonel Gilbert, was out hog-hunting with a party some years since, when Mr. John H. D'O—y was thrown from his horse, and the savage wild boar made a dash at him to settle his business at once. D'O—y, with great coolness and presence of mind, kept his face and hands close to the ground, and the boar ripped at his sides for some seconds, and tore the clothes off his back, without effecting any injury; when the Colonel, who happened to be of the party, seeing the imminent peril of his friend, endeavored to spur his pony to the encounter; but the stubborn or frightened brute resisting strenuously, he gallantly leaped from his saddle, and with a hog-spear transfixing the infuriated animal; and, although the boar charged him when on foot, he kept it at bay with great *nonchalance*, and wounded it again, till it was killed. It requires tolerable nerves to

\* Luncheon.

withstand the charge of a four-year-old *su'ort* on horseback; and he who seeks the battle on foot must of a verity have heart of oak and nerves of steel. Mr. P—, late Judge of Balasore, an excellent sportsman himself, told me the story, and I believe I have stated it as it actually happened.

At seven returned to the Fort, whither every Thursday and Sunday evening half the inhabitants of Calcutta resort to hear the military band of H. M.'s regiment, which happens to be stationed there; and till mess-time we strutted about like cock-turkeys, with trailing swords and nodding feathers, till the bugle summoned us to a more agreeable entertainment.

Every Sunday evening, after dinner, I was accustomed to take a solitary stroll on the ramparts, or the flat terraced roof of the barrack ranges, to enjoy the glorious star-light of a tropical clime; to think of the days departed that never could return, and of those friends and pleasures whom 15,000 miles of the roaring ocean separated from me. My cogitations were generally broken by the flash and peal of the nine-o'clock-gun, and the roll of drums and warble of key-bugles which instantly followed the report, as they commenced their evening rounds, and, playing alternately, lent their wild and melancholy strains to mingle with the wind that sighed around the deep moats and massive ramparts of Fort William.

Unless you are sickened of my prosing, hereafter I intend giving you an account of a Sporting Tour through Bengal Proper, with some observations on the field sports and zoology of that country, the treat-

+ Hog.

ment of horses and dogs in the East, and other matters which can be of any interest to your general readers—of whom a very strong corps resides in British India.—For the present, believe me, Sir, yours very truly,

SHIKARRER\*.

and, though possessed of great courage, never uses it but in the defensive; when attacked, his powers are conspicuous; his colour is black, white, and tan.—FLUSH is the property of John Cotes, Esq., who despairs of ever possessing his equal.

FLUSH.

*Engraved by WEBB, from a Painting by Mr. W. SMITH.*

**T**HERE are few sportsmen who have not had a favorite dog, which they have held in the highest estimation, and that estimation has arisen in consequence of the good qualities of the animal, his excellence in the field, with a strong and lasting attachment to his master. The spaniel, whose portrait is here given, has a sagacity bordering on reason—hence arise all those perfections which he so thoroughly possesses. In brake or covert, in swamp or pool, or as a retriever, he is equally good; is under excellent command, and easily directed by the motion of the hand to any spot his master wishes; he seldom gives tongue;

ETONIAN FRAGMENT.

SIR,  
**S**EVERAL old Eton friends, contemporaries of the lamented author of the Poem, having been pleased with seeing the "Cockneys at Montem" rescued from oblivion, I am tempted to send another fragment, which perhaps has more claims upon introduction into the *Sporting Magazine* from its subject. It commemorates a match played between the Gentlemen of the Epsom Club and the Eton Boys in, I believe, 1814-15, whilst I was at school, and of which I was of course a witness.

TASSELL.

Great Lumsden, Nov. 3, 1829.

P.S. Why does SOLICITOR SMER charge poor IGNORAMUS with *disingenuousness*?

THE CRICKET MATCH—A FRAGMENT.

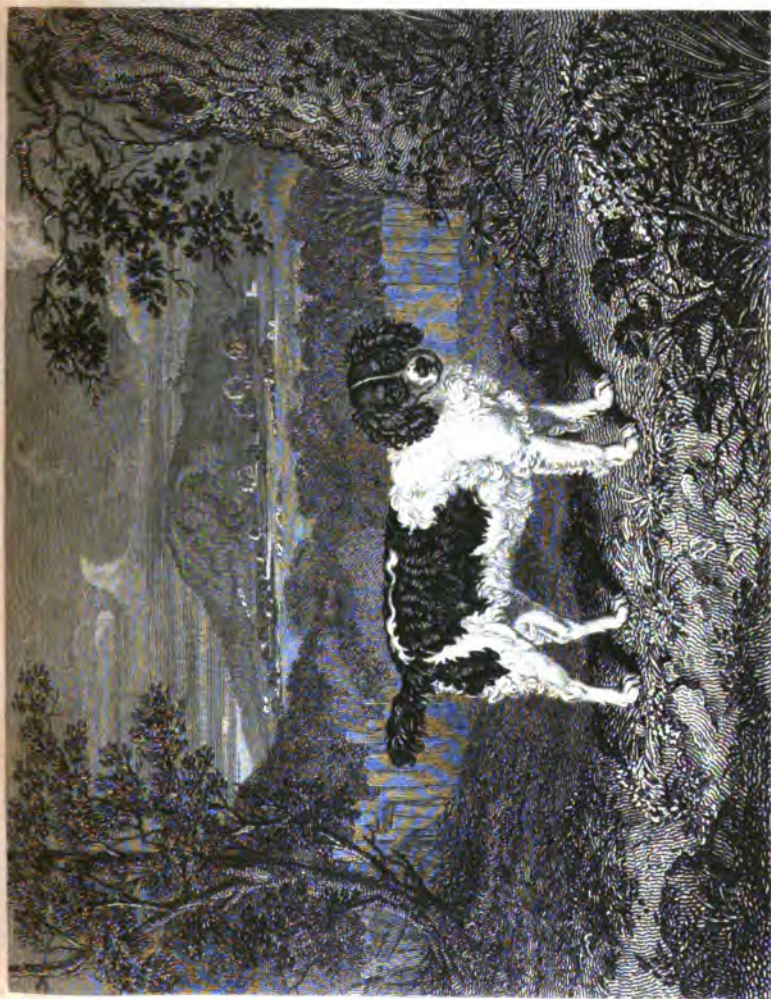
\* \* \* \* \*

Bards long shall tell  
How his wicket fell,  
When two young ladies left the field,  
Lest they should see their champion yield†:  
When the gallant lads of Eton  
Feared again they should be beaten;  
When breathless stood each College Belle—  
'Twas then the R-d-cl-fie's wicket fell!

\* *Angled*, a Sportsman.

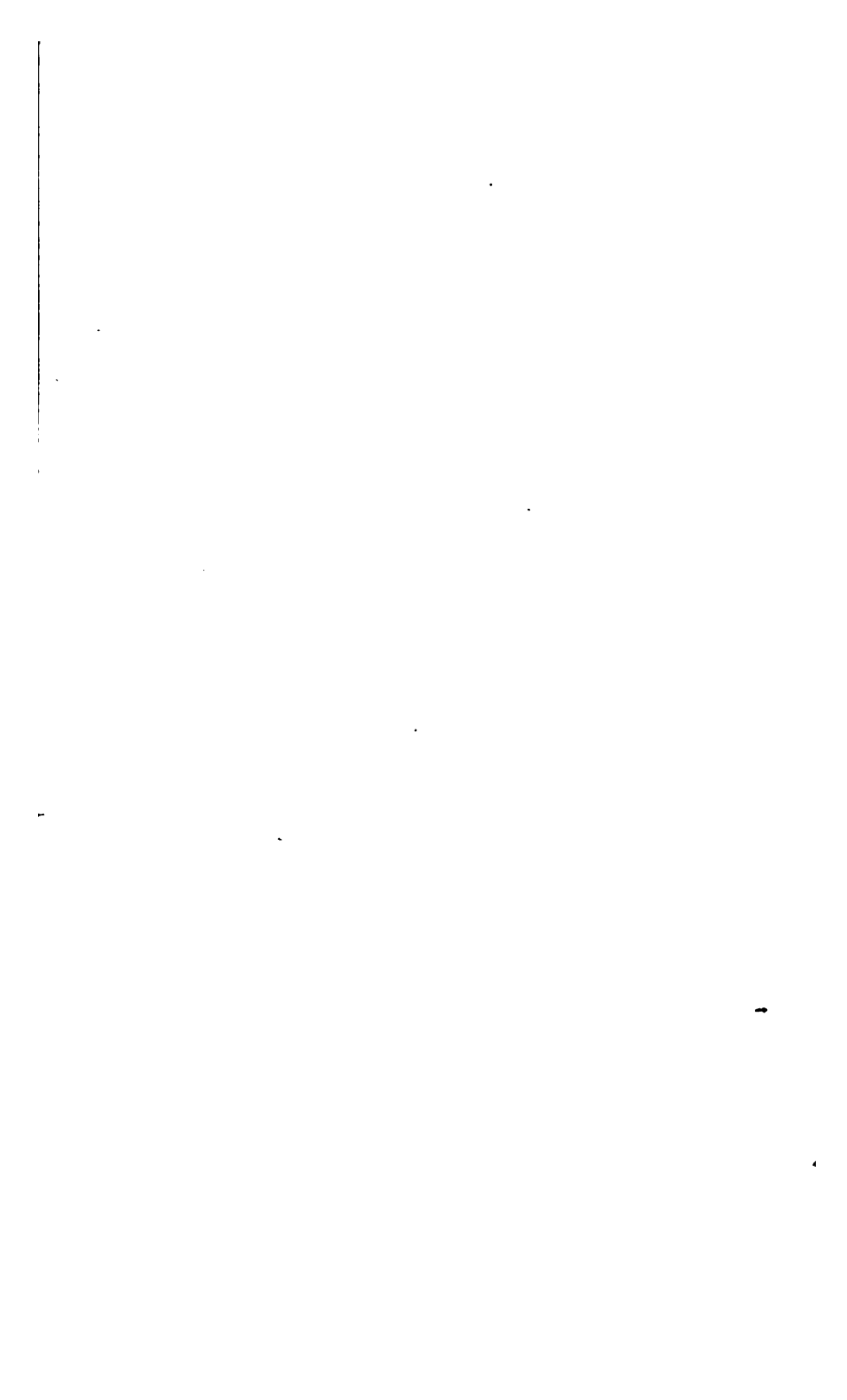
† Fact.





F. L. S. H.

THE END OF THE WORLD



## VI.

Where's W-ld-r, W-lk-n's? where D-pa-s?  
 Alas! these mighty wickets three  
 Are—as six Kingsmen ought to be\*!  
 But who is he whose maimed might  
 Still for his country dares to fight?  
 By that eye-brow's closing wound,  
 Which the leech in black bath bound;  
 By that keen, unerring eye;  
 By that throat's unceasing cry;  
 By that straw-entwisted hat;  
 By that last, that mighty bat—  
 If aright these signs I read,  
 'Tis H-rd-ng of Warwick, good at need.

## VII.

"Hold hard! hold hard!" the H-rd-ng cries;  
 "Hold hard! hold hard!" each voice replies,  
 And L-sh-ngt-n holds hard, nor tries  
 In vain to fetch a runt†:  
 You might have heard the strengthly bawl  
 From Shooting Fields to College Hall,  
 From Poet's Walk's inspiring shade,  
 Where Thames soft murmurs through the glade,  
 To where Long Chamber hears the raging  
 Of —, with his fags engaging:  
 E'en to this day the tentsmen all  
 Their man, young H-rd-ng, "Hold-hard!" call,  
 "Look out—come L-sh-ngt-n!"

## VIII.

The doughty Hold-hard scours the plain,  
 Now blocks—now hits—now runs amain;  
 Each limb's at stretch, each nerve on strain,  
 'Till seven times ten good runs and four  
 Stand marked to H-rd-ng's brilliant score.  
 'Twas then from his seat the young lingers among  
 A gown-y-clad Collegger hastily sprung;  
 In story 'tis told that he even did dare  
 To enter the black-mantled ranks‡ of the fair,  
 And to offer an unknown lady a chair!  
 'Tis said that the chair he scarcely could hold,  
 For his limbs shook with dread, and his heart's blood ran cold:  
 'Tis said that he wistfully gazed around—  
 He thought as she took it the fair one frown'd!  
 How this may be I cannot say;  
 But the Gownsmen was in no spirits that day.

## IX.

Heard ye that buz with wonder fraught?  
 Stares each wild eye—nor stares at nought,  
 The mighty H-rd-ng's self is caught!  
 Up flies the ball from foeman's hand;  
 In stark amaze the Gownsmen stand,

\* At this time six resignations were wanted to prevent superannuation.

† Technical: vide Glossar. Etonens.

‡ In a court-mourning which happened at this time.

And stare like pig that yields its life  
Beneath the sticking butcher's knife!

x.

Now would my Muse refuse to tell  
Th' unlucky doom of F-man-le;  
The V-v-n, no ignoble field;  
The R-ch-ds, who to none may yield;  
The T-mpl-t-n, whose hits could scare  
Each leaping lady from her chair;  
The G-rd-n, who scarce let a bye;  
The fagging of the matchless Bl-gh:  
Loud from the tent came H-rd-ng's cry,  
And shewed the path to victory:  
"Well hit—now run—hold hard! hold hard!"

He spoke, and Epsom's schemes were marred.

Some say in his mind sweet pleasure arose,  
When he thought how his country had worsted her foes;  
When he thought on the crape which that night should be torn  
From the bats now no longer condemned to mourn\*.

I cannot tell what his thoughts might be,  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me;  
First of the greatest the victor sat,  
While leant his chin on the mighty bat.

xi.

No vulgar wood was the bat of might:  
That swung in the grasp of H-rd-ng dight:  
No vulgar maker's name it wore,  
Nor vulgar was the name it bore;  
It was a bat full fair to see,  
And it drove the balls right lustily:  
Without a flaw, without a speck,  
Smooth as fair Hebe's ivory neck;  
It was withal so light, so neat,  
The H-rd-ng called it—Mrs. . . . .:  
Th' admiring boys took up the name—  
Lo the vast power of heedless fame,  
That soon was earnest which at first was fun,  
And H-rd-ng's bat and Mrs. . . . . were one.  
O mighty bat! we were not beat,  
And Epsom's powers now dread to meet  
The thund'ring whirl of Mrs. . . . .:  
O mighty bat! when Eton, reft  
Of her great strength, mourns H-rd-ng left,  
Thou still shalt conquer for us, giv'n  
A wond'rous heir-loom to th' eleven.  
While Thames shall lave fair Eton's feet;  
While unton Collegers shall eat;  
'Till Thames his secret stream reverses;  
'Till Westminster beat Eton verses†;  
Still at each match each beauty bright,  
From sultry noon to chilly night—  
The peerless beauties of the day—  
E'en in wet shall deign to stay,  
To see some future "Hold-hard" pat—  
The flying balls with H-rd-ng's bat!

\* After a recent defeat: I believe by the Kingmen.

† Rather an unfortunate rhyme to occur upon such a hazardous assertion.—T.

## DEFENCE OF PUGILISM.

**WHEN** such men as Judge Best\* and Sir Walter Scott† pursue a course, which, if ably persisted in, must indubitably enhance our national character of courage and independence, no apology can be necessary for giving place in our pages to an article which has appeared in a diurnal publication in defence of Pugilism—an article containing sentiments in full accordance with the feelings of all who are anxious to support the native courage of Englishmen, in opposition to the over-weening influence of would-be notorious nobodies, whose pharasaical leaven would consign a poor pugilist to the direst imprecations of his fellow creatures. He is, by them, equally denounced in a Court of Justice, or from the Pulpit; and should he fly to the Meeting House or the Synagogue, anathemas loud and long exorcise “him of the red hand” for ever and ever. It is, however, notorious, that the sarcasms and threatenings of such men as have so numerously of late

agitated themselves in an evangelical reform of the people—but only produced a more “troubled sea” by their confining endeavours—will be directed against every amusement or science in which they cannot bear a conspicuous part. Colonel Berkeley’s admirable speech in opposition to the doctrine of annihilation or purgatory thundered from the Pulpit is no doubt fresh in the memory of our readers‡: and to his able defence of our national sports the following APOLOGY, on behalf of a persecuted portion of His Majesty’s liege subjects, may be considered a knock-down argument.

“The affusions of humanity which have from time to time effervesced in tirades against the practice of boxing have lately overflowed with a vengeance. Two men have recently been sentenced to the severest punishment of the law short of death, for being seconds to another man who had the mischance to burst a blood-vessel, by *his own exertions*, in a boxing match||! This is done, it is said, to put down the brutal practice of

\* In Chief Justice Best’s Charge to the Grand Jury of Wilts, his Lordship said—“The practice of boxing has often been a subject of discussion in this country; I must say that it seems to me a practice that may very advantageously be encouraged to a limited extent. It is in some sort a *law of peace*; for it discourages the use of unfair means of attack; it prevents malicious retaliation; it only enables men to employ the fair advantages they may naturally possess, and in the use of which they are restrained by the point of honour; and while it encourages a proper English spirit, it prevents courage from degenerating into brutality, and secures men from the treachery and malignity of those whom they offended.”

† *The Two Drovers*: in which this “mighty necromancer” does not disdain to make use of the commonest but most expressive phrases of the Prize Ring. In describing one of his heroes, Harry Wakefield, Sir Walter says—“He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to maintain the ring at a wrestling match; and although he might have been over-matched, perhaps, among the regular professors of the Fancy, yet, as a chance customer, he was able to give a belly-full to any amateur of the pugilistic art.”

‡ See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxi. N.S. p. 17.

|| At the October Old Bailey Sessions, W. Davis was indicted for the manslaughter of Frederick Winkworth, and Patrick Flinn and Michael Driscoll as accessories. Davis and the deceased fought at Hampstead, and the two others, both acknowledged pugilists, Driscoll generally designated “the St. Giles’s Chicken,” acted as second and bench-holder to the deceased. The evidence went to show that the fight was a fair one, and that Winkworth shook hands with Davis after he had given in, but died the same

boxing. If, by the sacrifice of two men, the brutal practice of quarrelling, fighting, and destroying could be extinguished, the good so produced would be an apology for the dreadfully severe sentence passed upon the poor men selected for an example. But no such absurd expectation is entertained. While human nature is constituted as it is, and ever has been, there will be fighting. The principle of contention cannot be eradicated from our nature, but it may be modified; and to do this is the triumph of civilisation. Military discipline divests the conflicts of armed bodies of men of many of their horrors; and boxing divests their individual encounters of the ferocity and murderous terminations to which they naturally tend. Look at the effects of private brawls, among people where boxing and the laws of the Ring are not recognised:—the knife supplies the place of the fist, and the enraged combatants cut and mangle each other, until the life-blood of one or both is poured out in the fray. In a neighbouring country, one man who conceives himself aggrieved by another does not scruple to waylay him, and murder him with a bludgeon or a pitchfork, or to set fire to his cabin, and burn him or his family in their sleep. In our own northern counties, where boxing is but imperfectly understood, and the laws of the Ring are unknown, they fight 'up and down;' that is, when one gets the other down, the one who is uppermost throttles, kicks, or jumps on the one down, till he has killed or disabled him. This, too,

is pretty much the case in Ireland; and, indeed, all over the world, except in those parts of England where regular boxing is in use. Gouging, which consists in a man's getting his thumb into the socket of his opponent's eye, and scooping it out, is another of the brutal modes of conflict used in some parts of the United States, and of our own northern counties.

"I boldly contend, then, that boxing, so far from being a brutal practice, is the best correction we know of the brutal practices which flow out of private quarrels among the commonalty. It is not in the nature of man, nor ought he, to sit down tamely under injuries. To say that labouring men, like their betters, should always appeal to the laws when they quarrel, is rank cant and hypocrisy, and an insult to common sense. They have neither time nor money to offer in sacrifices for the protection of our Courts of Law or of Equity; they must settle their quarrels among themselves as well as they can; and out of this necessity have sprung up boxing and the laws of the Ring. I wish all laws had an equal portion of humanity and good sense in them. The discipline of the Ring first regards the relative powers of the combatants. In stature, strength, activity, and age, there must be no great disparity. They are forbidden to use any other weapons than those which Nature has given them—no unfair advantage is allowed; nay, when a man strikes down his antagonist, his assault ceases—he does not follow up an advantage so decided, but leaves his

afternoon, supposed by a fall, which produced a concussion on the brain. The prisoners were found guilty, and Davis was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Fina and Driscoll, however, for not stopping the fight when they saw the state of their man, were sentenced to be transported for life.

fallen foe to the care of his friend, to raise him and replace him on equal terms before himself for a fresh trial of prowess. This is being more than just: there is a generosity in this proceeding of which I know of no parallel in the customs of any other country ancient or modern. It inculcates a feeling of forbearance, of humanity, and of self-government, even while under the highest excitement to violence, which must elevate the characters of all who share in it, and who regard it. But the interval allowed for raising a combatant from the earth, and replacing him before his antagonist, is no more than sufficient for those purposes: it is not extended to a degree which would rest and renovate him; because that would enable the combatants to continue fighting for a long period, and to punish each other more severely. All waylayings, all attacks by surprise, all cutting and stabbing, knocking out of brains, scooping out of eyes, jumping on a fallen antagonist, or burning him in his sleep—all secret assaults and unmanly advantages whatever—are abhorrent to fair boxing. To talk, therefore, about the brutal practice of boxing, is to talk ignorantly and nonsensically. The discipline of the Ring restrains those practices; it divests combatants of their most savage means of vengeance, and saves many lives which would otherwise be sacrificed under the assaults of unbridled rage.

"But, say some of the grave authorities of the law, 'I do not object to men fighting upon a sudden quarrel, while their blood is up; it is the pitched battle and the fighting for money which I abominate.' *Dicta* of this kind

from persons high in office, and duly seasoned with professions of humanity, float favorably on the ear, but they will not bear examination. First, as to the *pitched battle*: I contend that men ought not to be encouraged to fight while their blood is up; because when their blood is up their reason is down; and that state of irritation mostly happens when they are in drink. Fighting in that state very frequently produces the rupture of a blood-vessel and death. It is, therefore, the office of true humanity to dissuade men from fighting while their blood is up, and to persuade them to wait until the next day, or some other period, when it has become cool. By deferring an intended combat until after the heat of passion has subsided, nineteen times in twenty it is got rid of altogether! I think another word need not be said to shew the egregious folly, as well as cruelty, of the pretended humanity which would encourage men to fight while their irritation is at the highest, and would intimidate a friend from dissuading them from fighting until after they had become cool, lest he should fall under the penalties of the law for seconding a fight between parties who are no longer inflamed by passion.

"There is another view of the subject, which, in a national point of view, deserves serious consideration. I cannot conceive any better preparation for making effective combatants in our Army and Navy than the national practice of boxing—it teaches a man to look his adversary in the face while fighting; to bear the threatening looks and fierce assaults of an antagonist without flinching; to watch and parry his intended blow; to return

it with quickness, and to follow it up with resolution and effect: it habituates him to sustain his courage under bodily suffering; and, when the conflict has ceased, to treat his enemy with humanity. The feeling of superiority which the practice of boxing gives an Englishman over a foreigner in private quarrel, is carried into the field of battle; for the boxer cannot think of turning his back on a foe whom he has always deemed his inferior in combat. To this feeling, and to the habit of fighting from boyhood, hand to hand and face to face, more than to superior bodily strength and courage, I think may be reasonably attributed the superiority of English soldiers at the charge—of English sailors in the act of boarding. If I am right in believing, as I sincerely do, that the laws of the Ring, properly understood, are conducive to the ends of humanity, and also to the effectiveness of our soldiers and sailors, it is right that the practice and its regulations should be upheld. This is most effectually done by occasional matches for prizes; because, many persons are then interested in seeing that the regulations of the Ring are properly observed; and because, by the moderate encouragement of skilful pugilists, the art of boxing is preserved from degenerating into brutish belabouring.

“People are apt to suppose the bodily sufferings of these pugilists to be much greater than they really are. They are led into this belief from the high-coloured descriptions of their combats which are wrought into the newspapers; but, in fact, pugilists seldom receive half such severity of punishment in their matches, as labouring men frequently do in their casual rencoun-

tres. They defend themselves so well from severe blows, and their training prepares them so well for receiving, as well as giving, that their bruises disappear in half the time of bruises received in common fights. Frequently the successful pugilist quits the ring without receiving a scratch or discoloration of the skin. But this part of the subject may be fairly left to be settled by those who are most interested in it; i. e. by the pugilists themselves. They are free agents and able-bodied men; and unless they prefer a drubbing for half an hour or an hour, for a recompense that enables them to live free from labour during a month or so, to working all the month through, they will not fight, but work. The very tender-hearted, therefore, who cannot bear to hear of a bruiser being bruised, but hunt him as a wild beast, and punish him almost to his death—in evidence of their consistency and humanity, I suppose—would do well to display their tenderness in some other way, and leave black eyes and bloody noses to the care of their owners.

“It is farther objected, that a boxing match draws together a vast number of thieves and blackguards. This is very true; and so does an execution, a Lord Mayor's show, a Court day at St. James's, and every other interesting sight which is open to the public at large. It cannot be denied, however, that boxing matches, being proscribed meetings, and untended by any peace-officer, are particularly favorable to the congregation of thieves and other ruffians. This defect of police keeps many respectable persons from such meetings, who would otherwise gladly witness the exercises of the day: but, lawless as



these meetings are declared to be, and open as they are to the unrestrained operations of ruffians of every kind, it is remarkable that we seldom, if ever, hear of any riot taking place at them, or of any theft being committed beyond picking pockets. It is also remarkable, that after hundreds of fighting men and their followers have travelled some score miles, are assembled at the place of action, the ring formed, and their excitement at the highest, they suffer themselves to be driven from the scene of their much-loved amusement, like a flock of sheep, at the bidding of some meddling Magistrate. This shews an obedience to persons in authority which might hardly be expected under the circumstances; but it is creditable to the parties yielding it. It seems to shew, that the lessons of patience under suffering, and command of temper, and submission to authority, taught by the laws of the Ring, extend beyond it, and influence the habits and manners of the people connected with it in their general demeanour. It proves, also, that the cry raised against such meetings as being breaches of the peace is unfounded.

"It is evident, therefore, that boxing and the laws of the Ring impose a most valuable restraint upon the ebullition of rage and the thirst for revenge among the lower orders—teaching them to preserve their tempers and self-possession under suffering; to scorn unfair advantages; to defend themselves with firmness; to exercise the virtues of forbearance and humanity towards a fallen foe; and that they are also an excellent preparative for making good soldiers and sailors. It is farther evident, that the anathemas and proscrip-

tions which of late years have been levelled against the practice of boxing have tended to reduce it to disrespect and disgrace; and that the same unjust and hypocritical means, if persevered in and unopposed, are likely to cast it into disuse.—I am, Sir, &c.

"DEDIMUS."

### HUNTING IN WALES.

SIR,  
IF the following brief account of the sport we have in this *slow* country, is worth inserting in your Magazine, it is much at your service.

TAFFY.

Tenby, Nov. 2, 1829.

THE Pembrokeshire fox-hounds are badly managed, the huntsman having only been lately taken from the boiling-house, and put on a horse: but, to do him justice, he rides well, and does his best; and, were he under a master who had any knowledge of the fox-hunting art, might in time be able to catch the *varmint*.

Mr. Beynon, who hunts the upper country, has a pack of hounds that promise well; and he has an advantage of one of the best huntsmen for *Cymru* that ever was—a person called James, who hunted the Cambridgeshire hounds for many years, and is, in the *field*, as good as can be; but he likes a glass of ale—and what Welshman does not?

The poor fellow lost his situation as huntsman to the Pembrokeshire hunt in consequence of *Cwm*, dear *Cwm*, and is now with Mr. Beynon; has a nice handy pack of hounds; they kill their foxes well; and, with the advantage of Lord Anson's small draft, will no doubt

prosper. Their master and his establishment deserve every credit and encouragement: we all wish them well through this season, and many more of them.

I must tell you an anecdote of the above person, James, very characteristic of the man. He lived some time with a very hard-riding man, a regular out-and-outer, who was afraid of those vile limbs of the Law called Under-Sheriffs. Two pettifogging writers waited one day with their traps to catch this gentleman: but he had nosed them, and was off over the country upon a young horse, which he ever after called *Bilk-Bum*. His servant, James, when he met these harpies, addressed them with "A fine day, Gentlemen, but a bad scent seemingly: you had better cast forward, and let it be a wide one;" and then walked off.

The Emlyn, or better known as the Tivy-side hounds, under the management of, and hunted by, that excellent sportsman and hard rider Captain Lewes, shew great sport, have a capital country, but which is not hunted as often as it ought to be, in consequence of the good-nature of their manager; who, in his wish to please every body, sacrifices too much of his time to a certain set of minor subscribers, who live in the midst of woods, and a run about home suits them better than the open, having but one horse, and that a *Curatizing hack*.

Another pack is kept higher up in Cardiganshire, called the Iron-side hounds. A good sportsman hunts them of the name of Pritchard, who rides well; but we fear hot-rolls at eleven o'clock detain many of his field, so that the best of the day is lost before this establishment turns out: and, although they have the finest country that

can be ridden over, what with late hours, cigars, and brandy-and-water the night before, with other little *etceteras*, we cannot report much of the success of these hounds.—T.

#### WASHINGTON A SPORTSMAN.

THE following article, says a New York Paper, is copied from *The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, a new periodical recently established in Baltimore by Mr. Skinner, editor of the *American Farmer*. It introduces "the father of our country" to us in a new character—that of a sportsman, and cannot fail to prove interesting to our readers.

The time which Colonel Washington could spare from his building and agricultural improvements, between the years 1759 and 1774, was considerably devoted to the chase. We have neither knowledge nor tradition of his having ever been a shooter or a fisherman: fox-hunting, being of a bold and animating character, suited well with the temperament of the "lusty prime" of his age, and peculiarly well accorded with his fondness and predisposition for equestrian exercises.

His kennel was situate about one hundred yards south of the family vault in which at present repose his venerated remains. The building was a rude structure, but affording comfortable quarters for the hounds, with a large inclosure paved in, having in the midst a spring of running water. The pack was very numerous and select—the Colonel visiting and inspecting his kennel morning and evening, after the same manner as he did his stables. It was his

pride, and a proof of his skill in hunting, to have his pack so critically drafted as to speed and bottom, that in running, if one leading dog should lose the scent, another was at hand immediately to recover it; and thus when in full cry, to use a racing phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket.

During the season, Mount Vernon had many sporting guests from the neighbourhood, from Maryland, and elsewhere. Their visits were not of days, but weeks; and they were entertained in the good old style of Virginia's ancient hospitality. Washington, always superbly mounted, in true sporting costume, of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, velvet cap, and whip with long thong, took the field at day dawn, with his huntsman Will Lee, his friends, and neighbours; and none rode more gallantly the chase, nor with voice more cheerly awakened echo in the woodland, than he who was afterwards destined, by voice and example, to cheer his countrymen in their glorious struggle for independence and empire. Such was the hunting establishment at Mount Vernon prior to the revolution.

We come now to events of our own times. After the peace of 1783, the hunting establishment, which had gone down during the war, was renewed by the arrival of a pack of French hounds, sent out by the Marquis de la Fayette. These *chiens de chasse* were of great size—

Bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So slow'd, so manded .....  
With ears that swept away the morning  
dew;  
..... dewlap'd, like Thessalian bulls;  
Mach'd in mouth like bells—  
the bells of Moscow, and green,

Toms of Lincoln, we should say, and, from their strength, were fitted, not only to pull down the stately stag, but in fierce combat to encounter the wolf or boar, or even to grapple with the lordly lion. These hounds, from their fierce dispositions, were generally kept confined; but wo to the stranger who might be passing their kennel after nightfall! Should the gates be unclosed, his fate would be melancholy, unless he could climb some friendly tree, or the voice or the whip of the huntsman came speedily "to the rescue." The huntsman always presided at their meals; and it was only by the liberal application of the whip-thong that any thing like order could be preserved among these savages of the chase.

The habit was to hunt three times a week, weather permitting. Breakfast was served, on these mornings, at candle-light, the General always breaking his fast with an Indian corn-cake and a bowl of milk; and ere the cock had "done salutation to the morn," the whole cavalcade would often have left the house, and the fox frequently unkennelled before sunrise. Those who have seen Washington on horseback will admit that he was the most accomplished of cavaliers, in the true sense and perfection of the character: he rode, as he did every thing, with ease, elegance, and with power. The vicious propensities of horses were of no moment to this skilful and daring rider. He always said that he required but one good quality in a horse—"to go along;" and ridiculed the idea of its being even possible that he should be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, the perfect and sinewy frame of this admirable

man gave him such a surpassing grip with his knees, that a horse might as soon disencumber itself of the saddle as of such a rider.

The General usually rode in the chase a horse called Blueskin, of a dark iron-gray colour, approaching to blue. This was a fine but fiery animal, and of great endurance in a long run. Will, the huntsman, better known in revolutionary lore as Billy, rode a horse called Chinkling, a surprising leaper, and made very much like its rider—low, but sturdy, and of great bone and muscle. Will had but one order, which was, to keep with the hounds; and mounted on Chinkling, a French horn at his back, throwing himself almost at length on the animal, with his spur in his flank, this fearless horseman would rush, at full speed, through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which aged and timid hunters and ladies could enjoy the exhilarating cry without risk of life or limb; but Washington rode gaily up to his hounds, through all the difficulties and dangers of the grounds on which he hunted, nor spared his generous steed, as the distended nostrils of Blueskin often would shew, always in at the death, and yielding to no man in the honour of the brush.

The foxes hunted fifty years ago were gray foxes, with one exception—this was a famous black fox, which, differing from his brethren of "orders grey," would flourish his brush, set his pursuers at defiance, and go from ten to twenty miles an end, distancing both dogs and men: and, what was truly remarkable, would return to his place of starting the same night, so as always to be found there the

ensuing morning. After seven or eight severe runs, Billy recommended that the black reynard should be let alone, giving it as his opinion, that he was very near akin to another sable character inhabiting a lower region, and as remarkable for his wiles. The advice was adopted from necessity; and ever thereafter, in throwing off the hounds, care was taken to avoid the haunt of the unconquerable black fox.

The chase ended, the party would return to the mansion-house, where, at the well-spread board, and with cheerful glass, the feats of the leading dog, the most gallant horse, or the boldest rider, together with the prowess of the famous black fox, were all discussed; while Washington, never permitting even his pleasures to infringe upon the order and regularity of his habits, would, after a few glasses of Madeira, retire to his supperless bed at nine o'clock.

Of the French hounds, there was one named Vulcan, and we bear him the better in reminiscence, from having often bestrid his ample back in the days of juvenility. It happened that upon a large company sitting down to dinner at Mount Vernon, the lady of the mansion discovered that the ham—the pride of every Virginia housewife's table—was missing from its accustomed post of honour. Upon questioning Frank the butler, this portly and at the same time the most polite and accomplished of all butlers observed, that a ham, yes, a very fine ham, had been prepared, nay dished, agreeably to the Madam's order; but, lo and behold, who should come into the kitchen, while the savoury ham was smoking in its dish, but old Vulcan the hound, who without more ado fas-

ted his fangs into it; and although they of the kitchen had stood bravely to such arms as they could get, and had fought the old spoiler desperately, yet Vulcan had finally triumphed, and bore off the prize, ay, "cleanly under the keeper's nose." The lady by no means relished the loss of a dish which formed the pride of her table, and uttered some remarks by no means favorable to old Vulcan, or indeed to dogs in general; while the Chief, having heard the story, communicated it to his guests, and, with them, laughed heartily at the exploit of the stag-bound.

In 1787, General Washington being called to preside in the convention which formed the Federal Constitution, he gave away his hounds, and bade adieu for ever to the pleasures of the chase.

*Note.*—The red fox is supposed to have been imported from England to the eastern shore of Maryland, by a Mr. Smith, and to have emigrated across the ice to Virginia, in the hard winter of 1779-80, when the Chesapeake was frozen over.

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#### ON THE SPEED OF ARABS AS COMPARED WITH ENGLISH HORSES.

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SIR,  
**A**S you are always willing to insert letters on sporting subjects, I take up my pen to give you an account of what goes on in this part of the world in the way of racing, which is, of all sports, my favorite. Allow me here, Mr. Editor, to do what many have done before me—to return my best thanks to the contributors to your Magazine, one and all, for the many hours of amusement they have afforded me; but most parti-

cularly to Messrs. NIMRON, the OLD FORESTER, and NIM NORTH. The letters of the OLD FORESTER I *literally devour*, for he generally writes on my favorite subject—the Turf; and I am induced to send you this letter from having read, in your Number for March 1826, the following passage in one of his letters:—"Were I to breed from Arabians at all for the turf, I would breed them pure, without intermixture of English blood—putting the natural Barb mare to the Arabian; and from the effect of climate, and care when young, they *might*, in the *third* generation, be able to cope with our own race-horses." Now, with all due deference to the superior judgment of the OLD FORESTER, I beg leave to differ in opinion with him; for I do not think pure Arabians, bred in *any* country, would in *any* generation be able "to cope with our race-horses." They cannot come near them in this country, where the climate is favorable to them and against the English horse.

It was from seeing the above passage that I was led to think an account of some of the performances of the best Arabs would not be totally devoid of interest to some of your numerous readers in England; and that, by giving the time the quickest races have been run in, I might leave them to judge for themselves between the comparative merits of the English race-horse and the Arabian.

I must first tell you that we have our great Northern and Southern meetings, besides our "*provincial*" races, as well as you in England. Our *Doncaster* and *York*, are Meerrut and Cawnpore; and our *Newmarket* and *Epsom*, Calcutta and Barrackpore. At the last-named place a Give-and-take Match was

lately run between the English horse Recruit and an Arab, Pyramus, who had previously beaten all the best Arabs in Calcutta, for the Gold Cup, in which race, two heats out of three, he ran two miles in 4 min. 1 sec., carrying 9st. 7lbs. His height is 13 hands 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches, as measured at Cawnpore in February 1828: yet when he ran against Recruit, carrying weight for inches, and receiving 7lbs. besides, he was beat in a canter\*.

The three best Arabs in the North—and I may very safely say the South cannot beat any one of them—are Champion, Creeper, and Barefoot: the two first are in the same stable. Last year nothing in the North could beat Barefoot—Champion being then in the South, and Creeper, owing to illness, was in very bad condition. In February 1828, Barefoot's owner had two Post Matches for Arabs, to be run at Cawnpore on the first day of the meeting, with a gentleman who had a very large stable of first-rate Arabs. The first match was to run three miles, carrying 8st. 7lb. each, which Barefoot won easily, beating a horse called Gaslight, in 6 min. 14 sec., which was considered very good. For the second Post Match his owner was obliged to bring out Barefoot again, not having a second horse that he considered capable of beating the second-best in Gaslight's stable. This match was to run two miles, carrying 8st. 10lbs. each; and Barefoot was again victorious, beating a *fresh* horse, Cornet, and winning this race also very easily in 4 min. 8 sec. Cornet in this race went off at score, in hopes of knocking up Barefoot, on account of his

former race with Gaslight. It would not do, however. Barefoot lay about two lengths behind, with a strong pull upon him for a mile, when Cornet was knocked up with his own pace; after which Barefoot had it all his own way. Though the race was altogether a slow one, the first mile was done in about 1 min. 58 sec.

The great race of the meeting was for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. to be run for by Arabs only, carrying 9st. 4lbs. each, three-mile heats, which was won in two beats by Barefoot beating Creeper and Cornet. Gaslight was drawn, and ten others paid forfeit. The first heat was run in 6 min. 10 sec., and the second in 6 min. 7 sec., which is, I believe, the quickest public performance of any Arab. Both heats were severely contested from first to last, and won with difficulty; but, as I said before, Creeper was not fit to run. This year his (Creeper's) performances have been so superior that I really believe, over the Cawnpore course, he could run his three miles in six minutes without distress.

This year Barefoot has been beat every time he started. He was not sent to Cawnpore, being reserved for Meerut, where the great race was for the Gold Cup, value 150gs. The owner of Creeper was determined to carry everything before him *this year*. He has been a most liberal supporter of the Turf for many years; and though he has always had the best of horses, has, from accidents and bad luck (not through mismanagement), generally been a loser. Even this year his bad luck was determined not entirely to desert him; for at Cawnpore one of his horses, in running, broke a leg. He some time

\* See another account of this match in our August Number, vol. xxiv. p. 272.

ago purchased Champion; and Pyramus (whom I mentioned before, and who is his horse) he sent down to Calcutta. He has this year won the three most valuable Cups in India—the Calcutta Cup, with Pyramus; the Cawnpore Cup, with Ceeper, who beat Cornet, three miles, with the greatest possible ease, in 6 min. 14 sec. carrying 8st. 7lb. each; and the Meerut Cup, with Champion beating Barefoot, three miles, in 6 min. 14 sec.

I ought to have mentioned at first, that Pyramus lost the first heat for the Calcutta Gold Cup in consequence of an accident at starting, which very nearly lost him the race also, for it was with difficulty he saved his distance. I have never heard of Arabs running three miles in less than 6 min. 7 sec., nor have I ever heard of Arabs running two miles in less than 3 min. 59 sec. This was done at Madras lately, but I do not know what weight they carried.

I have now given you the time in which some of our fastest races have been run; for though I agree with NIMROD, who, on the subject of timing race-horses, says, "no test can be so fallacious," yet I take this to be an exception to the general rule. Champion certainly won the Meerut Cup so easily, that it is impossible to say in how many seconds less he could have run the distance. I think he could do it in from 5 min. 50 sec. to 5 min. 55 sec. This country, however, is very much against timing race-horses, both as regards climate and the ground run over.

Your English readers will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that I only know of two courses in this

country where the horses run on turf. It is generally ground made soft by constant use (so does not injure the legs); for when no horses are in training, ladies and gentlemen ride on the race-course when they take their *constitutional* early in the morning. The races only come once in the year at each place, and are all much about the same time, beginning in December, and continuing at different places through the following months of January and February. From the circumstance of our having such heavy ground, instead of the elastic turf of England, I should imagine a horse could run in England three miles in twelve or fifteen seconds less than he could in this country. If, therefore, Champion in this country could run three miles in 5 min. 52 sec., and allowing him to be fifteen seconds better in England, he would not then be equal to the best horses.

I do not know the shortest time three miles have been run in, in England, as there the timing is so seldom published; but as ABRON beat Negociator at York Spring Meeting in 1825, three miles, in 5 min. 35 sec. easily—and he, I suppose, is only a second-rate horse—Champion would not be equal *even to him* by two seconds. There may be, perhaps, some Arabs who can beat Champion: in fact there was one, Esterhazy, in the same stable, who was *supposed to be* 7lbs. the best of the two; but of course this could not be *known*.

A gentleman—residing too in the best part of the country for breeding horses—imported some stallions from England, and mares to breed from; but their produce could not run at all; and the second generation were not much

O

better. The third and fourth generations, however, ran well; and he has always had the best country-breds. People from all parts of India have sent mares to his stallions, Benedict and Slender Billy; and their produce out of the best of mares could not beat imported horses; and therefore the same might, and most probably would, be the case with Arabs bred in England.

It is for the above reasons that I differ in opinion with *THE OLD FORESTER*; and for none more than the circumstance of English horses bred in this country not being equal to imported horses. I think Arabs bred in England would even degenerate more than English horses bred in this country; for they would require the natural heat of their own country. Having seen, however, in some one of your Numbers, that there is a very fine young foal out of an Arab mare by "*The Pet*," we shall see how the *first* generation will turn out, if the produce live.

Allow me to add, I hope *THE OLD FORESTER*\* will continue his "*Annual Retrospective Glance*;" and that *NIMROD* and his friends have had a good hunting season.

Wishing him and all your contributors many years of health to enjoy their favorite sports, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN UNWILLING ABSENTEE.

Cawnpore, March 1829.

### HOG-HUNTING IN INDIA.

SIR,  
OBSERVING in some of your Magazines that the Sports of the East are occasionally alluded

to, I cannot refrain, even at this distance, from sending you a few lines on the subject, which will, I trust, prove interesting enough for insertion in your valuable work. As hog-hunting is to my ideas the finest sport in the world, I shall make that the chief burthen of my song, with a few passing remarks on other subjects. To prove how far my experience will authorise my saying anything about hog-hunting, I need only mention, that I hunted without intermission during the greater part of my first four years' residence in India, and with more success than is generally met with; and when I say I was a pupil of that justly-celebrated hog-hunter, William Towers Smith, at that time a resident at Berhampore, I am sure those who knew him as a sportsman will admit that I could not possibly have met with a more experienced tutor. The country from Kishna Ghore to the most westerly part of the Moorsshedabad district, down the banks of the Ganges easterly, and again in the Rajeshaye country northerly, is as familiar to me as Calcutta; and the hogs to be found on those plains cannot, I fancy, be excelled by those of any other part of India.

A person that has never hunted a hog cannot possibly fancy the rate they go at. I have seen a very capital Arab and good racer fairly beaten over good ground: and where the hog has a covert in view, with not more than half a mile of plain before him, I think few horses can touch him. I have often experienced this myself. When you come to recollect the rate of going, and that the country ridden over is generally quite unknown, it must

\* Our Correspondent will have learnt, that, long before the publication of this letter, *THE OLD FORESTER* has been "gathered to his fathers" to our individual regret, as well as that of all true sportsmen.



be seen that nerve is the greatest desideratum—confidence in one's nag, the next. These, with a keen eye, must bring success. In speaking of hog-hunters, I allude entirely to those who are enthusiasts; for it is a sport that will admit of no half-and-half kind of feelings: and I am certain that the moment tally-ho! sounds, all ideas of caution and self evaporate *instantly* from the breast of every man really a hog-hunter. Tally-ho, in hog-hunting, is as different from the same exclamation in fox-hunting as light from darkness. I have felt both—to describe the former I defy any man: I think I could the latter.

There are various kinds of hogs which may sometimes be met with in one morning: I merely allude to their difference in disposition. The young boar is active and incautious, and goes off with amazing speed; fights well; but, from want of sufficient length of tooth, has not the same chance as more aged ones; and I think feels the spear more—i. e. dies sooner. The boar full grown affords much finer sport: but the grunter, just on the turn, is the one to make a man's blood run brisk. His exertions to save his life, tempered with caution, would surprise a fox-hunter methinks! The only way to come up with one of this class is, to press him very hard the moment he bursts, when he will most likely slacken his pace after about a mile. The moment he sees you have the speed of him, he will turn, and then is the time to give him the blow. A hunter should always keep the hog about ten yards a-head of him, a little on the right; so that, the instant he perceives him waver in his direction, he may have him under

his spear hand; for hogs in general turn down on the hunter when they come to the stop. This is the time a man's eye and horsemanship tell: if he has a good eye on the hog, and a correct hand on his horse, he does his business for him; and at the instant he delivers his spear into the small of the back (every man has his favorite spot to strike at—mine was always the small of the back, as being the most vital) he has his horse off to the left. The force of the blow checks the hog, and the right spur well put in takes off the horse. People generally get their horses cut at this critical moment: if they miss their aim, the hog gets in on them, and, unless they have already got their nag away, they get a nasty cut, which sometimes proves fatal, always annoying. It is customary with some people to *job* their hog: others deliver the spear. I have always followed the latter method, as being much neater, less dangerous for your horse, and gives the hog some little chance. I never saw the *job*-ing system used but once, and that was by the celebrated hunter before named, who did it at my request, to shew me how it was done. He recommended the delivery, and I have always acted up to it.

People sometimes meet with a reddish coloured hog, rather short and small, which, from his size and appearance, the inexperienced generally think lightly of. I, however, felt the folly of so doing: they hardly ever run, and I never met with one that I did not funk—they are of all the most wily and dangerous. The case I allude to was nearly the death of me and a very favorite horse. The size some hogs grow to is surprising: I have

been at the death of one forty-four inches high, measured as you measure a horse. I have killed many forty inches. A yard high about Rungpore and Malda is seldom a full-grown boar. Those that have never witnessed the sport are apt to think very lightly of it; and previous to taking the field, it is amusing to hear the mighty deeds they intend to perform. I had the pleasure to correct this opinion in a young man that once accompanied me on a trip. Well knowing my country, I took to covert, and gave him a sow, which he promised to kill. He was mounted on a fairish galloway that had seen a few hogs, and was himself a pretty good rider. The sow bolted, and was duly blown. My friend went boldly in, and delivered his spear unsuccessfully; several others in like manner. I was all this time a spectator, being aware, from my knowledge of the sex, that no danger existed that I could not immediately have warded; and, after many fruitless attempts by the Griff to plant his spear effectually, I went to his assistance, when we of course soon laid her low. The apparent ease with which she was killed not only corroborated but confirmed the opinion he had always formed of the sport, and he was quite sure he could, without farther experience, kill any hog I would start. We again proceeded to covert; and, after a little beating, the signal was given. From a glimpse I caught of the gentleman I saw the necessity of mounting my hunter "Harlequin;" and lucky it was I took this precaution. He bolted duly, and my friend after him. By the time I had changed horses they had got some little distance over a sandy

plain; and, when I came up to them, the expression of countenance of both I shall not soon forget. The hog, seeing only one person after him, stopped, and in turn chased the hunter; and it was at this critical moment I arrived, for he had his nose in the long tail of the galloway, who was at the top of his speed, and the hog gaining ground. I managed to draw off stinker's attention; and, after a most superb chase and fight, quite as good as any I ever recollect, I floored him, and then looked round for my friend; for of course I could not do so during the run. He was, however, missing; and, on my return, I found him securely seated on an elephant bringing up the rear, as he said it would take a great deal to persuade him again after a hog, if what he had seen was a specimen of the species. Truly he was a noble one! and his teeth are now in England. My friend was most effectually cured of his opinion; and, although he was at the death of several gallant hogs afterwards, yet I never knew a man ride so cautiously.

This anecdote shews what hogs are. I shall not soon forget a celebrated one (that deserves to be immortalized by your pages), near Berhampore, called the *Jimmadar*, from his having so long retained the ascendancy in those coverts. Mr. W. T. Smith had actually hunted that hog without being able to kill him for nine years. Your readers may say, it is strange how a hog should be recognised so long. It may be so; but what I relate is well known to many that have themselves followed him unsuccessfully:—for I do not believe any man was able to kill him; and he no doubt died a natural death. He

was known by his peculiar colour, and something about his go and general look that cannot be described. I think there was a peculiarity in the way he carried his head; his off-side was a dirty grey; his near side very black and more covered with bristles: the near ear very much torn and slit from fighting; the off one perfect. I chased him in all four times; and, were I to see him twenty years hence, I should surely know him. The first time I went after him was with Mr. Smith alone: he ran as usual; and, when he got to the side of the jungle he always made for, he turned on me, and literally chased me off the field; and it was with much difficulty I got away safe, although mounted most capably on a noted good little bay Arab.

Another hog I also recollect, and must mention, called also the *Jimmadar*, from being the terror of the village. We chased him long, and only succeeded in bringing him down after he had killed one man, and so dreadfully lacerated another that he died in a few days of his wounds.

But such hogs are not common; and, when they are met with, too much caution cannot be used. After a prick or two, if they get any thing to cut at, they will not leave it till they are dead; and it is wonderful how tenacious they are of life. I have seen a hog at bay with eight spears in him. These are the boars that afford sport: it is not so much the chase, as the fight, that pleases. The ride for the first spear is worth seeing, however, especially when two people pretty well matched contend. In the energy of such a moment I have dropped a boar

with a single spear, and have seen it done by others. This flatters one's quickness of eye and steady strength of arm, but curtails the sport. It was once of extraordinary use in saving a friend's life, when the hog was at his side—a single spear dropped him dead within a yard of his fallen foe.

Some people will not allow hog-hunting a comparison with fox-hunting. I agree with them, but only in the reverse: to a real hog-hunter the latter sport can have but few charms. I have seen both, and may be allowed to form an opinion; and, I think, were hogs as abundant in England as they used to be in India, foxes would be much neglected. As for riding, I'll engage to say that England cannot produce more desperate riders in a general way than are to be found in India as hog-hunters; and that leaps that have been taken by them would have bothered half the Hunts in the kingdom.

On the whole I think India can produce better riders and better shots than England. We can have no proof of the former; of the latter numerous. I know of several men that can kill nineteen out of twenty pigeons in the usual way; and I once saw a young man kill thirty-six in as many successive shots. As for pistol shooting, I have seen nothing in your pages come up to some performances in this country. In my next I may, perhaps, give a few instances. General shooting, from the advantages we possess, must be better than in England, for pointers are seldom used: so that a man must be always ready, which makes them sharp shots and quick eyes to a degree scarce credible. Much waste of ammunition no doubt takes

place; but there is no alternative: a man must take the game as he finds it, or get none at all. Labouring under no restriction, with plenty of leisure, and game all the year round, it is no wonder that India produces crack shots. The reason why people in general ride better here than in England I will defer for another opportunity. By the bye, I cannot help remarking that the best shot I ever saw in my life was a Native.

I have written more than I at first intended. If the trouble I have taken for the amusement of your readers be but successful, my object is fully attained; and may induce me to send my thoughts on various other sporting subjects.

Every allowance must be made, as I am not accustomed to write for the public. There are people in England to whom what I have written will appear familiar; and the recollection of the Polindabpore, Moismarrat, Sallee, Tungee, Jugra, and numerous other plains over which we have hunted together, will cause a sigh that we cannot again soon meet there. The unexpected appearance of these names will also surprise them. The affairs of the East (sporting of course) cannot be expected to command so much interest as those of the country they are more immediately intended for; but, if you think they can be successfully introduced into your very valuable and highly entertaining Magazine, pray do so. They will be read with pleasure by all those who have been so happy as to return to "dear Old England."

In your Number for August 1828, is a letter on racing in India. The performances in 1828 and 1829, have far excelled those

mentioned therein—two miles in 3 min. 54 sec., and three miles in 6 min. 7 sec. by "Pyramus" and "Champion."—Yours, &c.

A HOG-HUNTER.

P. S. In your Number for August I saw a few remarks on hog-hunting: they are short and sweet; and the writer, any one might swear, is a hog-hunter. I also saw a letter from Calcutta: subject—the Calcutta Hounds. I hunted with them in 1826; but, although the dogs looked better, they did not perform as they used to do in days gone by. I allude to 1818, 1819, and 1820: G. P. T. was then huntsman. He was, sure enough, a handy workman. His equal I have seen, but never his superior with hounds. Capt. H—y is certainly the best huntsman, after G. P. T. I have seen; but, you know, a person is partial to old friends. The recollection of former days with him are pleasing: the drive to covert in the dark—an upset into a ditch, or the Chitpore drain—the capital run—and the finish with a breakfast at G. P. T.'s, will not soon be forgotten by the residents of Mitre's-buildings, or Park-street, Chowriaghee.

At this distance, we are much delighted with the accounts of the different Hunts, introducing parts of the country with which most are familiar; for instance, those of Suffolk. Every name mentioned I recollect as if I had only left them last year; and this is one reason why your Publication is now to be found at every out-station in India. That it may long continue to flourish, in as eminent a manner as it does at the present day, is my most sincere wish.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE LOTHIAN HOUNDS.—No. VI.

## THE SALTON HARRIERS.

“Rememberest thou my *harriers* true?”—SIR W. SCOTT.

SIR,  
THE seal which guards these lines from the gaze of the “*profanum vulgus*” in their *trajet* to Warwick-square bears the impress of “Long looked for come at last;” and I could not, I think, have chosen a more appropriate motto for the concluding and long-promised number of these weary Reminiscences. In addition, however, to the plea (certainly a sufficient one) of illness, which I made in my last communication to you, I have likewise to urge, in excuse for my dilatoriness, the very great repugnance that I feel towards entering on the subject—a subject which has so much and so painful reference to the days of “*lang-syne*,” and a subject which, whether remotely or immediately connected with (or the cause *itself* of) the most calamitous and regretted event of a very chequered and calamitous life; I feel it impossible to handle without the sacrifice of calling up a good many rather unpleasant recollections. I feel bound, nevertheless, by my promise, to give some account of the Harriers, which I consider possessed a turn of speed beyond that very speedy pack which I last attempted to describe; and I proceed to dismiss the task in as brief a manner as it is possible for me to do.

The origin of the pack was as follows:—A gentleman of large landed property in Scotland, and

living near the hills, was induced, one Sunday after church in the spring of 1819, to entertain the idea of establishing a few couples, by the circumstance of the dogs which were following himself and brother in their walk (namely, a French pointer, a poodle, and old *Tough* the stable terrier) breaking away with a hare across the Lawn-park, and hunting very accurately on her line over half a dozen large inclosures in the neighbourhood. Accordingly some six or seven couples of drafts, then on sale, were forthwith procured from old Wordsworth's Repository\*; and, being augmented by another couple or two from the Lothian kennel, the little pack went regularly out on the Lammermuirs as long as hunting was feasible, and had, I believe, considering circumstances, as fair a proportion of sport as could reasonably be expected. Not one, however, of the hounds was considered worthy of being kept over the summer; and in a certain pool of one of the tributary streams of the river Tyne†,

—“Where sleep  
The channell'd waters dark and deep,”  
sleep also the remains of *Handsome*, *Ploughboy*, *Ranter*, and the rest of the aborigines. The ball, nevertheless, being once a-foot, it was determined to keep it up; and Lord Maitland having kindly promised the summer draft from his very beautiful pack, it was not long

\* An imitation, although an exceedingly humble one at that time, of the establishment at Hyde Park Corner.

† Not the Northumberland, but the Haddingtonshire river of that name.

before five couples\* of very purpose-like old hounds were on the benches of the departed; and with these five couples commenced my acquaintance with, and interest in, the concern.

After paying a visit to Stirlingshire, and tasting not a few of the West-Country hares during the month of September, they were retransferred for a permanency to their East Lothian kennel: and now began the arduous task, which was confided to my management, of swelling and increasing the infant pack into an efficient and sportsmanlike establishment. By *siller*† only was there any chance of this being done for many and many a long day; and by *siller*, as it could not be done otherwise, was I determined to do it. Accordingly before Christmas-day I had in my kennel the whole unentered draft of the Glasgow foxhounds; ditto the entered and unentered from the Boroughbridge harriers; ditto, Mr. Ainslie's, near North Allerton; ditto, the York City; ditto, a second and third lot from Lord Maitland—to say nothing of an entire little pack‡ which I purchased in Northumberland. In numbers, however, as we are told, consisteth not strength; and as, in every instance save two,

I imported the various lots at hazard, and without having seen them, my readers will scarcely be surprised when I tell them that I found myself not much farther forward at the end of the season than I had been at its commencement; and it was not until the month of April, when I received a small but most splendid unentered draft from the Dalkeith kennel, that the actual acorn of the future oak was in reality sown.

It is not, of course, my intention to weary my readers with all my hound-dealing transactions, or give a detail of my *buyings* in this place, *beggings* in that, and *stealings* perhaps in a third: suffice it to say, that I set to work in good earnest; and, having fixed my eye amongst others on the Boroughbridge harriers—an extremely fast, well-bred, and handsome pack—as the very thing I was in want of, I paid frequent visits to them in the hunting seasons; and whatever hounds I saw that pleased me most in field and kennel, *I bought at whatever price I could bribe their manager to part with them*. I am absolutely ashamed to tell the money that on some of these occasions I have paid that worthy man and most excellent sportsman, Mr. R. Smith, of Givendale§. *My ob-*

\* Drunkard, Fleecer, Crazy, Hecuba, Barbara, Heedless, Ruby, Ranter, Ringwood, and Needful. Like the Vicar of Wakefield, I love to be particular in matters of such importance.

† *Anglicè*, the pewter.

‡ Amongst this lot was an animal possessing, I think, the very best nose I ever met with, in the shape of a small, rough, ungainly-looking otter-hound, called *Mildew*; and the performances of this non-descript creature, in the way of working out a cold scent, must have been seen to be believed. It would have been an experiment well worth trying to have crossed her, for the purposes of shooting, with a smooth-haired pointer, and I have often since regretted that it was not done. One of the staunchest dogs in the field I have at any time seen, was the produce of a cross between a foxhound and a setter (poor old Hector! I dare say Lord Gillies remembers him), which I bought in 1820, from Norton, Mr. Hay's keeper, at Dunse Castle. The blood of his sire, however, would occasionally show itself; and although as steady from hare as Lord Cleveland himself (his Lordship's antipathy to harriers is well known), if once he got across the line of a fox, he was off on the moment; and he has given me the slip more than once when employed in shooting amongst the coverts.

§ A word of explanation may here, perhaps, be necessary. The Boroughbridge harriers are a subscription pack; and their funds, at the time I am speaking of, were

*ject, nevertheless, was accomplished—I got some first-rate hounds into my kennel, and was most amply rewarded by the sport which the pack began to show, and by the encomiums of all judges who went out with them. I likewise engaged the whole unentered draft from the various packs of fox-hounds in Yorkshire, and elsewhere, that I occasionally hunted with: and my readers will form some idea of the wholesale way in which I conducted my dealings, when I tell them, that in one season alone I paid that artist, Jack Richards of the Badsworth, nearly *forty pounds*! Again, however, do I repeat, that in this unlimited and perhaps absurd and uncalled-for outlay<sup>2</sup>, I reaped a rich and abundant reward in the appearance and performances of my hounds; and if ever man was wrapt up in his kennel as part and parcel of his existence and of his happiness, that person was myself<sup>4</sup>.*

At the commencement of 1823, an arrangement having been entered into, for them to join the Boroughbridge harriers, and hunt that part of Yorkshire during the

remainder of the season, they were drafted down most rigorously and scrupulously from *nineteen to thirteen*<sup>3</sup> couples, and transferred for a short time to the very sporting neighbourhood of Thornville Royal. For various reasons, however, the coalition, like most others, was any thing but a successful one; and I only mention it: to show the progress that I had made in the course of three or four years.

Having now, I may say, established the hounds as a regular pack in the eyes of the country—and, what was of still more consequence, in the eyes of the tenantry over whose farms they were accustomed to hunt—I began to turn my attention to *breeding*, and thereby to obviate, at least in part, the very heavy expense I was annually put to for my young entry. Here, however, I was all but foiled by the scarcity of *quarters*; for, although I had plenty of friends for my purpose amongst the highly-respectable yeomanry who used regularly to turn out, there were not more than seven or eight places where I could venture to put a puppy, from fear of disturbing the dear pheas-

any thing but flourishing: this, combined, with the high prices I was accustomed to offer for what suited me, will at once account for the ease with which I deprived them of their best hounds; and “our poverty, and not our will, consents,” was always the exclamation of Mr. Smith whilst negotiating a deal. Permit me to embrace this opportunity of recording my warmest wishes for the success and prosperity of this old and very perfect establishment; as well as for that of the worthy and estimable individual at its head. I am writing this on the anniversary of the day that many years ago I first hunted with the B. B. at Norton-le-Clay; and, please God, I will dedicate a bumper of black-strap to their good sport, as the very first toast after dinner this evening.

<sup>1</sup> I am here, perhaps, abusing myself unjustly; for, by what other plan than the one which I adopted, could I, on the spur of the moment, as it were, establish a pack of hounds to run well together at the pace I required them?

<sup>2</sup> In verification of this remark, I think I need only appeal to every man in East Lothian with whom I had the honour of acquaintance: one and all, unless I am much mistaken, would testify, that (a fault on the right side, and one that is but seldom committed) I was, if any thing, rather more in my kennel than I ought to have been. God knows, however, if I had again the management of hounds, I should be in no haste to correct it.

<sup>3</sup> Twelve couples and a half only reached the Boroughbridge kennel. Most imprudently and improvidently I did not travel with them myself; and the best and handsomest hound in the pack (Marcia, from the Lothian kennel) was lost on the road up by the fellow who had charge of them.

sants and hares, and thereby getting into the black books of those mighty potentates, and principal purveyors for the Edinburgh market, the keepers\*. To one of their body, by the way, I take this opportunity (for I know he will hear of it) of expressing my acknowledgments for his exertions respecting my hounds *and myself* in the winter of 1825; and, in return for all favours received, beg leave to assure him that I will most willingly walk barefoot to Edinburgh to take leave of him, whenever his time arrives *to go up the Lawn Market*†—a destination to which both he and most of his family are decidedly bound, unless I am much deceived.

To return to my hounds. Although wofully cramped, as I

have observed, for quarters, I bred as many every season as I had any chance of putting out; and, still adhering to the system of purchasing, though not of course to the same extent, I brought my pack, in the year 1825, as close to the idea which I entertained of perfection in harriers, as it was possible for me to do: and I regret extremely that I have mislaid the only accurate copy of the kennel-book which I possess for that year. I cannot refrain from laying before my readers a list for 1824: they will see, I think, at once by it, that I paid some slight attention to variety of blood; and that I did not very unfaithfully fulfil the important task entrusted to me, of creating a pack.

#### PEDIGREES AND AGES OF THE SALTON HARRIERS, 1824.

Ages.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
7 years	Roman -	Lasher -	Rachel.
6 years	Stroller -	From the York and Ainsty Fox-hounds.	
4 years	Damper -	Sir B. Graham's Driver	Mr. Smith's Cora
	Driver -		
	Dragon -	Mr. Smith's Clinker	His Caroline.
	Chaunter -		
	Gamesome -	From the Lothian Fox-hounds.	
	Music -		
	Heroine -		
	Racket -		
3 years	Bender -	York and Ainsty Brafferton	Mr. Smith's Cora.
	Ranter -	Mr. Smith's Magnet	Mr. Saville's Riot.
	Conqueror -	Clinker -	Caroline.
	Chancellor -	From Lord Harewood's.	
2 years	Truelove -	From the Lothian Fox-hounds.	
	Gaylass -		
	Famous -		
	Frantic -		
	Lictor -	Mr. Lambton's Conqueror	His Laundress.
	Levity -	Mr. Lambton's Stickler	His Lady.
	Minion -	Mr. Lambton's Gameboy	His Minion.
	Monitor -	From Lord Harewood's.	
	Pilgrim -		
	Selin -		
	Midnight -		
	Buxton -		

\* Since the period I am speaking of, there has been, thank Heaven! a kind of revolution amongst these worthies: but like the one which our neighbours across the Channel have experienced, has the change been for the better?

† *Anglicæ*, when he makes his appearance under the protection of a certain gentleman in office, better known than trusted, in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey.

‡ In 1826 they were crossed with, and obtained from, sixteen kennels of fox-hounds, and five packs of harriers.



<i>Ages.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Sires.</i>	<i>Dams.</i>	
1 year	Timely -	Mr. Lambton's Leader -	York and Ainsty Tarnish.	
	Narrative -	<i>From the Lothian Fox-hounds.</i>		
	Countess -			
	Harmony -			
	Danger -	Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter	The Badsworth Vigilant.	
	Dashwood -			
	Dainty -			
	Hostess -	Lord Fitzwilliam's Fairplay	The Badsworth Harpy.	
	Hasty -			
	Bluecap -			
	Bondsman -	The Badsworth Marksman	Their Lavish.	
	Boundless -			
	Tarnish -			
	Pillager -	The Badsworth Coroner	Their Termagant.	
	Skillful -	The Badsworth Palestine	Their Levity.	
	Mischief -	The Badsworth Leader -	Their Willing.	
	Minor -	Lord Fitzwilliam's Fairplay	The Badsworth Madcap.	
	Marplot -	Mr. Lambton's Lucifer	His Margery.	
	Rival -	Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon	Mr. Lambton's Racket.	
	Jewell -	Mr. Warde's Juggler -	Mr. Lambton's Billingsgate.	
	Jewess -			
	Leader -			
	Darting -	Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon	Mr. Lambton's Favorite.	
	Clasher -	Mr. Lambton's Dealer -	His Bonnybell.	
	Devonshire -	Chancellor -	Mr. Smith's Cora.	
	Merlin -	Damper -	Mr. Smith's Riot.	
	Ruby -	Darter -	Music.	
	Riot -	Lord Lonsdale's Leader	Lord Harewood's Tarnish.	
	Crazy -	Lord Middleton's Triumph	Lord Harewood's Rachael.	
	Crafty -	Mr. Baird's Hymen -	Captain Baird's Cora.	
	Cora -			
Cruel -				
Cruiser -	Duke of Grafton's Chronicle	Mr. Baird's Mayday.		
Bonnybell -	York Marplot -	Their Bravery.		
Freeman -	Mr. Warde's Forester -	Sir Tatton Sykes's Abigail.		
Faction -				
Frenzy -				
Fallacy -	Mr. Warde's Forester -	His Madcap.		
Merkin -				
Spiteful -				
Ladybird -	<i>From the Northumberland Fox-hounds.</i>			

Now in what I am about to say, I have little doubt that I shall be laughed at and accused of exaggeration. As I care not, however, now-a-days for a sneer, and have no end to serve in puffery or humbug, I shall say it notwithstanding. I am writing this fresh from having spent some time in that highly and justly-celebrated fox-hound kennel, Colonel Wyndham's; and if ever one lot of hounds was the exact picture and counterpart of another, his most

beautiful bitch-pack is the very image of what I have just given. Handsome and perfect as they are, they are neither handsomer nor more perfect than my own, alas! *were*; nor, as I believe in salvation, are they ten yards in a mile faster. I will trust myself, however, with no farther remarks on my beloved and regretted old hounds, than to say, that while they had the speed pretty nearly of the wind, they would work out as low and doubtful a scent, and with

\* As Sir Walter Scott most beautifully says,

"They were—and oh! how many sorrows crowd  
Into those two brief words!"

*Conclusion of the Lord of the Isles.*

as much patience, as the veriest pot-hunting lot of beagles that ever walked and worried an unfortunate hare to death: and should it please Almighty Providence at any time to restore me to the management of a kennel, I shall look back to my recollections of the Salton Harriers, as the best and the safest beacon by which it is possible for me to steer.

A spice of vanity, they tell us, is inherent in the composition of ninety-nine men out of a hundred; and of the following letter, which I cannot withstand the temptation of giving, I am vain, I must confess, and proud in the extreme. It comes from one of the acknowledged *very best sportsmen and judges of hounds and hunting of the present day*: to whom, when I found that the tender mercies of an agent and attorney were on the point of stripping me of every shilling I possessed, I made the offer of my pack. I subjoin it without adding or diminishing a syllable:—

“Dumfries-shire, 3d July.

“MY DEAR SIR.—Having, during the last ten days, been constantly moving about through different parts of the country, I only received your very obliging letter yesterday, on my return home. If I was quite certain of having it in my power to remain here all next season, I would not hesitate one moment, but would at once avail myself of your offer, *knowing that, by so doing, the most perfect pack of hounds which ever came under my observation would be made mine*. As, however, I am in a state of doubt as to what my arrangements after the autumn are to be, I would not be acting fairly towards you if I accepted of your harriers, and so deprived you of

the power of placing them with some other friend, whose plans may be more settled than my own are at present. It will give me great pleasure if I hear that you are enabled, by effecting some temporary arrangement, to retain a right to resume possession of them when it may suit your views to do so; as, *after having bestowed so much attention, and having brought your pack into so perfect a state*, it would be very hard were you forced again to undertake *all the labour and vexation which are attendant on the formation of a new establishment*. Thanking you for this very particular mark of attention, I beg that you will offer my best regards to —, and believe me to be very sincerely yours,

“————.”

Of all this, however, perhaps more than enough; and having said so much of the hounds, let us proceed to wind up with a few words respecting the country which they hunted. As I have already intimated, the Lammermuirs were their chief scene of action; and, as I have elsewhere already stated, I cannot bring myself to condemn the Lammermuirs as a hunting country, to the extent to which it was fashionable to go. This I can at any rate affirm in their favour, with the exception of the soft ground, which every body knows who knows any thing of the matter, is detectable by a blind man after he has had three days' hunting on the hills, I see very little difference between them and the Southdowns in this neighbourhood, where (to one pack of harriers at least) it is notorious that swarms of people resort from all parts of the country every year of their lives\*.

\* Including, of course, from the very short and accessible distance from London, a pretty liberal sprinkling of counter-fet sportsmen. I always like to have a fling at an

It was, however, the very worst and most precipitous part of the Lammermuir chain that fell to the lot of my old favorites to hunt; and it was next to impossible, even with the most perfect knowledge of the *locale*, at all times to be with so fast a pack over so severe and distressing a country. The hares, too, in many parts, instead of *ringing*, as the low-country ones invariably do, went away as straight as foxes from beginning to end, so that there was scarcely a turn to give the chance of a nick: and I can assure my readers that (putting fencing out of the question) a horse who could live well with the harriers on some of the hills we used to run over, is very amply qualified for any pack of fox-hounds in Christendom.

During the first season of their establishment, they were confined almost entirely to the moors at the back of Newton Hall, Blinkbonny, Long Yester, &c. &c., and, what with the weakness of the pack, the enormous and superabundant quantity of hares, and the immediate neighbourhood of the low country (to which they were sure to run, and of course beat us), very little, as may be supposed, was effected in the way of blood. As the pack, however, grew more purpose-like, it was of course worth while to go farther from home in quest of a better country; and before long our limits were so

far extended as always to enable us to advertise at least two pretty fairish fixtures in the week. Castle-Moffat, Maysheil, and Mill-knowe in the Lammermuir, and Brotherston, The Clint's Hill, and Crookston, to the west of the Kelso road, used to be, I think, our most favorite places of meeting: and in 1825-26, independent of all these, I hunted as fine an extent of country from a kennel near Blacksheills, as, with the exception of Lord Maitland's, I ever beheld for the purpose. I could scarcely wish, indeed, for any thing better (take away some of the soft ground) than either the immense plain stretching from the back of Brotherston to Middleton and Arncliffe, or that from Oxton Village, in the direction of Lauder Hill and Gala Water. Longcroft Common, too, on the left of the Edinburgh road to Kelso, beyond Carfrae Mill, is not only an excellent country for harriers, but remarkable for the stoutness of its hares: and during the spring of 1826 I had seven or eight capital runs from it in various directions. Taken altogether, although sullied and defaced by domestic calamity, and with an unusual length of stoppage from frost and snow, the season I have just mentioned was decidedly the best that I enjoyed with my hounds: and my journal informs me, that, in *forty-seven days'* hunting, I killed *one hundred and*

*Orientalist*, alias a *Cheapsider*, when I catch him out of his place, and doing a bit of sporting at the *West End*; and the following anecdote, which was related to me the other day, is too good, I think, to be lost:—A couple of those interesting youths whom one is daily in the habit of seeing perched up on the top of a Kennington or a Camberwell short, on their road to the shop, had found, or rather mistaken, their way one fine Monday morning to Hyde Park Corner, and, during the sale of a Melton stud, were endeavoring, after the fashion of their tribe, to square their language to the atmosphere of the place. "Ha'nt that a fine hanimal, *Jem*?" says one to the other, as one of the best hunters in the Vale of Belvoir was shewn out: "I wish the Governor would let me go as far as a pony, or even thirty, for him."—"Why, yees," drawled his friend, with the true Change-alley whine, "I think he would be worth all the money to you as a *hiser-back*!" We all know what a genuine cockney calls the cover of his day-book.

seven hares, with some of the most brilliant and extraordinary good runs that could well be ridden to with harriers.

Any description of these runs would of course be uninteresting in the extreme to those who are unacquainted with the country and the pack; and I refrain, therefore, from indulging my recollections on the subject, more especially as my decreasing paper reminds me it is almost time to conclude. I may appeal, nevertheless, to Mr. W. Brodie, if he remembers the 15th October 1825, when, after almost every one had gone home *well satisfied*, our third hare took us from the eastern extremity of Brotherston, right over to beyond Middleton (where she died), without a check till quite at the finish? Does he also remember (if he does not, I do) the beautiful and almost wonderful manner in which old *Midnight* carried the scent down the stony road, just before they ran in to her on the open moor? I may likewise ask that well-wisher to hunting and good sportsman, Mr. Purves, of Lilestone, if he has yet (amongst others) a recollection of a certain day's sport near Lauder, after which I was obliged to leave my whipper's horse at his house for the night? God knows I could write a volume in detail of the sport of this magnificent season: but I have already trespassed so long, and I fear so wearily, on my readers, that I must here break off, and bring these Reminiscences at once to a conclusion.

One word more, however, before I quit the Lammermuirs for ever—

"Where rise their summits, there to me are friends!"

On their heath-clad braes have I

passed the happiest, far happiest portion of my existence; and in the recollection of scenes with which they and my hounds are identified, have I, during the trappings and gorings of the black ox, derived my chief support and solace. What wonder, therefore, if in bidding an eternal farewell to them, which I now do, I should feel as if separating for life from a beloved and valued friend? "My pilgrim's shrine, however, is won;" and, in concluding these pages, I destroy, as it were, the last link of connection between me and the Lothians for ever!

Let me then at least make my final adieus in the spirit of good feeling, and in the words of poor Burns—

"Farewel, my friends—farewel, my  
foes,—

My peace with these—my love with  
those!"

May the best and extreme of sport, of prosperity, and of happiness, attend for ever on the former! and on the latter, if such there be, the very bitterest curse that I will imprecate is, that they may sustain one hour of that anguish which the defection and desertion of those most fondly confided in, and the wreck of property, for months and years inflicted remorselessly on DASHWOOD!

Adieu then, a long and last adieu, to the dear hills of the North! And what better conclusion can I make to these Reminiscences of the Lothians, than (imperfect as they are) to dedicate them to that Master, of whom I profess myself an unworthy pupil; and to whom I gratefully acknowledge that I owe almost entirely whatever little knowledge I may possess of hounds and hunting?—To William Wil-

liamson, therefore, with every good and kind wish, both in his public and private capacity, do I inscribe these Recollections of old scenes and old times.

DASHWOOD.

Worthing, November 1829.

# POSTSCRIPT TO THE REMINISCENCES.

“Wha wants me?”

SIR,

**A**FTER the somewhat lugubrious termination of the “Reminiscences,” the following Postscript will, I dare say, read to many not unlike the inscription in the cemetery of *Père-la-Chaise*:—“Here lies the beloved and lamented Antoine Laroux!!!—his disconsolate widow still keeps the *Magazin de Modes*, number fifteen, Rue Vivienne!!

Be this, however, as it may, I have been advised by more than one individual acquainted with my propensities and habits to take this opportunity of advertising myself out of place; and informing the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, that I am most anxious again to employ myself in the conduct of a hunting establishment. In conformity with this advice, therefore, I now do so; and will only add, that any note directed for DASHWOOD, to the care of the Editor, will be certain at almost all times to find me, and shall receive an immediate reply.

DASHWOOD.

# AQUATICS.

SIR,

**I** had thought that my letter to you, which appears in this month's *Sporting Magazine*, would

have been my last communication for the season of 1829; but a circumstance has subsequently come to my knowledge, which is in itself so exceedingly gratifying to all those who take a pleasure in *Aquatic Sports*, that I cannot refrain from again addressing you, hoping that the information sent will prove a sufficient apology for once more trespassing upon your valuable columns.

The intelligence I have received is relating to

## THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that the yachts belonging to the Members of this Club are permitted to enter all the French ports free of port charges. This instance of liberality has, it would appear, not been extended to the Club, merely on account of the gain which such an exemption must necessarily entail to the shop and hotel keepers at the various ports along the French coast; but has flowed ingenuously and spontaneously from a feeling of admiration at the spirit and consideration manifested by some of the first Nobles of the British Empire, in supporting that, which, whilst it is at once a favorite amusement, is still attended with its advantages to the country at large—by eventually producing and introducing those individuals, who, at a moment's notice, will not only be competent to enter, but will prove ornaments to, His Majesty's Navy. With this view, I have been given to understand, it was that our beloved Sovereign consented that his name should stand as PATRON OF THE CLUB; and in several instances the benefits anticipated have been fully realized.

In furtherance of this manifestation of generosity, an order has re-

cently, I understand, been forwarded to Cherbourg, and, I believe, to all the ports, continuing the privilege afforded to the Members of the Club, and directing that every possible mark of attention shall be observed to such Members as shall be disposed to put in.

In addition to this mark of favour, I have to announce that, under the influence of high authority, the Commodore of the Club (Lord Yarborough) has received a communication to the effect, "that a splendid Cup of the value of 120 Louis-d'or, will be given to be sailed for by such yachts as may feel inclined to visit Cherbourg in the course of the next season." It is not intended by the munificent donors that there shall be a match in which the yachts of the two countries shall contend against each other; but the prize is to be sailed for by yachts belonging to the R. Y. C. only; and the time when the contest is to take place is left entirely to the discretion of its Commodore. I experience the more pleasure in noticing this circumstance, as it affords another proof that the ill feeling and jealousy, which, from a long and protracted war, had been engendered between the two kingdoms, is rapidly sinking into oblivion.

An early equipment is already spoken of as certain; and I am induced, from a knowledge of the Noble Commodore, to think that his Lordship will be desirous of evincing, as speedily as practicable, the high estimation the Members hold this unlooked-for token of the light in which their object is viewed by a Foreign Power. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, having the honour of the personal acquaintance of many of

them, that they will be on the alert at the turn of the vernal season, in order to support their Commodore, by getting well "under rigging and weigh," so as to be ready to act under *immediate* and *un-sealed* orders.

Nov. 10, 1829.

I ought to apologize for the omission of the following Regattas in my former communication. They will complete these interesting sports for the past season.

#### THE RAMSGATE REGATTA.

This Regatta, which took place in Pegwell Bay, about one mile from Ramsgate, was under the patronage of the Earl of Darley and J. A. Warre, Esq. by whom the usual arrangements were made. The weather was more than customarily favorable, and induced an unusual number of persons to congregate in the neighbourhood. In fact, all the foreign and native beauty and fashion of the place honored the sports with their countenance, covering the line of cliffs for a very considerable distance. The Bay also presented an exceedingly pretty spectacle, numberless individuals having engaged all the boats in the vicinity of Ramsgate and Margate, for the purpose of having a nearer view of the movements of the wager vessels; and the residents appeared to have resolved that not a single visitor should go away with the slightest reason for uttering an expression of disappointment, as every arrangement calculated to afford comfort to them was made.

The first prize was for a purse of sovereigns; and was sailed for by seven boats. This was a pretty race, and was won by the *Jane*, T. Stock; the *Alert* following very



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prevent his again carrying it off, as it would thereby be lost to the Club—the rule being that it should become the property of a Member gaining it two years in succession. Three gigs started, Mr. Kennedy's, Mr. Batt's, and Mr. Langtry's. The first gentleman's boat had no chance, the two latter going away from her at once. Mr. Batt was the successful competitor on this occasion. The distance rowed was about ten miles.

On the fourth day the Cup was won, after an exceedingly well-contested race, by the Amethyst, belonging to Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill. Ten yachts started.

On the fifth day six yachts of a smaller class sailed for the prize, which was won by the Gipsev.

On the 6th day there were several rowing matches. The first was for a Cup value sixty guineas, presented by the Ladies of Belfast and neighbourhood, to become the property of a Member gaining two years in succession. Only two gigs started, Mr. Robertson's and Mr. Langtry's—the latter of which gained the Cup with great ease.

This was followed by a race by such four-oared boats as had not won a prize during the meeting, and was well contested.

The greatest interest, however, was excited by the next race, on which large bets were depending. It was a private match betwixt Mr. Robertson's gig (pulled by the same crew who gained on Wednesday) and Mr. Batt's gig (pulled by a picked crew of the Belfast pilots). At starting, Mr. Batt's gig took the lead for some time, but the other soon passed her; and, having kept a-head during the remainder of the race, won in excellent style.

This day completed the arrange-

ments that had been made for this Regatta; but the Belfast Cup of fifty guineas remained to be sailed for, and it was fixed to take place on Monday, when ten yachts started. The Cup (which must be won two years in succession before it becomes the property of the winner) was ultimately gained by the Thetis. The only other vessel that rounded all the signal boats was the Elizabeth; but so light and variable was the breeze, that she did not arrive till several hours after the Thetis.

#### THE POOLE REGATTA.

The great attraction of this Regatta was, that several yachts belonging to the Members of the "Royal Yacht Club" were entered to compete for some of the prizes. The best match was that for

#### THE SILVER CUP,

value thirty guineas, which was won by Paul Pry (belonging to J. Weld, Esq.) beating the Zadora (J. Greathead, Esq.) The match between these two fine yachts was extremely well contested, and excited more than ordinary interest. So near were they together on first rounding the starting vessel, that the jib-boom of the Paul Pry was in contact with the boom of the Zadora, the latter then having the lead. Eventually the Paul Pry won by a few minutes only in consequence of the Zadora having struck on the Hook sands.

The only other match of importance was for

#### THE LADIES CUP.

Three yachts started, and came in thus:—

Duke of Gloucester, C. Fryer, Esq.  
Little Vixen, J. Wright, Esq.  
Lotos, E. Janverin, Esq.

In this match the Duke of Glou-



cester, when on her larboard tack, having run foul of the *Lotos*, the prize was awarded to the second vessel (the *Little Vixen*), which vessel also won a Cup at the last Weymouth Regatta.

AN AMATEUR.

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A COURSING QUERY — FOX-HUNTING ANECDOTE—SORE BACKS.

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SIR,

**A**S coursing is now the order of the day with all lovers of the "long dogs," I will beg the favour of your inserting a Query for some of your Correspondents conversant with the subject to answer.

A dispute arose as to which dog had a right to be considered the second best of sixteen which ran for a Cup the season before last. There is no question as to which dog had a right to the second prize—whether Goblet, Guinea, or whatever it might be; the question was, which dog had a right to be considered the second best? or whether it follows as a matter of course, that the dog winning the second prize is the second best dog?—this is admitting all the courses, both for the Cup and the contingent Stakes, to have been fair trials and correctly decided?

There is a Stakes contingent upon the Cup for the eight unsuccessful dogs in the first class; and the dog which won that Stakes was beat in that Class for the Cup by the same dog which eventually won the Cup. The question which arose upon that, and it found many advocates on both sides, was, whether it followed as a matter of course that the dog

which won the Goblet had a right to be considered a better dog than he which won the contingent stakes?

The second question is, does it not depend on whether the winner of the Cup had a greater superiority over one of them than over the other? and, if he had not, whether the two dogs in question have not a right to be considered as equal?

Had the winner of the Stakes been beat in the first Class for the Cup by any other than the dog which eventually won the Cup, he could, I conceive, have no claim to be considered second best: but being beat by him only, seems to leave the *title* open for him to claim it equally with the other: and as this is a matter of fame, I should be glad to have the opinion of some of your valuable Coursing Correspondents on the subject.

Your Correspondent, OLD RYBARNARD, in your last Number, giving us an anecdote of his namesake taking refuge from his eager pursuers, with Old Meynell, the King of the Kennel, at their heels, reminds me of a circumstance that once amused me not a little; and as I have, in days gone by, had much pleasure in bringing the brush home in my pocket, and even now love a crack of the whip, I will here shortly relate it.

We had a long run, with a burning hot scent great part of the time, and the hounds, in going through a covert, roused a fresh fox: Great part of the hounds settled to his scent, followed by most of the field of horsemen: but about five couple of hounds, which proved to be old ones, stuck to the old hunted fox; and one of the whippers, with myself and a

few others, followed them until we were run out of sight or hearing. After persevering, however, for some time, we found the hounds about the door of an old woman's low cottage, with *bloody* symptoms about them of having killed their fox. We found no one but the old woman in the cottage, just sat quietly down after having cleansed the house-floor of the blood and dirt occasioned by the slaughter of poor old Reynard upon it, and of course asked if she had seen him—"Aye sure I have," she says; "he ran in here, and crept under the squab, but these hounds found him, and here they killed him."—"Well, but where is he?" says the whipper—"Oh! why they eat him."—"But," says a youngster, who had ridden all the run as if he meant carrying a trophy home with him, "*Where is the brush?*"—"Why," says the old dame, "if ya wanten hit ya mun look behind the door." No sooner said than done, and was no little chagrined at the old jade's simplicity, and disappointment of his own eagerness, by finding nothing but the *house-brush* behind the door, which gave us a hearty laugh at his expense.

As variety is charming, so will I beg to allude to a third subject in this communication, of which I am reminded by your excellent Correspondent NIMRON's remarks upon horses having sore backs. A hint I once had from the Quarter Master of a Regiment of Light Horse on that subject I have found very useful, and possibly some of your readers may find it the same.

It is a very common practice with many, as soon as a horse comes into the stable from work, to slacken the girths and move the saddle a

little back, and there let it remain till they are ready to clean him; which practice the Quarter Master said he had found from experience to be a bad one, and he had very much trouble with sore-backed horses whilst he allowed that practice to be continued. Whether it was his own suggestion, or a hint from some one else, I have forgotten; but he had, for many years before informing me this, adopted a contrary system—that of straightening the girths a hole till they were cool and fit to take the saddle off; and from that time they had scarcely any sore-backed horses in the regiment.

Whether slackening the girths, and thereby letting the saddle cool faster than the horse's back from the perspiration he was in, had any effect in making his back more tender, I will leave to others to explain. He stated that to me as a fact, and I conceived it too worthy of attention; and I can add my own experience from that time, about thirty-four years, in confirmation of his assertion: for since that period no man who has had riding horses has been less troubled with sore backs than I have; and I am not aware of any other difference in my mode of treating them from that of other people but the one above alluded to.

I could cite several instances, but let one suffice. My brother and myself at one time, many years ago, had each a pretty good nag, in the same stable, under the same man's care, the saddles also, of course. His horse was seldom without a sore back, and my mare never had; yet he laughed at my practice, thinking it was owing to his horse's back being more tender

than my mare's that caused his back to be sore; and therefore ordered the man either to slacken the girths or take the saddle off at once, whilst mine was ordered to be straightened. It so happened that he had to go to a friend's for a week or two's hunting, when his horse's back was so bad that he was totally unfit to be saddled. I therefore lent him my mare, and in ten days he brought her home with as sore a back as need to be. She was obliged to rest a week or

two from that cause; and as his horse's back was got well, I rode him during the time, being nearly two stone the heaviest of the two, and I put the horse along at a good alapping pace, but I delivered him up at last *without* a sore hack.

Your readers will not wonder that I have continued that system of straightening the girths ever since, or that I should think it worthy of stating it to you for the benefit of those who choose to try the experiment. TANTARA.

### THE WHIP.

SIR,

IN case you should approve of the following verses (on seeing the WHIP pronounced unworthy of an attempt to gain possession of it), I shall feel highly obliged to you by their insertion in your Magazine.—  
I remain, Sir, your constant reader, MAMELUKE.

November 10, 1829.

And was it said—"A valuable horse  
Should not be made to run the Beacon Course,  
Nor stake two hundred pounds of useful tip,  
For prize—scarce worth a lawyer's fee—*THE WHIP*?"  
Should there remain no monument to tell  
How *Second Charles* for Plates exchange'd the bell?  
And how he raised the best of sports on high,  
From the drear depths of lone obscurity?  
For what did Kings on famed Olympia's plain  
Stretch every nerve, and loosen every rein,  
Hindmost or foremost, persevering staunch—  
For what, I say?—"Twas for an olive-branch.  
Then why in vain essay to dock and nip  
The sprouting honours of King Charles's *WHIP*?  
What though no *DINNERS* feast th' enchanted sight,  
Nor *PONT*, nor *CLARET*, thirsty souls invite!—  
What though no *GARDENS* boast their gorgeous reign—  
No ancient *OATLANDS* spreads its rich domain!—  
Can these alone a true-born sportsman fire?  
These only fan an Englishman's desire?  
Not so—the glory of the *WHIP* shall last,  
(If I may judge the future by the past,)  
While grow on land *POTATOES*, *SHARKS* in seas;  
While *DRONES* give trouble to the lab'ring bees;

\* The silver bell, anciently run for.

While CREEPERS spread ; while smiths the ANVIL raise ;  
 And in each sign St. GEORGE the DRAGON slays :  
 While lives, in Egypt's variable story,  
 The SULTAN's, MAMELUK's, and MEMNON's glory.

### TRIBUTE TO DANIEL HAIGH, ESQ.

SIR,  
**T**HE following lines were written over the mahogany out of pure respect and admiration of Daniel Haigh, Esq. Master of the Old Surrey Fox-hounds, after a most brilliant run on the 17th of March 1828.—We found near the Half Moon on the Godstone road, and went off at a racing pace for forty-five minutes, and killed at Westerham in Kent, after a very circuitous route, in an hour and twenty minutes—unfortunately in a Gentleman's garden of that place, to the total destruction of early peas and flower beds. The only recompense we could make was, by presenting the Lady of the house with the brush. If you will give this slight effusion a place in your valuable Magazine, you will be conferring a great favour on your obedient servant,

November 5, 1829.

SUSSEX.

### AIR—"The Bonnets of Blue."

Here's a health to them that can ride !  
 Here's a health to them that can ride !  
 And those who don't wish good luck to the cause,  
 May they roast by their own fire-side !  
 It's good to drown care in the chase,  
 It's good to drown care in the bowl,  
 It's good to support DANIEL HAIGH and his hounds—  
 Here's his health from the depth of the soul !

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !  
 Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !  
 It's good to support DANIEL HAIGH and his hounds,  
 And echo the shrill tally-ho !

Here's a health to them that ride well !  
 Here's a health to them that ride bold !  
 May the leaps and the dangers that each has defied,  
 In columns of sporting be told !  
 Here's freedom to him that would walk !  
 Here's freedom to him that would ride !  
 There's none ever feared that the horn should be heard  
 Who the joys of the chase ever tried.

Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !  
 Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !  
 It's good to support DANIEL HAIGH and his hounds,  
 And halloo the loud tally-ho.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER  
OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

SIR,  
EVERY thing seemed to conspire to make this one of the most cheerful meetings in the memory of those who still remain on the Turf—fine weather, crowds of the highest and most noble characters, with grooms, jockeys, and legs, from every part of the kingdom, and several foreigners: the only drawback was a seeming want of money. I say *seeming*, because, as wealth is too often the parent of profligacy, and as frequently of vice, the people on the Turf therefore must be very good, unless it is possible that these evils may be drawn from other sources.

The sports of MONDAY began with a very interesting Match for 200, between the Duke of Portland's Harlequin and Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, with betting really as if there was no such thing as poverty in the land. Merchant became a distinguished favorite as soon as Chifney was declared as his jockey: so much for character!—bet character, though it does much, cannot do impossibilities. It, however, made many of the friends of Harlequin turn round, and back Merchant, on Chifney's account; but, alas! Harlequin here, like Harlequin on the stage, had the best of it all the way, won cleverly, and John Day, upon him, had no occasion for recourse to one pantomimic trick.

Mr. W. Chifney's Nessus, just bought out of Mr. Pettit's stables, rode by Conolly, beat Mr. Pettit's Deformity, rode by Tommy Lye: and *deformity* it really was, both above and below, in construction and execution.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's The Fairy, Robinson, beat the Duke of

Richmond's Convert, Pavis, for 100 sovs., Two-year-old Course.

Lord Worcester's Maresfield beat Sir M. Wood's Hajji Baba, which is called by "the march of intellect," amongst jockey boys, and to the comfort of those who are afraid of too much learning in the humbler classes, *Aged Baby!* In the above four matches this was the only thing like a race, and won with difficulty by a neck only.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. followed—so called from a resemblance to the Derby Course at Epsom, and much better calculated to measure a Derby or Oaks nag for next year than any other course at Newmarket: it is from the turn of the lands in, all the way against the hill, and as severe for a two-year-old course now as Epsom is for a three-year-old next May. This was the first experiment, and seemed to answer all the purposes for which it was intended. Many however, preferred remaining in the dark, rather than know their fate so soon, and paid forfeit to the number of 23; out of which some might pay for *other reasons*: so that of 28 subscribers five only came to the post. They had a very good start at a superior pace, which was well kept up for a long way; when Sam Day, at 8st. 5lb. (2lb. for a previous winning), took a daring place in front with Cetus, from which he could go at any time and win, which he did at last with perfect ease; the Leeway filly second; the third, fourth, and fifth at equal distances, and all placed—shewing at once the severity of the course, the pace, and, in fact, *the Criterion*.

Handicap Plate of 100l.—Five started, and three drawn, D. I., which Mameluke won very easily; Coroner second, but not a good

one; Locket, Lamplighter, and poor old Helenus in rotation, in the downhill of life, in bad plight, and sadly in the rear.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for colts and fillies, Ditch In, was won with great superiority by the Duke of Richmond's Hindoo. Boyce merely guided him, and that even was unnecessary. Lord Exeter's Ada colt was second, but not forward enough for Dockeray's riding to be of any use to him. Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt was by some expected to do great things; but, with Robinson on his back, he could not take a better place than last. Many thought he was not in a fit state to run: "Then why run him?"—"To get him more favorably weighted on some future occasion," was the answer.—Mr. Rush, I am certain in my own mind, is above all such narrow selfishness: it is much more likely that Hindoo is a good fair horse, and Rhoda only a moderate one.

A long day's sport on TUESDAY began by Mr. Greville's Blue Bonnet beating Lord Ranelagh's Imprudence, for 100 sovs., Rowley Mile. As his Lordship has but just come upon the Turf, there will be people no doubt who will think him lucky in having his *Imprudence* beaten so soon; without thinking how few there are who have not a nag out of this stud requiring a great deal of curbing if not beating; whereas this *Imprudence* was got over by a neck, which is not much—and that with ease.

Lord Tavistock's Taurus—so called from his roaring—not only beat, but frightened almost out of 50 sovs. Mr. Thornhill's little filly, in spite of the blood of *Worry*, *Woful*, and *Sall* united.

Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each; for which we had a good deal of racing and a little wrangling.

Six started the first time, leaving Mr. Thornhill's obstinate filly or obstinate jockey at the post; and made a most beautiful race of it without her; which Mr. Batson won with his Suffolk Punch, a head, and claimed the stakes, in spite of the cry of "No start." Mr. Roberts's *Emilius* filly was a good second, with the rest close up. This outcry sent them back to the post, and they ran it over again; when the Duke of Richmond's Aranda won, a head; Mr. Wilson's Tramp colt second; with the rest well up. At an investigation by the Jockey Club, the first was deemed a start, and Mr. Batson had the money. The starter proved to be like the man in the stocks—and his evidence, though not quite clear, was conclusive.

Mr. Greville's Vortigern, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Pettit's *Prue* filly, 8st. started at a foot's pace for 50 sovs., the distance being one mile. They walked the first half of it, leaving, however, distance enough to knock them completely up. The *Prue* filly bolted close at the post, and Vortigern followed her example, though before her, and the winner. They ran with all the violence they had left towards some temporary hurdles, and really seemed in danger; but the *Prue* filly had too much prudence to attempt leaping them, and Vortigern too much fondness for her to leave her behind.

Handicap Sweepstakes—so handy for all but those who keep the horse—had ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each. This Mr. Greville's *Sycorax* colt won, well rode by A. Pavis. Some thought he looked about him too much; but if having two or three horses on each side of him, nearly as good as himself, won't make a jockey look about

him; I don't know what will. Magawiska was a good second, and Gulsare third.

A Fifty Pound Plate for horses of all ages, beginning at a feather weight up to 9st. 10lb. the last three miles of the B. C. the winner to be sold for 300gs.—To shew how well these gradations are understood, the youngest horse and the lightest weight won it, which was Lord Clinton's Whalebone filly, her dam The Odd Trick; The Alderman, the oldest and *heaviest weight*, second, and claimed the winner. There were ten others of all ages who ran well, but could not get a place.

WEDNESDAY only four races, but these made up in goodness what they wanted in number. The first was a 50l. Plate for two and three-year-olds, T.Y.C. the winner to be sold for 350gs. This was won by Mr. Dilly's Harold, recently claimed at Epsom for 200. He was well rode on this occasion by Sam Day. Colonel Yates's Versatility was second, rode by Boyce; six others started, the pace good, and the winner claimed, and immediately re-sold, it is said, to Lord Lowther for 500gs. He is still a cheap horse.

Mr. Greville's Sycorax colt, by Moses, beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Espagnolle colt by Godolphin, a match for 200, h. ft.—the pace very good, and the betting great indeed. The Godolphin party are wealthy, or they must have suffered. John Day rode the winner, and used the whip unnecessarily when a length first, and wantonly or unconsciously after he had passed the post. Arnul rode the loser; and it was altogether a very fine race.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer undertook with his Kildare, at 9st. 2lb. to Vol. XXV. N.S.—No. 147.

beat Mr. Gully's Trample at 8st. Ab. Mile, but it would not do. It is true that Trample is very moderate; but 16lb. is a great weight to give to such a hand as Buckle, who rode his mare most beautifully, and at the last won by a neck.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards across the Flat. There was plenty of speculative betting and no want of spirit in this race, which was won in the most perfect style of riding by G. Edwards on Bobadilla; Lord Exeter's Ada colt second; Goshawk third; with three others very much tired. The severity of the pace, Edwards's good riding, and the fine condition of Bobadilla, trained by his father, were irresistible.

Lord Taristock's Taurus, G. Edwards, beat with ease Sir M. Wood's Rosary, Pavis, last half of Ab. Mile—a distance well chosen for a roarer.

Handicap Stakes for three-year-olds and upwards was won most splendidly by Enamel, carrying 9st. neatly rode by Dockeray; Rosary second, carrying Pavis, 7st. 5lb.; with three others shamefully beaten. The great Glenartney and six others were afraid to exhibit; for though *Enamel* is only a quick one, they were afraid of his *durability*.

Lord Verulam's Brocard, rode by Conolly, 8st. 12lb. beat Lord Chesterfield's Carthusian, Arnul, very easy at the last. Carthusian all the way had it to his own liking; but, in the last hundred yards, as if disdaining an easy victory, let Brocard win. All exertion on the part of the jockey is totally useless in public with Carthusian—while in private he knows no other place than first.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb,  
R

fifties 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C. the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded. There were ten of all sorts brought to this cheap market, at the head of which we place Mr. Rogers's Envoy by Comus, finely rode by Wheatley; Lord Jersey's Sam colt, his dam Morel, equally well rode by G. Edwards, second. His Lordship was so well satisfied with the performance, that he claimed the winner in less than a minute. There was nothing good enough in the other eight to claim or be claimed, and they were, as they say in Smithfield, "drove home unsold."

Another Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, the winner to be sold on demand for 60 sovs. Who would be without a race horse, were it not for that old-fashioned habit of "eating a' nights," when you see six horses out of seven all winners, and horses of character, the best to be sold for 60 sovs.? How, I would ask, is a man to amuse himself and friends, and see his name in print, at any thing like so cheap a rate? This, no doubt, induced a Foreign Nobleman, if one may judge by the name, a Count Bathiany, to run his filly by Nicolo, her dam the dam of *Tears*, which won, and was claimed by Lord Tavistock, who was second with his *Rosetta*; but whether the Count *shed any* at parting, on account of the bustle I had not the means of knowing.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards, D. I., Oppidan won rather cleverly—Turquoise and Navarin ran a dead heat for second. Had Oppidan carried five pounds more, which was his due, probably it would have been a dead heat with the three.

The sports of FRIDAY began somewhat singularly. The first

was a dead heat between Lord Worcester's Maresfield, 9st. and the Duke of Portland's Ambiguity colt, 7st. 10lb. a Match for 100 sovs. The second race was a dead heat also for the like sum, between Lord Chesterfield's Carthusian, 8st. 7lb. and Lord Worcester's Juryman, 8st. 2lb. It was not so much the object of five pounds that one of these proud coursers gave to the other, as the politeness or unwillingness that each had against taking the lead, or keeping it.

Mr. Greville's Varna, Brother to Emilius, beat Sir M. Wood's John de Bart over the Beacon Course for 100, equal weights. If there had been much betting, it would have been that neither of them could run the course at all. It did, however, amount to a gallop most of the way, and won without a struggle after a hard day's work.

Lord Worcester's Juryman, 8st. 2lb. beat the Duke of Portland's Harlequin, 8st. 10lb. the Ditch Mile. Although Harlequin is the strongest horse in Newmarket, yet he could not give eight pounds. It remains, however, to be proved whether the distance more than the weights was the cause of his defeat.

Canary beat Caller easy—the distance short, and pace good.

We had a most interesting race for the Audley End Stakes—Cadland and Zinganee, at 8st. 7lb. each, Mr. Hunter's Gustavus colt, 6st. 9lb., and Bolivar, a very fine horse, recently from the North, 7st. They began at a very good pace nearly to the Duke's Stand, when the young ones gave way. Arnall then on Zinganee, with either bad orders, or orders badly executed, made the most destructive running to himself, totally dis-



regarding such a horse as Cadland, and such a rider as Robinson: by which rashness every thing was done for Cadland that could be done; whereas, if he had waited at Cadland's quarters, and let him make his own running (a thing he hates) to the last twenty yards, he would have won just two lengths, instead of being beat a head, and saved himself the poorest of all excuses, "I thought I had won."

On SATURDAY, the last day of the Meetings, we had four races, all matches. The first, Hajji Baba beat Toso across the Flat: the second, Lucetta beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Mouse filly—a great disappointment, and 200 sovs.: the third, Kildare beat Redgautlet: and at last Mr. Thornhill's Esprit beat Lord Chesterfield's Rowena filly. The whole of these races were all easy; and, what only is remarkable, all the four winners were out of one stable.

The sports terminated, with the turf in the finest possible condition, notwithstanding the many heavy rains that fell during the meetings; and on the last day were as fine as the lawns in a pleasure ground, with scarcely a visible footmark upon them. This is all owing to Lord Lowther's able management, who, it is said, found the turf three years ago in a most wretched state, and in debt 2000l.; which is now paid off. Two thousand pounds have since been expended upon it, with a surplus now in hand of 1000l.—making it not too much to say, that if his Lordship manages the *Woods and Forests* as well as he has done the *Heath*, he will be as much entitled to the thanks of his country, as a Nelson or a Wellington.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Nov. 3, 1829.

## PARIS RACES.

SIR,

I Hand you, subjoined, an account of the races which have taken place this season in the Department of the Seine, and remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

THOMAS BRYON.

Hôtel de l'Orient, Place des Italiens,  
Paris, Nov. 13, 1829.

THE races commenced this season later than usual; the first did not take place until

*September 27th*; when, although the weather was very unfavorable, the course was numerously attended, to witness the contest for the four Arrondissement prizes of 1200 francs each.

The first prize was won by the Duke de Guiche's br. h. Oscar, 3 yrs old, by Truffe, carrying 416 hectogr., rode by Hall, beating Mr. Sonchey's b. m. Cosiolina, 3 yrs old, by Estham; Mr. Desgrand's b. h. Claudius, 3 yrs old, by Claude; and Mr. Leconte's b. m. Le Li-macon, 3 yrs old, by Snail, who fell in running.

The second prize was won by the Duke de Guiche's b. h. Sylvio, 3 yrs old, by Trance, carrying 416 hectogr., rode by the same jockey as the former, beating Mr. Jaques' ch. h. Young Rainbow, 3 yrs old, by Rainbow, and Lord Henry Seymour's b. m. Dubica, 3 yrs old, by Moses. A great deal of money was pending on the Duke's horse against his Lordship's in this race.

The third prize was won by Mr. Cremieux's b. m. Carina, by Tigria, carrying 499 hectogr., rode by Henry, beating Pere Lebrun's b. m. Justine, 5 yrs old, by Benevis,

and Mr. Santerre's b. m. Rose, 5 yrs old, by Malek Adhel.

The fourth and last race was won by Lord Seymour's ch. h. Clio, 4 yrs old, by Rainbow, carrying 499 hectogr., rode by Walter Weston, beating Mr. J. G. Schiekler's b. h. Schedoni, 5 yrs old, by Milton, and Mr. Desgrand's ch. m. La Rosiere, 5 yrs old, by a Mecklenburgh horse. This race excited great interest amongst the amateurs in the English betting-stand, it being one of the best that has been witnessed in the Champ de Mars, the horses being head to head half the circumference of the course.

*September 29th.*—The principal prize of 2000 francs was won cleverly by Lord Seymour's b. h. Lionel by Truffle, 4 yrs old, rode by North, beating Mr. Leconte's b. m. Pauline, 4 yrs old; Mr. Cremieux's b. m. Carina, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Schiekler's b. h. Young Milton, 5 yrs old. Milton did not start the second heat.—(The length of the course in each heat is four kilometres, or 2052 toises, twice the circumference of the Champ de Mars. In conformity to the 11th and 12th articles of the rules of racing in France, if the winner is thorough-bred, a second prize of 1200 francs is granted, to be contested by the beaten horses, being half-bred, provided they accomplish the distance in a given time.)

The second prize was won by Carina, by Tigris.

*October 4th.*—This day, in consequence of the recent rains, the ground was very heavy. The Royal prize of 5000 francs for half-bred horses, two heats, was won by Baron Bastide's b. m. Vesta, 5 yrs old, by Bijou, rode by Chabrol, beating Count Murat

de Sistriere's ch. m. Louise, aged; Mr. Leconte's ch. h. Fedor, 4 yrs old; and Mr. La Roque's b. m. Lisette, 4 yrs old.

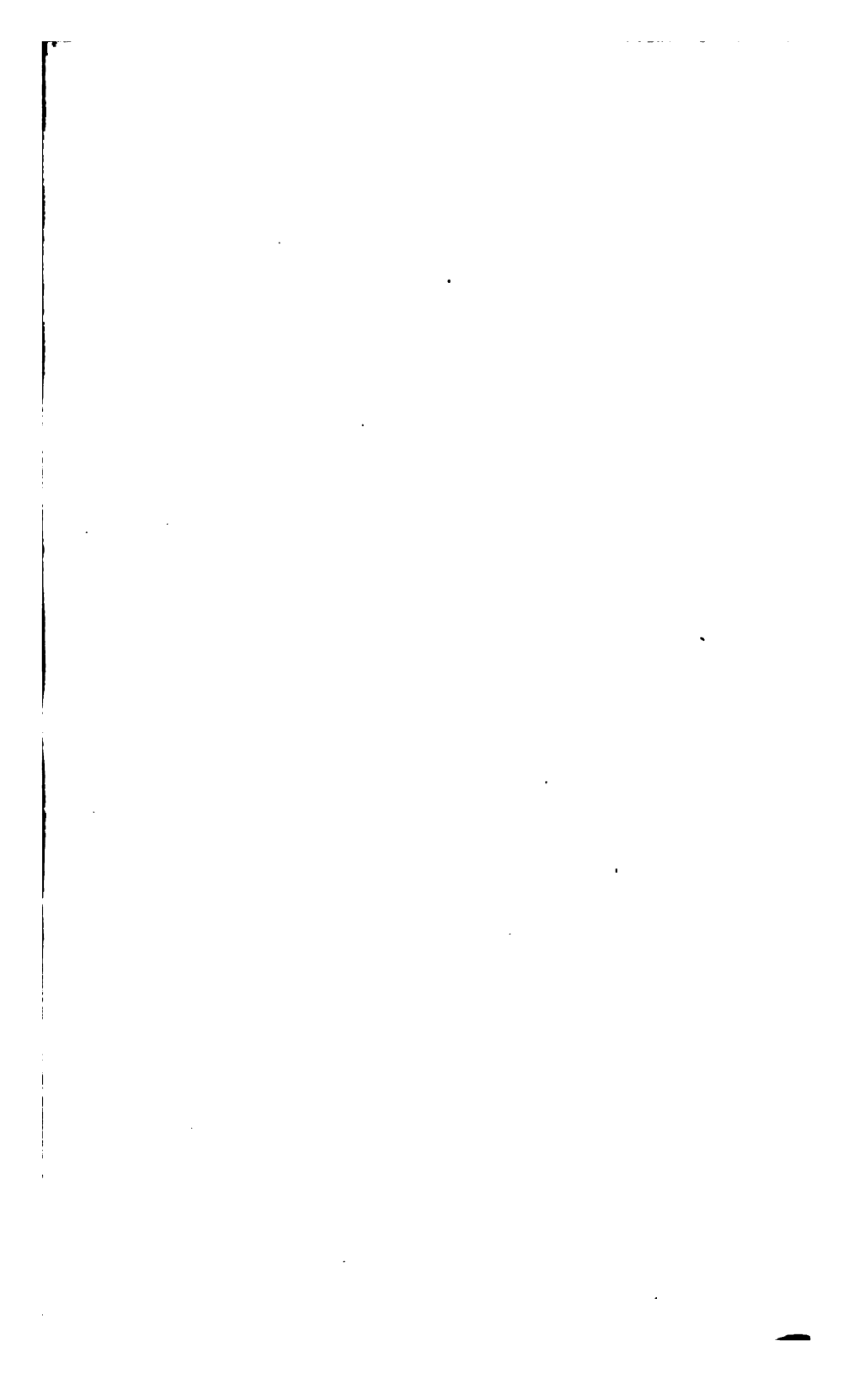
The Royal Grand Prize of 6000 francs, for thorough-bred horses, two heats, was won easily by Lord Seymour's Lionel, rode by North, beating Messrs. Deherain and Menard's b. m. Felime, 5 yrs old; Mr. Cremieux's ch. m. Rosiere, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Allouard's b. m. Carina, 4 yrs old.—Rosiere and Carina did not start the second heat.

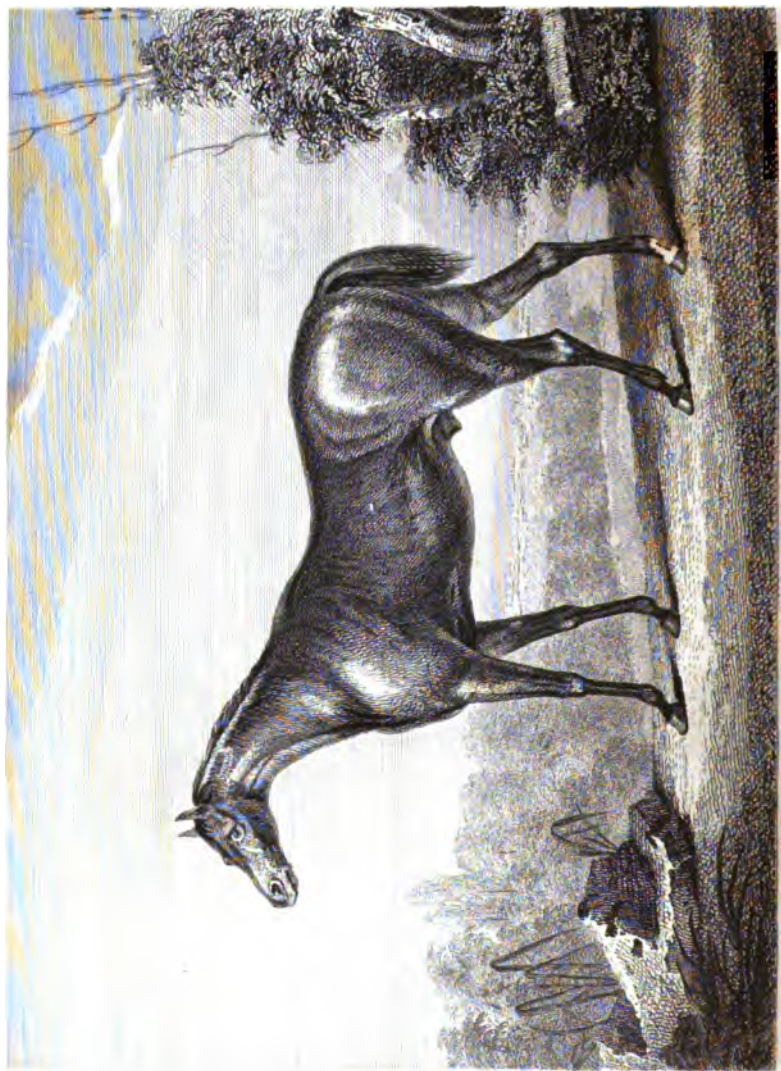
*October 11th.*—This day the races were honored by the presence of the King, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, the Duchess of Berri, and the Duke of Bordeaux. The betting-stand was crowded to excess by distinguished personages, amongst whom we observed the Duke de Guiche, Count d'Orsay, Lord Seymour, Count de Belmont, Marquis de Heredia, Prince Galitzin, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Capt. Groncaux, Count Valesky, Sir A. Malet, and many other Noblemen and Gentlemen of sporting celebrity.

The Dauphin's Prize for thorough and half-bred horses, (consisting of a Silver Cup, value 1000 francs, and 2000 francs in specie,) was won by Mr. Leconte's br. m. Martinette, 5 yrs old, by Tigris, rode by T. Springett, beating Lord Seymour's ch. h. Clio; Messrs. Deherain and Menard's b. m. Felime; Mr. Schiekler's ch. m. Selina; and Mr. La Roque's b. m. Lisette.

In the second heat Lisette fell lame, Martinette's jockey lost a stirrup, Felime did not start, and Clio won the heat.

The third heat was well contested by Clio, and Martinette won it by only half a neck: these





CANTEN.

J.C. Zeiler, Sculp.

two only started for this heat. A great sum of money was pending on this race.

The King's Prize (consisting of a Silver-Gilt Cup, value 1500 francs, a Cup of 800 francs, and 3700 francs in specie,) was won easily by Baron Bastide's Vesta, rode by Chabrol, beating Count Murat de Siatriere's ch. m. Louise, which she distanced in both heats.

The same day Sir Alexander Malet's ch. m. Countess, 5 yrs old, by Comus, carrying 114lbs. beat Mr. Cremieux's br. m. Jeanne d'Arc, 3 yrs old, carrying 100lbs. once round the Champ de Mars, in 2 minutes and 20 seconds, for 100 Louis. The latter was backed by Count d'Orsay. Countess was rode by James Balchin.

In the second match, Count d'Orsay's Flamingo beat Lord Seymour's Dubica, once round the Course, in 2 minutes and 22 seconds, for 100 Louis a-side. Flamingo was rode by Spencer, and backed by Mr. Charles Lafitte.

Count d'Orsay won a round sum in the betting stand this day.

October 18th.—A match was run between the two winners of the Royal Prizes, Baron Bastide's Vesta, carrying weight for age, and Lord Seymour's Lionel, once round, for 6000 francs a-side, which was won by the former.—Same day, Jeanne d'Arc paid forfeit to Flamingo.

#### RACES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

October 15th.—Count d'Orsay's Flamingo, carrying 9st. 3lb. beat Lord Seymour's Charron, carrying 8st. 13lb. a mile and a half, for 2000 francs.

October 31st.—Charron, carrying 8st. 13lb. beat Flamingo, carrying 9st. 9lb. two miles, for 200gs. a-side, Flamingo having bolted.

Same day, Lord Seymour's grey hunter, 6 yrs old, carrying 150lbs. beat Count Valesky's br. h. Young Comus, 4 yrs old, carrying 170lbs. one mile, for 300gs. a-side. The Gentlemen rode their own horses in this race.

November 8th.—Lord Seymour's Lionel beat Count Valesky's Young Comus, carrying 8st. each, one mile for 200gs. a-side.

#### CANTEEN.

CANTEEN, the property of His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, was got by Waxy Pope, his dam Castanea (bred by the Earl of Egremont) by Gohanna; grandam Grey Skim by Woodpecker; great grandam Silver's dam by Herod—Young Hag by Skim—Hag by Crab—Ebony by Childers—Ebony by Basto—the Massesey mare. Waxy Pope was got by Waxy, out of the Duke of Grafton's famous mare Prunella by Highflyer.

Canteen is about fifteen hands two inches high: his blood is inferior to no horse in the kingdom, uniting the blood of Herod and Eclipse by direct descent; and, from his performances, he must be allowed to have been one of the speediest horses of his day.

#### PERFORMANCES.

At Catterick Bridge, 1824, CANTEEN won the Old Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds, two miles (nine subscribers), beating Mr. Gascoigne's Jenny by Smolensko (winner of the St. Leger same year), Mr. Lambton's Royalist by Leopold, and two others.

At Doncaster, same year, he came in second for the Great St. Leger Stakes, beating, among others, Helenus and Tarandus, the

two fastest Newmarket horses of that year—twenty-three started.

At same Meeting he won the Gascoigne Stakes of 100gs. each (ten subscribers), beating easy Mr. Watt's Brutandorf by Blacklock, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Confederate by Comus.

At Richmond he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each (eight subscribers), beating Mr. Ferguson's Mountaineer by Octavian, and Col. Clark's colt by Blacklock.

At same place he won a Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, beating Mr. Lambton's Carnival by Comus (who came in first for the Leger in the previous year, but declared a false start), Buzzard by Blacklock, Lord Londonderry's Biggotini, and the Duke of Leeds's Rhodocantha.

In 1825, at Pontefract, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. three miles, beating Lord Kelburne's Actæon by Scud, Lord Wharcliffe's Carmelite by Comus, Lord Scarbrough's Fair Charlotte by Catton, and Mr. Haworth's Minna by Camillus.

In 1826, at Newcastle, he won the King's Plate of 100gs. carrying 11st. 7lb. four miles.

At Stockton, same year, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. three miles, beating Lord Darlington's Barefoot by Tramp (winner of the Leger in 1823), Abrou by Whisker, Camelina by Camillus, and Cinderella by Walton.

At Carlisle he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. three miles, beating Fair Helen by Viscount, and Bonassus by Orville.

At Dumfries, he won the Dumfries Stakes of 10 sors. each (eight subscribers), two miles, beating Sir J. H. Maxwell's Springkell by Epperston, Ryle by Viscount, and Fair Helen.

At York August Meeting 1827, he walked over for the Fitzwilliam Stakes at 8st. 7lb. receiving forfeit from Serab by Phantom, 8st. 6lb. ; Brownlock, 8st. 4lb. ; Crowcatcher and Saladin, 8st. 1lb. each; but owing to a severe race for the Manchester Cup against Longwaist and Fleur-de-Lis, in which he gave the mare 7lbs. he suffered so severely that he did not recover his speed during the season.

### CUB-HUNTING.

SIR,  
ATTACHED for many years to the distinguished and noble science of fox-hunting, and having also been the owner of a pack, I have been much solicited lately to publish my sentiments upon the destructive system of *cub-hunting*, at a period when there exists an universal complaint of the diminution of this animal, which ought to be cherished almost above all others, and held sacred for the exclusive purposes of the chase. What can be more mortifying than to have frequent blank days, and beautiful districts abandoned, because in September the master of the hounds had consented to certain coverts being cub-hunted? And I have known an instance where four cubs have been killed in one day in a small covert, which might have prevented ten blank days that actually took place in that neighbourhood. The destruction of foxes has been very much increased of late years from the extraordinary means resorted to by the landed proprietors for strict preserving the game in their woods and plantations. And I am sorry here to observe that in very many recorded instances an old fox-hunter, hav-

ing sounded his retreat, from age or other causes, does not appear to have the same feeling for that fine sport which he once possessed and gratified. Let this single remark, if it meets his eye, hark back his senses and habits of feeling to their old standard. "*Verbum sat sapienti*!" and I hope it will be unnecessary for me, in any future publication, to exemplify by particularizing names and residences; as such a disclosure would tend to embitter the comforts of those who might unfortunately fall under the lash of that *exposé*.

As the periodicals in which you bear so distinguished a part have not always been seen by me, I am ignorant whether you have touched upon these topics, or how they have been handled by your pen.

I shall now state, that having commenced my hunting in a country where the foxes had been nearly annihilated by warreners, game-keepers, and wood-keepers, the first step I took was to import a considerable number of cubs in the month of September from Normandy; and, having been kept as much as possible from light and sight, I turned them down in a very large covert on some strong earths, feeding them lightly for six weeks; and I had the satisfaction to find that they fully realised the purpose for which I intended them. I had also strictly debarred myself of the pernicious privilege and lamentable system of cub-hunting; and the mode of entering my puppies was as follows:—I made a very mild drag, as nearly resembling the scent of the wild fox as possible, of the same height, and with pads (if thought necessary). This, with proper management by a lad who perfectly understood his business, I found to be

the very best and quickest mode of training hounds to a scent; for the dogs can then take the scent into covert with them as long as you deem it necessary. By such means you would keep your puppies in a great degree from hares and every species of riot; and it would also enable you to make a very early decision on the dogs you enter. But, in the midst of these suggestions, I hear the voice of an old sportsman, roughed a little by "view halloo's" and "tally-ho's," exclaim—"The puppies will be worth nothing if they are not blooded!" I will try to appease that thunder, by saying it must be occasionally planned that a cub should be killed; but let the vengeance fall on one procured from Normandy: and it can be done with such nicety as to keep the hounds ignorant of the fraud.—I will not increase the length of my letter, but reserve what I have to say for a further publication, if you should think my remarks worthy of being given to the public.

Yours, &c.

A WELL-WISHER.

November 14, 1829.

#### DEATH OF MANIAC.

" 'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing  
can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of  
man;  
Though his life be a dream, his enjoy-  
ments, we see,  
Have a being less durable even than he."  
COWPER.

SIR,

TO express concern for the loss of "a Maniac," will by many be deemed madness itself: and yet I deeply regret I have to inform my brother Sportsmen a Maniac is dead—she who brought

us a *Lunatic*, a *Bedlamite*, a *Madcap*, and a *Lunacy*; yet their amusing antics have tended to afford us pleasure (not that pleasure the Poet tells us there is "in madness, which none but madmen know") rather than vexation and disappointment, though disappointment has often attended their endeavours like all others. To drop all metaphor, then, this MANIAC was a chesnut mare about fifteen hands one or two inches high, and was in shape good like. She was bred by Mr. George Cock, surgeon, of Easingwold, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1806—the first produce of her dam, who was descended from progenitors that had to boast of a great portion of high breeding and rich blood as the following pedigree will shew:—

MANIAC was got by Shuttle (a son of Young Marske), her dam Anticipation (the dam of Offa's Dyke, Barbara Allen, Rhubarb, Carouser, Barelegs, &c. &c.), by Beningbrough; grandam Expectation, by King Herod; great grandam (the dam of Telemachus), by Skim; great great grandam, by Janus; great great great grandam, Spinster (the dam of Maria, Chigger, Matron, Merrylass, &c. &c.), by Crab; great great great great grandam, Spinster, the Widdrington Mare, by Partner—Bay Bloody Buttocks, Sister to Squirrel's dam by Bloody Buttocks—Sister to Guy, by Greyhound—Brown Farewell by Makeless—Brimmer—Place's White Turk—Dodsworth—Layton Barb Mare, &c. &c.

• Of the performances of MANIAC, nothing can be exhibited in her favour; and had she belonged to a friend of mine, whose maxim it is that nags must "earn a name, before they are honored with a title," she would yet have been

unchristened. She left the *course*, as the following performances will shew, in "virgin purity," not having lost her "maidenhead" by even carrying off a Maiden Plate. However, I believe the *madness* of her temper (from which she gained her name) defeated all attempts to put the power of her abilities fairly to the test.

#### PERFORMANCES.

MANIAC's *debüt* was made at Catterick Bridge on Wednesday, April the 4th, 1809, then three years old, for the Produce Stake, two miles, for which five started, and she came only third; being beat easy by Mr. Gorwood's br. c. Shakspeare (the winner), and Sir W. Gerard's b. f. Fair Eleanor. The other two that started were Mr. Dimsdale's ch. f. Fair Candidate, and Lord Monson's br. c. Hopeless:—6 to 4 on the winner.

The next essay was at Beverley, on Wednesday June the 7th, for the Maiden Plate (fifty), two-mile-heats; but in this attempt she broke through the reins of government, bolted in the first heat, and was distanced. The Plate was won by Mr. Jackson's ch. c. Remnant, by Ruler (supposed the last of his get), 3 yrs old, beating five others.

Her next and last appearance in public was for the Maiden Plate (seventy), two-mile-heats, at Preston, on Tuesday, July 11th, which was won by Mr. Fletcher's b. f. Miss Staveley by Shuttle; afterwards sold to Lord Sligo, and sent to Ireland. Six started, and MANIAC was fifth in the first heat, and last in the second. Of course, she was then withdrawn.

These were the only times of her appearing in public. She was then taken from the training stable, named a MANIAC, and on the cer-



tificate of the doctor (her breeder) sent to an asylum, at Mr. Alderman Ellis's\*, at Folford Field, near York (the place where Figaro covered last season, and is also to be at the ensuing one), where she has since remained, in his possession until his death, and subsequently in the possession of his son, Mr. W. J. Ellis. From her have sprung the whole of the stud since kept at that place, which I shall notice shortly. The late Sam Chifney, in that *cheap* little publication, intitled *Genius Genuine*, makes an observation, the truth of which MANIAC, among many others, tends to prove:—"that mares of little note on the Turf, if well bred, or mares only trained a very short time, or even not at all, more generally become celebrated in the stud farm than others who have 'borne away the bell' through many successive years; and accounts for the cause that training draws the juices of nature from their frames, and in a great measure destroys those sources capable of giving strength and nourishment to their foals both before and after birth." Experience certainly tells us that such is the case; for, like Maniac, Mandane, and numerous other mares whose intrinsic worth as racers was not worth possession, they have become invaluable as brood mares. In the following spring (1810), MANIAC was put to Young Selim (a son of an Arabian, out of Enterprize), then covering at the present kennels of the York and Ainsty fox-hounds, and has since produced the following:

	foaled in
Col. King's gr. c. St. Angelo (afterwards called Kingston), by Young Selim .....	1811
Col. King's b. c. Fulford, by Orville... ..	1812

\* Alderman of York, and twice Lord Mayor of that city.

Mr. Brown's ch. c. George (afterwards called Traveller), by Clinker, .....	1813
Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. St. Helena, by Stripling.....	1814
Mr. Ellis's b. f. Elba, by Stripling, .....	1815
Mr. Ellis's ch. f. Harriet, by Stripling .....	1816
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Bertrand, by Prime Minister .....	1817
Col. King's b. f. Lunatic, by Prime Minister .....	1818
Col. King's b. f. Miss Fulford, by Walton .....	1819
Mr. Ellis's ch. f. Lady Fulford, by Walton .....	1820
Mr. Lambton's (now Lord Durham's) br. c. Lartington, by Smolenako (died a foal).....	1821
Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon .....	1822
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck .....	1823
Mr. Darnall's ch. f. Lunacy, by Blacklock .....	1824
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Bee-in-a-Bonnet, by Blacklock .....	1825
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Loan, by Tramp, .....	1826
Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswick, by Figaro .....	1827
Mr. Ellis's b. f. by Champignon ... ..	1828
Mr. Ellis's b. f. by Figaro .....	1829

She was covered this spring by Figaro, but supposed not in foal.

Thus it is seen that this valuable brood mare has produced nineteen foals in nineteen successive years—a case I think I might almost say unparalleled: and when it is considered that during a great part of that period she must of necessity have had to give nourishment to two foals at the same time, without the benefit of lying barren even a single season, it is rather wonderful that so many of her produce have been gifted with abilities of so high an order.

The first of her produce deserving of notice is FULFORD. He was a horse of no great beauty, but possessed of considerable powers, and when "in the vein" could go both a pace and distance that a few only could keep his society. He, however, occasionally gave way to "flights of fancy," or rather "fits of temper;" and then

neither good nor bad treatment could prevail. In these moods "master he was, and master he would remain." After the close of his racing career, Col. King sold him to go to France.

ST. HELENA was undoubtedly the best and fastest two-mile horse of his day; in proof of which he beat Blacklock that distance on their first appearance at four years old; and also repeated the task afterwards. Beyond that length, however, there were horses much his inferior in a two-mile race that could give him the "go-by." He was the finest feather in the cap of his sire, Stripling, that ever appeared on the turf: and it is to the Phenomenon blood so direct in Stripling's lineage that I attribute the want of bottom in St. Helena. Since racing, he was a stallion; but none of his stock have as yet said any thing favorable for him, though I fancy he has never had a fair chance given him in the opportunity of serving good mares: and, if I do not mistake, he has been sent out of this country.

LUNATIC had not any extraordinary gift of going; yet she had the good fortune once or twice of meeting companions worse than herself. She has since been put to the breeding farm of Col. King, and is the dam of the once much-talked-of Bessy Bedlam, and a two-year-old called Crazy Jane, which died in Marson's training stables at Langton, near Malton, last spring.

THE ALDERMAN is a very nice little horse; and, whatever he has now, had once good running in him. However, he was, when younger, generally destined to meet with his master in the superior speed of Memnon.

BEDLAMITE.—I think I might almost be allowed to assert that he was the best three-year-old of his year. It is certain he was much superior to Tarrare; and I think he was also capable of defeating (which he did once) Mulatto. I confess I looked much to him for the Doncaster St. Leger; and, in justice to him, must say he was shamefully used by being exposed, saddled and mounted by Johnson, to endure "the pelting of a most pitiless storm" for nearly an hour prior to starting; and, after all, he scrambled third. At four years old he gave way in his legs, and was put out of training. He is now a stallion.

LUNACY could not race, and was put to Mr. Darnall's stud, where she continued until his death, and I believe is now possessed by either Mr. Gully or Mr. Ridsdale.

LOAN is the property of Mr. R. Ellis, and was lent to R. Ridsdale, Esq. for a considerable sum, to be returned after she had raced two or three years. She went into training at Newmarket; and, when tried, was found not worth the expense of training on. She was then returned to her owner, and is put to Figaro.

BRUNSWICKER.—Of this horse it is needless for me to say any thing: his running for the Champagne Stake at Doncaster this year, the only time of his starting, shews him a good fair horse. He will make his next appearance for the Derby, for which he is a favorite.

THE CHAMPIGNON FILLY is a very good like mare, and has just gone into training at Mr. John Scott's stables, Whitewall Corner, near Malton.

The stud kept at Fulford Field, which I have observed are all de-

scended from MANIAC, are, Harriet, Lady Fulford, and Elba—all bad, or moderate at racing. Indeed it may with truth be affirmed that MANIAC never bred a filly that could race.

ELBA has not bred any thing worth notice, and is the dam of Col. King's ch. f. Ultima, by Bourbon. She was barren from the year 1823 to 1827 inclusive, and was then sold for an hunter.

HARRIET is the dam of Mr. Kirby's ch. c. Rip Van Wrinkle, by Raphael, who, like all Raphael's sons, was a *real Rip*; Sir John Byng's b. f. Theodosia, by Tramp; and a few other foals, most of which have had the bad fortune to die young.

LADY FULFORD.—Her blood for a brood mare is certainly invaluable. What can be better than Walton, combined with Shuttle, Beningbrough, King Herod, &c.? Unfortunately she is a hot-tempered jade, and will only rarely hold to her horse. She was first covered in 1824; and, since that period, has only given birth to two foals—Col. King's ch. c. Madcap, by Tramp or Blacklock, foaled in 1826; and a fine filly, which is yet in the possession of Mr. Ellis, foaled last spring (1829), by Figo.

In the spring of 1825 MANIAC was sent to Tickell Castle, near Bawtry, to be covered by Tramp; and, whilst there, unfortunately she was struck by some mare, and severely lamed in her loins and hind-quarters, which caused her to be a cripple ever since: indeed she could not lie down without assistance to raise her up: therefore in the hovel, in which she constantly stood, posts were placed and padded, against which she took her rest. A few days, how-

ever, before her death, she got down, and was suffered to remain there so long, that all attempts to raise her became ineffectual. Death ultimately terminated her existence on Saturday, November the 7th, 1829; and I will now terminate this scrawl by subscribing myself, yours, &c. ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

November 17, 1829.

#### A LETTER TO NIMROD—DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS, &c.

DEAR NIMROD,

I Have this last summer made a regular tour of all the fox-hound kennels in England; and to one who *loves* hounds and hunting as I do, the gratification has been much greater than to have visited any foreign parts; and, believe me, I have returned to my "earth" pleased and delighted.

Of all the packs and establishments I met with, nothing pleased me so well as the Duke of Beaufort's; and without partiality I do pronounce his hounds to be, both in the field and kennel, perfection itself. The whole thing is so admirably well done by that excellent man, His Grace of Beaufort, whose manners and kind conduct in the field endear him so much to every one, that Oxfordshire, under his management, is the *ne plus ultra* of a hunting country; and from some of the coverts, with a good scent, Long would lead the Meltonians a dance that would satisfy them at last.

Lord Yarborough, at Bracklesby, has a particularly clever pack of hounds; and, if their performance equals their looks, they must do the trick well over a country. And let me recommend you, Friend NIMROD, to take a few days

in the Lincolnshire country, and I think you will be pleased, and every one no doubt delighted to see you.

Sir Richard Sutton hunts the South Wolds, known as the Spilsby country. His kennel is at Newcastle, and Jack Spilsby no doubt will shew sport.

On my way through Spilsby, having an hour to spare, I went to see the justly-celebrated House of Correction at that place; and, to my no small degree of astonishment, found your old acquaintance and mine, Mr. Thomas Sanders, once of the Warwick Militia, the Governor of this prison. It is but justice to him to say, that of the well-regulated places of this sort, Spilsby beats them all; and Mr. Sanders is both feared and loved by all his prisoners. No man goes under his care who will not acknowledge the truth of what I

say. I will also add, a more moral or good character does not exist than Mr. Thomas Sanders; and I think we have in him a proof, that if a man of education, and a Gentleman, is by misfortune situated as Mr. Sanders is, he is better able to fulfil any duties imposed on him than a person without either education or Gentlemanlike feeling.

Yours,

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TINEY.

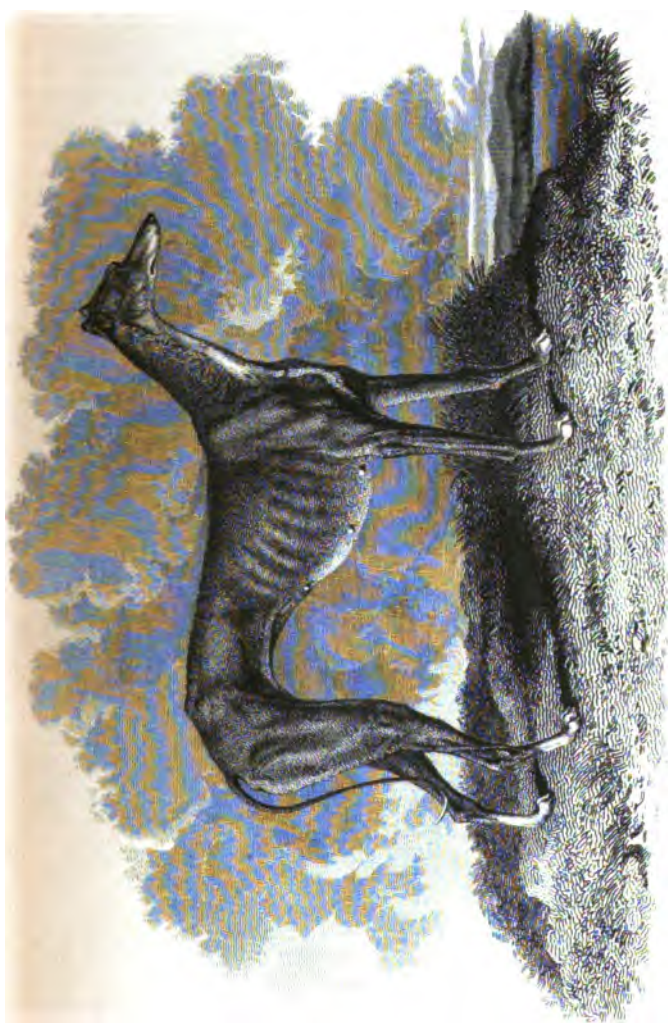
**T**TINEY, the property of John Turner, Esq. of Clapham Common, was got by Richmond, out of Truth, and won the Puppy Cup at Epsom in November 1827.—Richmond (bred by Lord Rivers), by Nathan out of Reman: Truth (bred by G. L. Fox, Esq.), by Streamer out of Rosa.

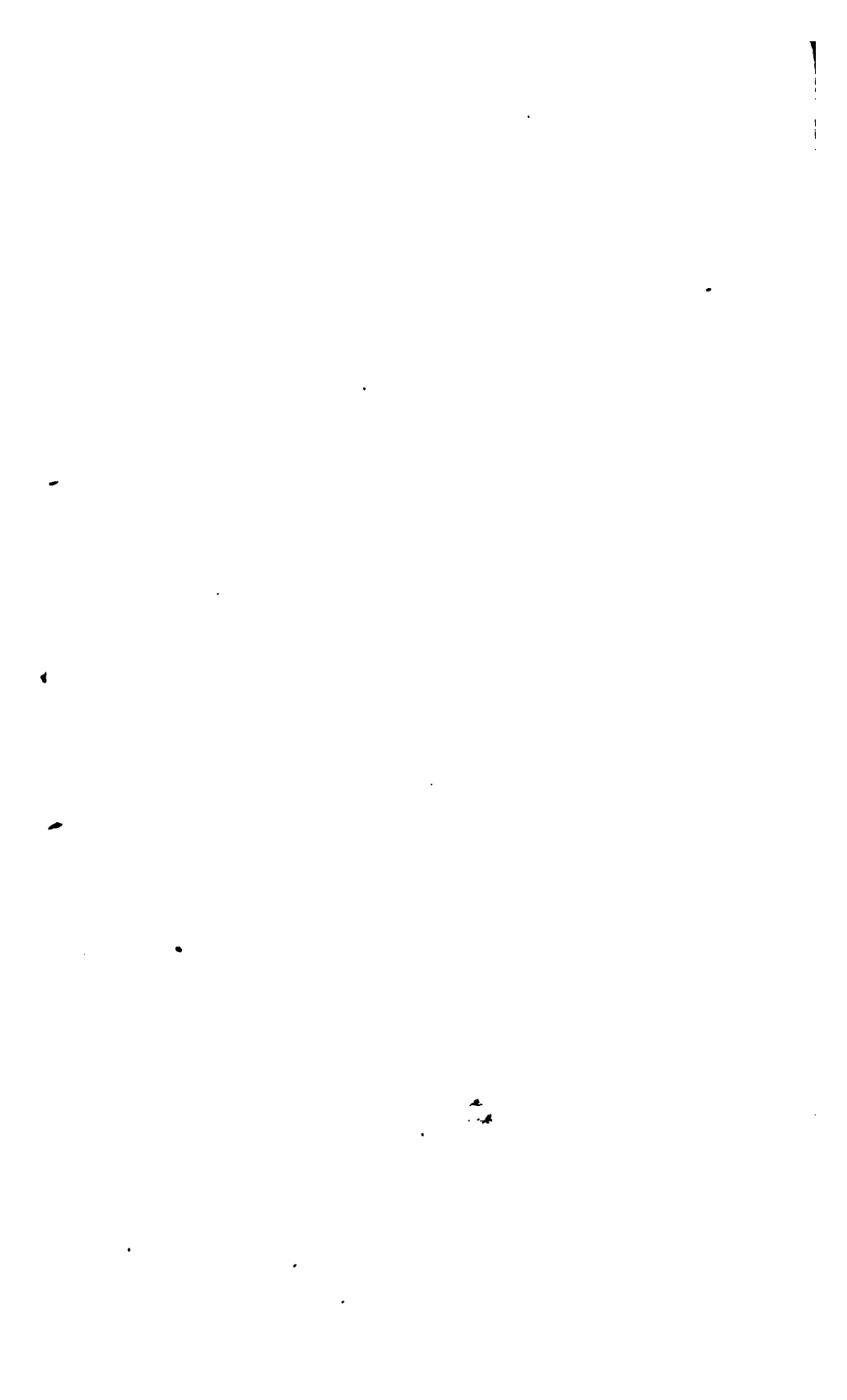
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## COMMENCEMENT OF FOX-HUNTING IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

SIR,  
**H**AVING had a little leisure at the latter end of October and the early part of the present month (November), I determined to employ it in a short visit to that splendid country for fox-hunting, Leicestershire. I shall not trouble you or your readers, Mr. Editor, with a long exordium, but proceed to the main subject; by stating, that on Thursday morning, October 29, having ascertained that the Quorndon hounds (Lord Southampton's) met at Ragdale, near Six Hills, I thought I could not do better than accompany them to the fixture, or place of meeting, as this would afford me an opportunity of noticing a pack which

had not before fallen under my observation: for, although I have visited Leicestershire repeatedly, and Quorndon in particular, I had not seen the establishment at the latter place since it came into the hands of the Nobleman above-mentioned. On reaching the kennel, I found that the hounds had left it a few minutes; and, trotting on, I soon perceived them ascending the rising ground into the pretty little village of Barrow. I quickly came up to them, and found them, not under the care of Dick Burton, but of a huntsman from the Oakley, and two whippers-in. The hounds looked remarkably well; they appeared in the best possible





trim for business; and they were very level. Four of them immediately attracted my attention; I never saw handsomer foxhounds in the whole course of my life: their bone, their low-dropping chests, their heads, in fact their *tout ensemble* was exactly to my taste; and I had an opportunity afterwards, near the village of Summerby, of observing one of these young dogs (their first season) particularly distinguish himself. In appearance, and indeed in every thing, these four hounds were far superior to the rest of the pack. The huntsman (a man whose observations appeared to me characterized by good sense, his manners unassuming, and who, as I afterwards found, uniformly manifested every possible anxiety to kill his fox) informed me that the individual hounds I have thus particularly noticed he had brought with him when he came to Quorndon. He also informed me that he had killed fifteen brace and a half of foxes, the whole of which were cubs, except one brace. Having noticed the huntsman, it is but fair to observe, that he is ably supported by two superior whippers, particularly the first, as I had many opportunities of noticing.

The hounds were taken to a small gorse covert by the side of a hill, situated in one of the finest countries I ever saw. But indeed what country will bear a comparison with Leicestershire? The weather too was remarkably fine. Every thing bore a gay and smiling appearance, except the countenance of that sulky subject, Fryatt, whose sombre aspect continued as inflexibly vapid as ever. The hounds were scarcely thrown into covert when a brace of foxes went away—a stout old fox to the right,

a cub to the left. In a few minutes the hounds got together upon the scent of the latter; which, however, was lost, after a run of something more than fifteen minutes, the scent evidently very indifferant. As the hounds appeared to leave the original covert (where the fox was found) very reluctantly, they were taken to it again; or rather perhaps I should say they were taken to the opposite side of the same hill, where they drew some beautiful patches of gorse, but drew them very indifferantly. They were sluggish and inactive; and though these patches of gorse were small, and the fox repeatedly seen, much more time than usual elapsed before the hounds forced him to leave them; and even then, he merely crossed the hill, and entered the covert originally drawn. Here the hounds loitered. The fox broke away at length, and was killed in a few minutes, without affording a run, in a large gorse covert at a short distance.

Amongst the field appeared a highly respectable yeoman, (together with his son, an interesting boy, mounted on a pony,) who, perceiving the hounds (from hearing the directions given to the huntsman by my very old acquaintance, Billy Cradock) would pass his venerable and respectable domicile, galloped forward, and met us in the lane with a plentiful supply of good ale and bread and cheese for those who chose to partake of this genuine English hospitality. The master himself (perceiving me a stranger, I suppose) presented me with a glass of his honest home-brewed beverage, and I drank it with as much *gratitude* as possible.

The fox we had killed had by

no means pleased that veteran, Mr. Cradock, who jocosely remarked that he "had never seen such a d—d fool of a fox," and therefore was anxious to try for a *hedge-row* fox, which in a few minutes was found, and afforded a very pretty run of forty minutes, with death at the end—a very satisfactory conclusion.

The following day, Friday, October 30, the Quorndon hounds met at Scraftoft, a few miles from the town of Leicester. They drew a fine large gorse covert, a short distance from the village, to my astonishment, blank! A fellow in the garb of a keeper, with a gun in his hand, stood, during the time, on the opposite rising ground, viewing the baffled and useless exertions of the hounds, no doubt with malignant satisfaction. Two litters of cubs had been bred in this very gorse, and yet no fox was to be found! A keeper who shoots a fox should be sent to the hulks for seven years! We tried a neighbouring wood, and were more successful. The find was very pretty—it was highly interesting—expectation was on the tiptoe; and at length reynard broke covert in gallant style. He was, I think, the largest fox I ever saw; and the hounds went away well at him. They soon convinced me they could run: they went away at a tremendous rate; but lost their fox, after a very smart thing of above twenty minutes, owing to the scent dying away, from a lowering atmosphere, cold and harsh, with drizzling rain. I returned to my quarters.

Hitherto the business might be considered as cub-hunting. The commencement of the season was Monday, November 2, the fixture Kirby Gate, a short distance from

Melton. On this occasion, the huntsman and his whippers were dressed in their new suits, and Lord Southampton appeared at the place of meeting. Mr. Maxse drove up in a carriage-and-four, and several other carriages, containing Ladies, were also to be seen. The meeting, though very lively and animating, was not so numerous as expectation had led me to anticipate; and at eleven o'clock the hounds proceeded to a covert at some miles distance, chosen, I apprehend, to give the Ladies the best possible view of the fox breaking, being admirably calculated for the purpose. A fox was quickly found, and went away in the intended direction, giving to those elegant specimens of the finest part of the creation just-mentioned, a full view of the run for some time. It was a very quick business, though a beautiful run for several miles. Those two accomplished sportsmen, Sir John Kaye and Sir Harry Goodricke, were the most conspicuous leaders of the field, each taking their own distinct line in the most workman-like and gallant manner, up to the village of Summerby (I am by no means certain as to the correctness of the orthography), where the hounds came to a check, which was fortunate for both fox and horses; otherwise, the former would have lost his life, and most of the latter distanced. The village was all alive—so highly interesting is hunting to the human heart! The hounds again bit off their fox, and ultimately run him to ground. A drain near Dalby, in Lord Lonsdale's country, saved him, or death must have ensued. The hounds deserved him; they ran well: but the same remark will not apply to their exertions in



covert; at least if an opinion is to be formed from what I several times witnessed.

The hounds proceeded to a large gorse covert at some distance, where a fox was found, which, after affording an indifferent run of fifteen minutes, was irrecoverably lost.

The following morning, Tuesday, November 3, I called on Sir John Kaye, Bart. at Swithland Hall, for the purpose of accompanying him to Kirkby, to meet Lord Anson's hounds. From Sir John Kaye I experienced the most polite and condescending attention during my visit to Leicestershire; and, in justice to that Gentleman, I feel myself bound thus to acknowledge it in the most unqualified manner. I called on Sir John at an early period of the morning for the purpose of taking a peep at his stud (the condition of the horses I had seen him ride had previously attracted my attention), and was highly gratified on the occasion. I saw nine hunters of a very superior order, three of which were entire horses; and one of these, a grey, was in truth an extraordinary animal—a portrait of which, with Sir John on his back, a few minutes before I had seen in the house; but a portrait it cannot in justice be called—it is a gross libel on both the horse and his master. The horse in question is thorough-bred (as indeed are the other two), and for strength, compactness, and general beauty, he will be rarely equalled. I never saw so much strength in so small a compass. There was not one indeed amongst them but what was fairly entitled to decided superiority; except a large brown horse, which appeared to me as if he could scarcely go the pace, which

Sir John, in some measure, admitted. I shall embrace a future opportunity of noticing Sir John Kaye's stud.

On proceeding towards Kirkby, we were accompanied for a short distance by Lady Kaye, mounted upon one of the most perfect and prettiest pads I ever saw; the animal was evidently conscious of the amiable and lovely treasure which he so willingly and so proudly bore. We proceeded through Broadgate Gate, belonging to a relative of Sir John Kaye, and celebrated as a place where the beautiful and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey was confined. Sir John pointed out to me the mouldering ruins which still mark the place of her prison. At length we reached Kirkby just as the hounds were proceeding towards an extensive gorse covert, whence a fine old fox broke away in view of the whole field the instant the hounds entered it. He was evidently an old stager, that testified every anxiety to prevent the hounds getting upon good terms with him. Some scrambling work took place for the first five or six minutes; the hounds were improperly treated by the horsemen; and, though a tolerably good run ensued of forty minutes, I think the fox was never pressed; but ultimately lost at Tooley Park. The hounds were then taken, as I understand, to the covert where the fox was found; but what took place, I know not; as, in stooping to open a gate in the grounds near Tooley Hall, where the hounds were at fault, my horse took it into his head to jump it, giving me an awkward fall, and breaking one of my stirrups into the bargain. I got my stirrup repaired by a neighbouring village Vulcan, but the time occupied in this op-

ration prevented me again reaching the hounds.

Wednesday, November 4, the Quorndon hounds met at Kettleby, and had a very brilliant run, as Sir John Kaye informed me. I did not witness it myself.

Thursday, November 5, the same hounds met at Barkby, where a large field assembled—Lord Alvanley amongst the number. We drew Backby Holt, an extensive wood, well stocked with woodcocks, if not with foxes, as I saw several on the wing, disturbed no doubt by the hounds. It contained a fox also. Reynard was viewed away on the opposite side, and the hounds were got on the scent as soon as possible; but they could

make but little of it. They could not hunt up to him; and, after a scrambling run of some thirty minutes, he was given up. Several small coverts were then drawn in succession, and we ultimately reached the celebrated Billesdon Coplow, where a fox was found, and the hounds went away with him in good style, as I was told; but not being well placed, I did not see it. Farther, I felt no inclination to ride; as in the fall I experienced two days before with Lord Anson's hounds, my left side came in contact with a stump, which caused considerable pain—in fact, took the ride out of me.

Yours, &c.

T.

November 19, 1829.

### NIMROD'S GERMAN TOUR.

(Continued from last Number, p. 25.)

**WE** left Gottingen on Monday the 8th, about our usual time of proceeding on our journey, and lay at a small village called Jesseberg, distant about sixty miles, which we performed in about fifteen hours. I must say that in this day's travel we saw every thing which enters into our ideas of fine scenery in England: we had hill and dale, wood and water, and who can be so unreasonable as to ask for more? The soil also appeared excellent, and the farming good; the weather also was delightful.

I do not know that I ever travelled through a prettier country than that which surrounds the town of Minden, or indeed which lies on each side of it, extending a long way. The approach to the town, however, and the new road beyond it, equal in picturesque

the celebrated Vale of Llangollen in North Wales; and the situation of the road, with the river Weser running below it, called that enchanting spot very forcibly to my recollection. By the great quantity of barges we saw on the Weser, I should suppose Minden to be a place of very considerable trade.

We dined at Cassel, the approach to which is very grand indeed. The town itself is extremely beautiful, not only from its fine square, and the palaces it contains, but from the singular and fancy-coloured stone with which several of the houses are built. Amongst others, we saw the palace inhabited by Jerome Bonaparte, and in which he was surrounded by those handsome maids of honour of which we have heard so much.

As we only stopped to dine, we

had no opportunity of seeing the beauties of this place and neighbourhood, which far exceed any thing I witnessed in my Continental trip. I did catch a sight of the Museum with its fine Ionic pillars, and also the statue of the late Landgrave, in what is called Frederick-square; but a week would not be too long to sojourn at this delightful place. The very celebrated Castle of Wilhelmshöhe is in its neighbourhood. Having been erected in the Middle Ages, it possesses no common interest; and, when combined with the various curiosities in its vicinity, affords a sight such as is scarcely equalled in any country in the world.

After a dinner at the hotel called the King of Prussia, which I cannot say much in commendation of, although the apartments are spacious and clean, we proceeded prosperously on our journey. As we approached a station on our road, Jemmy informed us the house was kept by an Englishwoman, a fellow servant of his when he lived with one of our Ambassadors. We found she was from the city of Chester, had married a German whilst in service at Hamburgh, and was now settled in Hesse Cassel. I asked her how she liked Germany. Her answer was, that it was of little avail now to say how she liked it—she was fixed in it for life, and she never expected to see England again. The climate, she told me, did not agree with her: but, from her description of the soil on which the house was built, I should imagine the evil was but a local one, and quite independent of the climate.

On our observing to Jemmy that our country-woman's post-horses were no great things, he

replied, with one of his significant shakes of his head, that if he had them at Hamburgh, he would soon make them fat and sleek: "for," added he, "I am a good man among cattle." In a tedious journey of so many hundred miles, and in which, at times, there was so little to interest us, it is scarcely to be wondered at that we every now and then had a rise out of Jemmy, by way of varying the scene. "Do you see that fine mountain?" said I. "I do," he replied. "Why, I thought you were short-sighted?" added I. "And indeed then, I am," answered Jemmy; "for I can see any thing at a distance, but the devil of any thing that is close to me without my glass." Quere—is not this Irish short-sightedness? A little farther on we saw in the distance three different herds feeding in the stubbles. One, we perceived, consisted of cattle; another, of pigs; and the third, after much puzzling, we made out to be goats. On asking Jemmy what they were, he guessed nearly the whole class of ruminantia without stumbling on the goat; but when we told him they were goats, he exclaimed, "To be sure *I thought* they were goats."

In our travels through this part of the country we saw amazing flocks of geese, and still larger of pigs. We marvelled at seeing so many together, supposing they belonged to one person; but, going through a village about dusk, we observed both geese and pigs went to their respective homes, and then re-assembled in the morning in the fields. It was evident, however, we were not passing through a country where bacon was forbidden; for the borders of Galilee never exhibited larger herds of swine

than we passed this day. Indeed it was impossible to behold them without turning one's thoughts towards the Lake of Genezareth; although I am no admirer of that standing miracle, as not being conformable to that benevolent disposition our Great Master shewed in all the other acts of his life.

I cannot refrain from describing the costume of an Hesse post-boy. His jacket was brown, turned up with red, with a large silver badge on his right arm; his hat, round which was a broad silver band, was *tied under his chin*, and, in addition to a military cockade, was a very large feather about a foot high; yellow leathers, and immense jack boots. This gaudy attire, however, was but ill suited to the miserable rope-harness and half-fed post-horses which he drove; and my readers will scarcely believe me when I state that one of these fellows absolutely made use of a jack chain for a hand-rein to his wheel horse!

We had, what is called, a "*post-royal*," this day, for which we had the honour to pay double price. Now I could not satisfy myself about this post-royal, nor understand the true meaning of it. But, it may be asked, why I did not, through my interpreter, Jemmy, make the necessary inquiries? My reply is, that I got tired of this; for Jemmy would always answer the questions himself, and it was more than even betting that he was wrong, such was his natural propensity to blunder.

The system of posting in Germany is not of an uninteresting nature; neither is it in the South, in some respects, very badly conducted. To be sure they are slow in turning out the horses, and then

a deal of time is lost in fixing their cursed rope-traces, of which the country ought to be ashamed in these days of mental and mechanical improvement: but when you are once under weigh, you have a pretty fair security of being conveyed over the stage in the appointed time. We found a wonderful difference in the regularity of the system where it was or was not under the *surveillance* of Government. In the former case there was no unnecessary delay; no stopping two or three times to refresh the horses with bread, and the postillion with brandy, as was the case in Mecklenburg; but a steady pace was pursued. All payments also being regulated by the higher authorities, imposition as to price or distance is out of the question; and any thing given to the postillion beyond his due is thankfully received; and a hint on that head at starting has its effect. Scolding and bullying is of no avail, for we tried that to our satisfaction; but on the Macadamized roads, all things considered, we had no very great cause to complain of the pace.

The seat of the German post-boy must be most distressing to his horse. When going at his best pace, he never eases his horse's back by rising in his stirrups from his saddle, but goes jog, jog, from one end of the stage to the other. Some of them also are very heavy men; and, not satisfied with the heat which must be occasioned in the dog-days by the pressure of their saddles on the poor horses' backs, they add to their sufferings by an enormous sheepskin placed under them.

One curious regulation must be submitted to in travelling post through Germany. At each post-

station the name of the person to whom the carriage belongs is stated in the ticket, in which is also very often charged the postillion, turnpikes, ostler (*Germanicé* Wagenmeister), and turnpikes. If the traveller have any cause of complaint, he returns this bill, on which he states that cause.

Unless we ordered them, which was only in one or two instances, where the stages were long and the roads heavy, we were never required to pay for more than three horses, though we often had four, which were put to by order of the person at the station.

As several of the post-masters wore orders at their button holes, and had much of a military air about them, I concluded they were retired officers who had deserved well of their country, and were in consequence thus provided for. How the profits, if any, were shared I could not learn; but, from the very low price of posting, they must be very small. It appeared to me as if the postillion had much the best end of the stick.

Of the Diligence, or Landkutsche (*Anglicé* stage coach), having had no practical experience of it, and earnestly praying that I never may, I can say but little. Even those on the Chaussée roads in the South were bad enough; but being tossed in a blanket must be a state of rest compared to travelling in them over the broken pavements of the North, to which I have already alluded. A very respectable lady in the steam-packet on the Rhine informed me a friend of hers had her arm broken by a jolt she received in one of them! Those who travel in them also ought to stand fire well, for every male passenger had his pipe.

In this day's journey, we met a

handsome English travelling carriage, which, when we looked in the book at the house at which we dined, we found contained Mr. Hartopp and his lady; but this was the only carriage of this description we saw during the entire of our journey. We also met a mounted *gens-d'armes* who, we were told, was on his road to a neighbouring village, where it was suspected some ill-disposed person was concealed. A short distance before we came to the village at which we slept, we saw a tomb by the road side. It contained the remains of a Major in the Army, who had fallen gloriously in his country's cause.

The name of the village at which we lay was Jesseberg, where we were very indifferently accommodated. However, the appearance of the place did not promise much. Count Putbus, having lamps to his carriage, preferred travelling all night, and said we should find him at the White Lion at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he computed we should arrive before sun-set on the following evening—the distance being about seventy English miles.

I find I have said nothing about charges at inns in Germany for eating, drinking, and lodging. Therefore, having just quitted Gottingen, I will transcribe the articles, the charge for which amounted to sixteen dollars, or about 2l. 16s. of our money:—

- 5 suppers.
- 3 breakfasts.
- 3 bottles of Lafitte.
- 1 bottle of beer.
- 1 glass of lemonade.
- 8 wax lights.
- 5 beds.

Not knowing the precise value of the smaller coins, I cannot state

the exact price of each article separately; but the claret was about four English shillings per bottle, and very good of its kind. Thus, our supper, wine, breakfast, and lodging, came to about eleven shillings a-head.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—We were in our carriage this morning by six o'clock, and a finer the sun never broke upon. Having requested our kind friend's valet to order horses for us—and which request he complied with—we expected to find them harnessed; but at only one station was this the case, which we considered *very slow*, and did not improve our notions of German posting. We travelled, however, through a fine country, particularly about Marbourgh, where the land appeared good, and strong enough for any purposes of husbandry; and there were some fine meadows on each side of a deep river that ran through a very rich vale. There were, however, no gentlemen's seats, no fine parks to be seen, which we looked for in such a country as this. Indeed, I was surprised to see the operations of agriculture performed in such a mean and pitiful manner as I witnessed them on this day. I saw two cows in a plough, with an old woman leading one of them by its horns. I saw heavily-laden wagons, with two small oxen in each, *drawing by their heads*. I saw women mowing in the meadows; and, *proh pudor!* I saw a fine young woman thrashing corn under a burning sun!! The heat of the weather, added to the cruel work she was so inhumanly put to, made her not very particular in covering her person, and we saw ..... But hold hard! I cannot say

"We saw her charming; but we saw not half

The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd;"

for we saw rather more than half. However, enough of this: but among the curiosities of the day we saw a postillion with a pig-tail!

We met and passed a great many road-wagons on our journey between Jesseburg and Frankfort, it being the great fair at the latter place. These wagons were very neatly *thatched*, which gave them an odd appearance, although security to the contents from thieves and weather must be the result of this practice.

The agriculture of this country attracted my notice. Steady to the soiling system—that system alone by which land receives a proper return from its produce—they cut all their grass, never suffering a beast to help himself to it; and they were now in the act of mowing and making their second crop of hay. The appearance of the crop, *as far as the length of the blade*, did not promise an abundant produce; but being thick at the roots, and the scythes set as low as we set them for pleasure-grounds in this country, none of the grass is left uncut—the ground appearing almost as if it had been shorn; and there were a great many haycocks per acre. In several instances we saw as many as twenty men mowing, all in a row, with now and then a woman in the midst of them, apparently performing her share. The weather was most favorable for this work, and an immense quantity of very good cattle-hay was secured in very excellent order.

The admixture of crops in this part of the country gives it a

strange appearance; and I could not help comparing large fields, at a distance, to a tailor's pattern card. On almost every other land there was a change of crop, and necessarily of colour also, which, when viewed at a distance, produced the similarity I have alluded to. The proportion of green crops here very greatly exceeds that of the white ones, and that is the only system which has saved the pocket of the English farmer for the last eight years.

There were large breadths of peas in blossom in the open fields of this country; but what this crop could answer at this late period of the year for agricultural purposes, I could not at all conjecture, as the pods could not be brought to maturity. We saw a great deal of clover seed raised from the ground on poles—an excellent plan in a wet season; but in England the expenses would be too great, at the present price of that once valuable article.

At Giessen the inn is the post-house, which does not often happen, and we dined there. In this town, or in its vicinity, is the tomb of the very celebrated Werter; and shortly after we left it we passed some very extensive salt works, the machinery of which appeared to be a very masterly production of art. A great many houses and barns are here built with mud walls—a method of building, which it is to be wondered at is not more in fashion in our own country, as, when properly constructed, they will endure a great many years.

We arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main at nine o'clock, having performed the day's journey of seventy miles exactly in fifteen hours, stopping one hour to dine—shamefully slow work, with a light car-

riage, and never less than three horses, on very fine roads. We found the town all in a bustle on account of the fair; but a good supper and comfortable apartments were in readiness for us, having been ordered by Count Putbus, who awaited our arrival at the Roman Emperor hotel. The streets were lighted with gas, being the first we had seen on the Continent.

The first thing we did on the morning after our arrival at Frankfort was to inspect Count Putbus's new carriage, which was built by a coachmaker near this town, for his journey to Rome. In the first place, he thought an open carriage more suited to that mild climate than a close one; and it afforded him an opportunity of leaving his travelling postchaise—a very handsome one, built by Hopkinson, of London—to be repaired against his return. We were surprised to see the excellence of the workmanship of the Frankfort carriage; and as it was a complete barouche, with hind dickey-box, and every possible convenience for carrying luggage, we were still more surprised to hear it only cost one hundred and thirty guineas. I will answer for it, a carriage of this description would not be furnished by a London coachmaker for a less sum than two hundred and fifty guineas. How it may stand work, time will shew; but I must do the builder the justice to say, his work and finishing appeared good.

Not perceiving any fire-arms about Count Putbus's carriage, I asked him if he were not afraid of travelling through Italy without them. He replied, they were of no avail. "In the first place," said he, "there are very few banditti now left; but if you are at-

tacked by them they come down upon you in such a force that resistance on your part is in vain." On my asking him how they proceeded on such occasions, he told me the usual custom was for them to deaire the persons they intended to plunder to quit their carriage and lie on the ground with their faces towards the earth, until they rifled all the luggage and their pockets—telling them that, if they looked up, their lives would inevitably be the forfeit. If these terms were complied with, violence was seldom resorted to, and in many instances money has been returned to meet the exigences of the moment. Now, bad as this is, it is preferable to the brutal violence of an English footpad.

The streets of Frankfort are well paved; the houses good, clean, and convenient; the shops well furnished: but I did not see such buildings as we had met with at Berlin and Cassel. We were shewn the Town House, in which all the Emperors have been crowned; but we did not enter it, as we were told we should not be paid for our trouble.

Our next object was the wine vaults of the celebrated wine-merchant, Mr. Peter Gebhard, who deals exclusively in Rhine wines, of which there appears by his list to be about twenty different sorts. After tasting a great variety, Mr. Tattersall purchased thirty dozen for himself and his friends, of very superior quality. With the exception of straw-wine, which run to ten shillings a bottle, and very old Johannesbergh, such as that of 1753, 1748, &c. which fetches fifteen shillings the bottle, or 80l. per am, I did not consider the charges high for a first-rate house like this. Very good hocks are to be pur-

chased here at about 30l. per am of one hundred and sixty bottles.

We tasted a wine this day which we had seen at Baron Biel's, and were told it has been but a short time on the list of wines: it is called "Effervescent White Hermitage," and drinks something like Champagne.

About the middle of the day we walked through the fair. Although, like Socrates at that of Athens, I might have exclaimed, "how many things are here which I do not want!" yet on the whole I was disappointed in the show. Most of the articles displayed on the stalls were of a trumpery description; and, as to the cutlery, that branch of trade must be quite in its infancy in these parts, for the specimens exhibited were of a very mean description. The best show was the pipes, of which the quantity was prodigious; and I saw some excellent earthen pots for keeping butter, one of which I should have liked to have brought over with me for a pattern. The day was oppressively hot, so that we were glad to retire from the crowded streets, after walking as far as the very fine bridge over the Main, which is certainly worth seeing—it is four hundred feet in length. There appeared to be a great number of the Children of Israel in this town; but the fairs must have much fallen off, for there appeared to be but little doing at the stands.

After an early dinner, our carriage was at the door at four o'clock, and we took our final leave of Count Putbus and his nephew (a fine young man, full of animal spirits, but not a good Englishman), who were to proceed on their journey to Italy on the mor-



row. But, although I have taken leave of the Count, I must not dismiss him in this abrupt manner. I must thank him, in the name of Mr. Tattersall and myself, for his extreme kindness to us during the time we were in his society; and, I have reason to believe, he fixed the period of his journey sooner than he intended, on purpose to accompany us thus far on our road.

When Count Putbus arrived at Dobberan, Mr. Tattersall, to whom he was previously known, introduced me to him thus: "Allow me to introduce Count Putbus to you—the longer you know him, the more you will like him." Never was there a truer prediction; for, in all my travels through life, I never saw what may be termed a *finer specimen of a gentleman*. Although of almost the highest rank, his manner and demeanour are unassuming to a degree, and he possesses a mildness of manner and deportment which heightens all other good qualities in a tenfold degree.

Like Lucullus of old, Count Putbus, being a bachelor, and possessed of ample means, changes his residence with the seasons, and generally passes his winter in Rome\*. Oh how I should like once to visit that sacred ground!

"Alas! I've never roved those vales among,  
Where Virgil while he tuned his sacred song."

If, however, I had the means, although there is no hunting there, I would thus vow:

"By the Bard I swear, and Muse sublime,  
I'll go! o'er Alps on Alps opposed I'll climb:  
Full of his name, with all his frenzy fired,  
There will I read the strains those heavenly scenes inspired."

It takes travellers a long time to get out of London; but we were soon clear of the town of Frankfort, the suburbs of which contain nothing much worthy of admiration. We were, however, soon annoyed with the disgusting repetition of the Cross, which, with the figures of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, presented themselves almost every four hundred yards of our road. On my remarking that the postillion drove very slowly, young Tattersall observed, that he *supposed* that he dared not drive fast by these sacred images. There was, however, no getting him to mend his pace, either by foul means or fair; and by way of shewing us he was an artist, he drove more than half the stage with only one pole-piece. Heaven defend me against such posting as this!—about five miles an hour on a road as good as any in Europe! The second stage, however, somewhat recompensed us for this sulky fellow's delay; for we got some well-bred horses, and a very lively postillion, three parts drunk (as every postillion ought to be), who went along merrily, and soon took us to Mayence.

We passed this evening through the celebrated village of Hockheim, or Hock, in which were a great many carts on their journey to Frankfort, apparently laden with Rhine wine. As our postillion stopped to refresh, I thought I would do the same, and called for a bottle of hock. A few years since this was rather a serious order in a London hotel, and would induce a glance, from those within hearing, towards the person who could indulge in such a luxury. For my bottle at Hockheim, how-

\* The Count has been in England this autumn, but I had not the pleasure of seeing him.

ever, I paid one shilling and two pence; but it was wretched stuff, and, I suppose, only the common drink of the country. It came under the class of the "*whistle-bellies*," and I should have been apprehensive of the consequences of a bottle of it.

The country here is a vineyard, and appeared to continue to be so all the way to Mayence. I say "*appeared*," because, owing to the sanctified postillion, darkness overtook us, and we missed seeing the country; as also the approach to Mayence, which, being on the Rhine, is doubtless very fine; for the bridge over that most majestic river is a quarter of a mile in length, built altogether upon boats. No bridge built of stone could withstand the rapidity of the stream; as was the case with the *Araxes*, which defied even the power of Alexander—" *Pontem indignatus Araxes*," as Virgil so forcibly describes it.

The hotel to which we had been recommended at Mayence being full, was the cause of some uneasiness, lest, being the great Frankfurt fair, we should find all the other inns also occupied, and that we might have to pass the night in the street. However, we were taken in at the hotel called the Roman Emperor, where it was agreed that I should make a memorandum of the supper, for which we were only charged about half-a-crown English per head. It consisted of the following dishes, extremely well served up:—soup; pike, very well dressed; beef-steaks; larks; a brace of partridges; a couple of chickens; ragout of beef, with potatoes and sour crout; pickled salmon, and salad; plum pudding, sweetmeats, and fruit.

There was, however, a set-off

against all this good and cheap fare—there was only one double-bedded room for Mr. Tattersall and his son, and I was to be littered down in the room in which we had supped. Here a curious scene presented itself. I was in bed: Mr. Tattersall was shaving himself at the pier glass, having no article of that sort in his bedroom; his son was putting down our names for the police; and Jemmy was wrangling with the waiter about two grotians, or about four-pence of our money, in the reckoning: "Jemmy," said I, "for once remit the strictness of your economy, and make less noise."

By six o'clock the next morning (the 11th), we were in the steam-boat, which was to land us at Cologne at six o'clock that evening—a distance of about one hundred miles; and it performed the voyage within the stated time. Those packets, making their voyage in one day, have no berths in their cabins, which are consequently large and commodious; and we fared very well at the table, though not quite in the style of the Hilton Jolliffe. We had also the good fortune not to be over-burthened with passengers, and those were of a very decent order.

Were I to take upon myself the presumptuous office of describing with my pen what have been so justly designated "the unimaginable beauties of the splendid Rhine," I should impose upon myself a task which would only end in a failure; and therefore would willingly content myself with little more than the observation, that every thing I had heard or read of it was realised in this day's experience. However, as a few remarks on some of its leading features, and the impression they

may be expected to have made on a person so little travelled in foreign parts as myself, may be not out of place, I shall endeavour to discharge this part of my duty to my indulgent readers.

The Rhine was this day in all its glory. The heavy rains of the summer had filled it almost even with its banks, and the current appeared to run full ten miles an hour. The day also was propitious, and the treat we were to experience in this far-famed voyage put us all into spirits. As for myself, I am here quite of Cicero's opinion, that, when we enter into magnificent palaces, we may be struck with the gilded roofs, the marble columns, the costly pavements, and all the other decorations of art; but, when once seen, they lose their charms: whereas *those of nature*, and the prospects of a country, never satiate us; but, on the contrary, are continually putting on some fresh form to entertain and delight us.

I shall only attempt to describe this majestic river—

—“The wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks that bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine:”

I say, I shall only attempt to describe it by the impression it made upon me, which was quite beyond what anything in the shape of scenery had hitherto done: and well it might, for I never before saw anything to equal its grandeur. Indeed I could only compare the views, which presented themselves at every turn of the stream, to the rapid succession of scenery in a theatre, where if you turn your head to speak to a friend, or quit your seat for a minute, a fresh pic-

ture meets your eyes when you look again towards the stage.

It is really astonishing to see how the banks of this stream, and the hills which form the circles of the great mountain through which it passes, are thickly sown with villages and hamlets. One would wonder whence all the people came who inhabit them; for I speak within compass when I say, that, for a great portion of our voyage, we came to a village (which in other places would pass for a town) in the space of every mile, and sometimes less. Many of those places, I was told, contained a population of from three to four hundred families. The white and clean appearance of the buildings also, with their slated roofs, have a singularly beautiful effect.

With respect to buildings, however, I have only touched on minor subjects when I have spoken of towns and hamlets. At almost every turn, for several miles, the ruins of venerable castles with decayed turrets (built, I believe, by the Roman Emperor Valentinianus, who cut a conspicuous figure in history on the banks of the Danube and the Rhine), nobly present themselves, and contribute in an unequalled degree to the beauty and magnificence of the scene. When to this is added the declivities of the hills planted thick with vineyards, no more need be said to form some faint idea of the grandeur of the whole; but it is quite beyond my pen, therefore I had better leave it alone. I can only say, that, as human nature is always more affected by what it sees than what it hears, no lover of scenery should die without sailing down the Rhine—that is, if he can afford the expense; for he should not quit the world

without knowing, from his own observation, that there is so beautiful a part of it as this.

We passed the celebrated Castle of Johannisburgh, where the famous wine of that name is made. The view from this castle is said—and perhaps justly—to be one of the sublimest spectacles in nature. When the French were in possession of the country, General Hoche intended blowing up the cellar of this Castle, over which the best vines are said to grow, but desisted at the request of General Lefevre. We cannot forget, that although every thing on the banks of this noble river seems now hushed in the gentleness of nature, it is only lately that hands red from battle plucked the grapes upon its banks. We were shewn the place where the immortal Blucher crossed it with the Prussian army.

Adding much to the beauty of the scene is an excellent road, made by Bonaparte, at an immense expense, and running close to, and parallel with, the Rhine. It was originally paved, but is now Macadamized, and there appeared to be a good deal of travelling on it. The scenery from this road is said to be enchanting, and, previous to the use of steam in the packets, must have been a wonderful accommodation to travellers; as sailing against such a current as we had this day must be very tedious work, even with a pretty fair wind.

We stopped at a great many of these towns and villages to take up or set down passengers, parcels, &c. or we should have made much better weigh. I stepped on shore at the pretty town of Coblenz, which is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and about half way of our this day's journey—namely, from

Mayence to Cologne. The magnificent Castle here is now a barrack for soldiers, as also is the Archbishop's palace.

The grand chateau of the Duke of Nassau was pointed out to me this day; as also his shooting-box on the hill. The Duke is a most determined sportsman, and rises at two o'clock in the morning to go to the chase, which I was told is not much relished by some of his friends who visit him, and who are not quite so keen as himself. The works at which all the soda and salt-water are made are near the chateau, and are the property of this Duke. The baths of Wisbaden (famous even in the time of the Romans) are likewise in this part of the country. They furnish no less than fourteen warm springs, and are excellent remedies in cases of gout and rheumatism.

Mr. Tattersall had purchased a bracelet for Mrs. Tattersall, and, having it on his person, was told it was possible it might be seized by the police. "Give it to me, Sir," said Jemmy: "I am used to this work, and I'll engage they don't find it on my person." As I was parading the deck in the course of the evening, I saw Jemmy fast asleep on a chair, surrounded by a crowd of persons, and the red Morocco case that contained Mrs. Tattersall's bracelet appearing rather more than half-way out of his breeches pocket. So much for the prudence of an Irish smuggler!

There was an English gentleman on board who has been long resident in Germany, having been driven from his native land, as he informed me, by the tax-gatherer; and, as he spends some part of every summer on the Rhine, I asked some questions as to the rate

of provisions and other parts of domestic expenses. He told me, that when he came there without his family, which he sometimes did, the expense of himself, his servant, and his horse, only amounted to seven shillings per day at an inn.

We sat down to a very comfortable and decently-cooked dinner at three o'clock, each passenger having a pint of Moselle wine by the side of his plate, which, with the dinner, was included in the passage-money of about two pounds sterling. The Rhine being at this time deep to the water's edge, we ran close to some beautiful villages, in which we could hear the inhabitants conversing with the passengers on deck as the vessel was under weigh; and the picturesque effect through the cabin windows was really quite like enchantment. We had an agreeable cargo of passengers, and the evening passed off well.

We arrived at Cologne at seven o'clock in the evening; but as we were obliged to pass that night to Dusseldorf, a distance of twenty-four miles, we had no time, after the bustle of getting our carriage and luggage ashore, to see anything of the town. Here is the famous Rhine burgh, which contains a hundred hogsheads of wine, and is said never to have been empty in the memory of man.

It was nearly nine o'clock before we quitted Cologne; and as we were to be in the steam-boat at Dusseldorf at three the next morning, we considered it advisable, as the post-station was an inn, to stop and get some supper where we changed horses on the road, and so proceed at once on board the steamer. This allowed us about two hours' rest, which we took on our box coats in our supper room.

There were four carriages besides ours on board this steam boat, which was to convey us to Rotterdam that night; and it was rather uncomfortably crowded with passengers. These carriages belonged to some Count, who, with his family, were on their road to Brussels, where they reside, and where I was told they live in great splendour, he being one of the wealthiest Noblemen in these parts. His Countess was a fine woman, having much the air of fashion; and her children, and the establishment altogether, had the appearance of every thing about them being what the French call *comme il faut*.

There is not much interesting scenery on this side Dusseldorf, as we soon got into the flat country of the Lower Rhine; and I perceived we also got among the Dutchmen, for we took many passengers in our way. By way of a lark, I will describe two of the characters on board, which struck me as something out of the common way.—The first was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years old. When I say he was either eating, drinking, or smoking the whole length of the voyage, it will not surprise my readers to hear he weighed about twenty-two stone, jockey weight. By the appearance of his hands, which were clean, and rather white than otherwise, I took him to be above the middle ranks of society, and his linen also was fine, which formerly was a strong token of a gentleman. However, being no judge of a Dutch gentleman, I was unable to determine this point with regard to my well-fed fellow-traveller; but he wore a dress very common, I believe in these parts, which gave him a very plebeian appearance. This was a brown Holland smock.

frock, bound with blue round the collar, and with a blue band round the waist, and made very full in all parts. As he stooped down to get something out of his portmanteau, he presented that breadth of stern which marks the character of the ships of his country. "Attitude is every thing," said I to Mr. Gurney; "does it not remind us of our '*As in presenti*,' that we read at school?"

The next was a comely-looking person, about fifty, and I took it into my head that he belonged to the order of 'Squires—such as they were in the time of *Tom Jones*; for, although I cannot say much for the air and fashion of his lady, he had two well-dressed daughters on board—one of them as fine a young woman as ever trod the earth, but rather too much of her to wear well, as I understood she was under eighteen. The contrast between herself and Papa and Mamma was perhaps not less striking, from the circumstance of her having been educated in France, and possessing the light and flippant air of the women of that country.

I must describe Papa's dress, which I think my readers will pronounce to be unique. He wore a loose great coat, something of a thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and large loose trousers. His head was well plastered with pomatum, and his hair confined down the back part of his head by a large tortoise-shell comb. Pigtail he had none; but upon his nose he wore a pair of not very small steel spectacles; and on his hands—none of the whitest or cleanest by the bye—were three very large rings; whilst in the frill of his shirt was, first, a brooch composed of a very fine onyx handsomely set in diamonds, and below that the figure

of a black pointer, to shew, I conclude, that he was a sportsman! He sat at the head of the table, and I had the pleasure of sitting very near his daughter; but having forgotten almost all my French, I could say very little to her. Notwithstanding what I have said, there was something respectable in the appearance of this family, though the Graces steered clear of the old ones.

I have one other character to notice, but one of a less agreeable cast. Although I had the pleasure of having a fine woman on my left, I had, exactly opposite to me, a huge fat and greasy-looking man, whom the heat of the cabin made more greasy than usual, and who quite destroyed my appetite for dinner by the following unmanly proceedings, and I gave myself some credit for sitting out the appointed time. Throwing open his waistcoat, and puffing like a broken-winded horse, he began by mopping his head and face with a handkerchief that had been a candidate for the wash-tub at least a week before. I stood that! He then, about the middle of our dinner, picked his teeth with the prongs of his fork, and wiped them on the table cloth. I stood that!! By Jove, I said, NIMRON, but you are a better man than I took you for. However, in five minutes after, he finished me by a knock-down blow; for, clearing his throat well, he spat the contents on the floor, and I bolted like a runaway cock from the pit.

We had a long evening before us, for we dined at one; however, what with books, which were in the cabin, and the society of a few respectable persons on board, we wore away the hours—all things considered—agreeably enough till seven o'clock, when half a dozen of

us sat down to almost the best mutton chops I ever ate in my life, and certainly the only bit of good mutton I had met with since I left my own country—for in Germany I saw none that came under that denomination. We had also another treat, but of an intellectual nature, and nothing to do with mutton chops. This was a sight of the female part of the Brussels Count's establishment, who supped at the opposite table—the butler presiding on the occasion. We all agreed we never saw four finer young women of their rank in life, nor whose deportment was more correct and creditable. Indeed we went farther than this. Their handsome black locks, fine teeth, and well-spread shoulders induced us to say they should have been imported to England for the benefit of a cross of Flanders blood in the human race, which has done so much for our wagon-horse breed. Perhaps we ought not to have looked so minutely at these lady's maids and nurses, but I can quote a precedent of no small repute. In that beautiful parting scene between Hector and Andromache, when their child falls back crying into the arms of its nurse, the elegance of her waist is alluded to by Homer. Pope omitted it in his translation, considering it an impropriety; but, in my opinion, the old boy was right; and my readers will recollect the well-turned compliment—

Δψ δ' ὁ παῖς πρὸς κολπον εὐς(ωρον  
τῆσσι

Ελλῶθη ιαχων.—See *Iliad* vi. 467.

We landed at Rotterdam at ten o'clock at night, and proceeded to the Old Baths Hotel, where we were fortunate enough to procure very good apartments; and to my surprise our sitting room was carpeted, and we had curtains to our

beds—luxuries we had very long been strangers to. After an excellent cup of coffee, we retired to rest.

*Saturday the 13th.*—We arose in good time, but a more inauspicious morning for our purpose cannot well be imagined. It not only rained in torrents, but blew a gale which was right in our teeth for England; and, as the Equinox was at hand, we had strong forebodings might continue till the morrow, when the steamer was to sail for London. As far as myself was concerned, the delay of a few days was immaterial; but to Mr. Tattersall it was everything, as Doncaster races commenced on the 17th, and he was obliged to go there to sell Lord Wharncliffe's stud.

Now what was to be done? My doctrine was this—I will go to sea in a gale of wind, if that wind be favorable to our course; but never again will I go to sea with the wind blowing great guns, and those guns pointing towards me. I did so once, and very nearly paid my life for the experiment. "Oh, but you were not in a steamer!" was the remark. "True," I replied; "but let us hear what the Captain says."

In five minutes I was on board the King of the Netherlands packet, which was moored almost opposite our windows. "Well, Captain," said I, "a bad lookout for old England!"—"Very bad, indeed," answered he; "but our craft can make the passage in time."—"Perhaps you may," said I; "but, as I am not Cæsar, you shall not have my company, unless the gale moderates." I must do the Captain the justice to say he did not give me encouragement, but observed that the weather might moderate by the next morning.

We now walked to the New Baths Hotel, to seek a fellow-traveller, with whom we had scraped acquaintance on the Rhine, and to consult with him as to future proceedings; when we were fortunate enough to find him at breakfast with a London gentleman, who frequently takes this trip, and who was in the same situation as ourselves as to the fate of the morrow. It was at once declared, that, unless the wind moderated, it would be imprudent to go to sea, and an over-land journey to Ostend was at once determined upon.

There was another reason why this miserable weather was a great annoyance to us. We had set our hearts on a drive to the Hague; and I had also determined on seeing the economy of a Flemish farm. In this world, however, we must bend to circumstances; and as we could not see any thing out of the town, we contented ourselves with looking at what was worthy of notice in it.

The Apocryphal Esdras says, that of seven parts of the world six are dry land, and one part only is covered with water. Holland then, I am certain, has a good share of this one part—for even in the streets of her towns large ships are seen lying close to the shop doors, as is the case at Rotterdam, where you cannot walk many yards without crossing water. The scene, however, of the shipping so interspersed with the houses, is at once novel and interesting; and a stroll through the streets is by no means disagreeable, although there are no fine buildings to admire.

As is the case with most towns on the Continent, strangers are sent to church to amuse themselves, and we were recommended to visit the fine old church here. We

saw the monuments of Admiral De Witte and Erasmus—two very great men in their line, and of whom their country may well be proud. When looking at the latter, I recollected the character given of him by one of his biographers; and surely no man, as a writer, was ever honored more. "He wrote," says he, "with the minuteness of a grammarian, the sagacity of a critic, the subtilty of a metaphysician, and the eloquence of an rhetorician; with the solemnity of a theologian, the profundity of a philosopher, and the gaiety, the ease, and playfulness of a poet." England also shares some of this great man's glory, for he took his Bachelor's Degree (incipient in Theology) at the University of Cambridge in 1510.

Casting my eyes towards a corner of this fine old building, my astonishment was excited by seeing the name and residence of my next-door neighbour on a large handsome monument, on which was a long Latin inscription, part of which time had in some measure defaced. This was to the memory of the second son of Edward Chaloner Chute, of the Vine in Hampshire, whose days had been cut short at Rotterdam by a fever in the year 1705, now one hundred and twenty-four years since past. This Edward Chaloner Chute was Speaker of the House of Commons; and a very noble monument of him, in his robes, is in full preservation at this time in the elegant little chapel at the Vine.

There is a very handsome organ in this fine old church at Rotterdam, and the building is, I believe, considered a very grand specimen of the Gothic architecture. Certain it is, our Gothic ancestors were not selfish; and if their taste



in these matters does not equal the Grecian artists, they lay claim to generosity in providing for the wants of distant ages; for this church, though of considerable antiquity, appears likely to stand the assault of many more centuries, and a thousand such storms as this day assailed it.

Turning from grave to gay, we were somewhat amused, somewhat surprised, and somewhat disgusted with one part of the internal economy of this city. No nation, it is true, is free from the power of women, nor indeed would I have it so; but, as the saying is, "there is reason in roasting eggs." The public exhibition of harlots in the lower windows in the streets of Rotterdam must be extremely offensive to female delicacy. There they sit, all day, in their fine clothes, bedecked with trinkets, and, like the sirens of old, beckoning to every man who passes in their sight. In old Solon's time they could not have enjoyed a greater licence, although it is not here as it was at Corinth—

"Non civis homini contingit adire Corinthum;"

for I have reason to believe the market at Rotterdam is very low. I must say there were several very handsome women amongst them, and they displayed some of the finest heads of hair my eyes ever beheld: but, notwithstanding this, I could not help thinking that it would not be amiss if these modern sirens had King Solomon's caution written over their doors:—"Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither."

Having passed away the morning as well as we could, and being cheered with the hopes of a change in the weather, we returned to our hotel by four o'clock, the hour of dinner at the *table d'hôte*. Here we were joined by our fellow-passenger in the steam-boat, and by

his friend, who turned out to be a gentleman from London, a member of Lloyd's, by the name of Eiche, whom we found a very intelligent and pleasing companion. Both these gentlemen knew Mr. Tattersall—but who does not know him?

We had but a small party at dinner, a circumstance which we did not regret; but amongst them was a German Count, who, learning something of our history, and being a relation of Count Veltheim, was kind enough to tell us a few sporting anecdotes of his country. Amongst others, he informed us that the Duke of Brunswick killed the enormous number of three hundred and sixty-five wild boars in the course of one season.

According to the custom of the country, our landlord presided at the *table d'hôte*, and a very civil and obliging man did he appear to be. The following shall serve for a specimen:—"We had been endeavoring in the morning to find a purchaser for our carriage, which had cost us 40*l.* at Hamburg. "Were it a boat," said Jemmy, "I would engage to sell it for you in the twinkling of an eye; but who wants a carriage at Rotterdam?" There was more truth in this than in most of Jemmy's observations; and we soon found out that a very heavy sacrifice must be submitted to. However, our landlord, seeing our dilemma, voluntarily offered to give us what a coachmaker would value it at; and on Jemmy bringing us word that 15*l.* was the maximum, he put the money on the table, and there ended one difficulty, and no small one either.

It appears that our landlord, whose name I do not now remember, possesses a taste for the fine arts as well as fine wines; and in

the room in which we dined was a picture of St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness, for which he told us he had refused, or that he had asked, fifteen hundred pounds; but there my memory fails me again. It is certainly a good picture; but there is a character about it not at all consistent with the subject. In the first place, the face and features are extremely feminine; and there is a softness about the person, that very ill accords with that of one living in a cave in a wilderness, and existing on locusts and wild honey—clad in a vest of camel's hair, to remind him of toil and all kinds of mortification. He is here represented in an elegant robe, and in his complexion shewing anything but austerity and starvation. Perhaps it ill becomes me to be a critic on these matters; but this is the fault I find with most of the pictures of the Holy Family. We are explicitly told that the Virgin Mary was a poor woman, living in a small village in Gallilee; and yet is she generally bedizened in fine clothes, and represented with the air of a woman of fashion. In my opinion, a picture, whatever be the subject, should be a true and faithful copy of its original.

After a moderate allowance of very good wine, we all adjourned to the theatre, to which place we had a very dirty walk of about a mile, passing over, I should think, nearly a dozen bridges in that space. The play was *Titus*, which, being the third time we had met with it in our travels, is, I suppose, a favorite on the Continent at present. In one respect it cannot be too often performed; for it presents to imitation one of the most amiable characters of antiquity, and shews how cautious we should be in forming a hasty opinion of any

man, or condemning youthful follies. Titus, though a licentious and most extravagant Prince, became the best Emperor that ever governed the Roman Empire. But was not this also the case with Themistocles, and some others that I could name?

I was wofully disappointed in the theatre of Rotterdam. I never saw a more gloomy concern; and as for the actors, there were but two that could possibly lay claim to such an appellation. *Don Juan* followed the opera, the music of which was considered good.

*Sunday the 14th.*—Had we propitiated the gods who preside over the aerial regions—had the king of the winds—had all the zephyrs been at work for us, a more favorable change could not have been wrought by them than had taken place in the weather in the course of the preceding night. The gale moderated; there was a stiff breeze quite fair for England; and the tide enabled us to cross the bar at a most agreeable hour in the morning, which did not require us to be on board before eight. Having secured our berths, and ascertained that the packet was not likely to be crowded with passengers, we quitted our hotel with the most pleasing anticipations of shortly arriving in our native country—and away with the man who does not prefer it to all others! The immortal Scott has immortalized this sentiment in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and although I dare say most of my readers can quote the stanza from memory, I will give it them once more. The lines are too beautiful to be forgotten:—

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign land!”

I must not here omit our last act in a strange country. This was taking leave of Jemmy, whom we left at Rotterdam, to get back to Hamburg as well as he could. The heart may dissemble and the lips may feign; but I really believe this man was truly grateful for what little kindness we had shewn him; and, with tears in his eyes, he paid us the homely compliment of saying, we were "the three best fellows he had ever travelled with in his life." I must, in return, do him the justice to say that a more honest careful servant never existed than himself. Of the latter we had many proofs; and of the former it is only necessary to observe, that an umbrella, which was stolen from him at Cologne, was the only thing lost by him of all the numerous articles of which he had the care. It is needless to observe, we gave him a written attestation of his good conduct; and he has since called on Mr. Tattersall to express his gratitude; for it immediately procured him an office similar to the one he had so honorably performed for us.

In proportion as a subject is familiar to the reader, does it become difficult to the writer; and, as the operations of steam-packets have been so frequently displayed, I shall not have much to say here. We weighed anchor at eight o'clock, and sat down to an excellent breakfast exactly at nine; and it was well we did: for in an half an hour longer we were on the bar, which would have spoiled the appetite of a good many of our passengers. Crossing this bar, however, is no joke. Our vessel, it seems, was nearly flat-bottomed, for the purpose of drawing so much less water than if her keel were sharper; but, as we were on

the bar, I could hear the sailor who was heaving the lead coolly singing out, "Quarter less one." Now, I am sailor enough to know that we were then in only one fathom of water, with a heavy sea; and also knowing that this one fathom implied only six feet, and that our vessel drew five, it seemed rather too near to be pleasant. However, our Captain was at the helm, and having been all his life in these seas, and bearing the character of a most accomplished seaman, so I smoked my cigar quite as comfortably as if on shore.

"Now, Captain," said I, when we were once more in deep water, "I suppose you feel more at your ease here than you did when on the bar."—"I do," replied he: "that bar is an awkward place; but we never attempt it in the dark, and our vessel is made to fit it. Of course it requires nice steerage." He afterwards told me they sometimes got aground there, but the bottom was soft, and there was no danger. A short time ago, he said, she struck so hard as to throw him flat on his face on the deck, but his vessel got off again without any hindrance.

A curious scene—one of the many phenomena of Nature—presented itself almost immediately after our crossing the bar. We saw before us, running athwart our course, a straight line of water, of quite a different colour to that in which we were then sailing, and giving every appearance of being formed by a ridge of rocks or sand. It proved to be the current of the Rhine, the water of which being weaker than that of the sea, was floated by the latter, and therefore did not mix with it. The Captain told me it had an alarming appearance to strangers, and extended many miles out to

sea. All these phenomena of Nature, however, are the necessary effects of its laws.

The laws of Motion also are arbitrary, of which we had sufficient proof during this voyage; for a strong gale had blown from one point the day before, and then turning to a right-opposite one this day, caused a particular swell in the sea, which made the vessel roll so much that none but "sea legs," as they are called, could walk the deck, and the stomach pump was very frequently at work among the passengers. I did go down to dinner with about eight or ten besides, who felt equal to the trial; but nothing tasted well, and fresh air was considered advisable "to keep things in their places," as Mrs. Ramsbottom has it. As for our steam-boat friend, he was floored very soon in the day; and, had a painter wanted to express wretchedness exemplified, he could not have had a better subject for his pencil. Our other new acquaintance likewise (Mr. Eiche), who the day before had jocosely told us his stomach was proof against every thing of this sort, and contained different bins for different sorts of wine, had some difficulty to contend against the horrid rolling of this vessel. Mr. Tattersall and his son stood it well; and for myself, thinking bed the best place on such an occasion, I turned into my berth at six o'clock, and, strange to say, slept till that hour the next morning, with the exception of a short interval of about ten minutes, when disturbed by a sea striking the ship.

Among the discomforts of a sea voyage, is that of breakfasting in a place where so many persons have slept; but here a good expedient was resorted to. The

steward came to us at half-past six to say we were in the Thames; that it was a beautiful morning; and that in half an hour the Custom-house officers would be on board, and must examine our bedding—therefore we had better arise. This had the desired effect. In an hour the cabin was clear, and in another hour a good breakfast was prepared for us.

It is said the Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while inferior beings formed the rest of the world; and the inhabitants of Malta honour their rock with the appellation of "the flower of the world." This being the case, we can pardon a Neapolitan for exclaiming, "See the Bay of Naples, and die!" or an Englishman for preferring the Thames to all the Rhines in the world. "*Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido!*" said no bad judge of human nature and its passions.

Setting aside all natural predictions, and saying nothing about the country that is on its banks, there is something wonderfully striking in the appearance of the River Thames between Gravesend and London, where, if a man had the eyes of Argus, he might employ them all. It really appears as if the wealth and industry of all nations were gathered together and extended before us, from the immense multitude of shipping presented to our sight. We had two foreign gentlemen on board who had never visited England before, and the astonishment they expressed is quite beyond my power to describe.

A melancholy object arrested our eyes not far from Gravesend. This was the wreck of a fine Indiaman lying on her beam ends, having "missed stays," as the sea term is,

when beating up the River on her return from India. It appeared no blame was attached to any one; but it must be accounted a singularly hard stroke of Fortune, that a vessel should arrive within four or five leagues of her destined port, and be lost in a ditch, which the Thames here may be called, in comparison with the trackless ocean over which she had been steered safely on her passage from Bengal.

At twelve o'clock, I believe to a minute, we were safely landed at the Custom House stairs, after exactly an absence of eight weeks; and, on getting our luggage from the officers, we each repaired to his own home—I believe I may add, very much gratified by the excursion we had made. Doctor Johnson observed, that he had never found much addition was made to the conversation of men by foreign travel; and perhaps this may apply to us: but I think I can say, that as a pipe of wine is mellowed by a voyage, so were our souls by the trip we had taken, and the kindness of our friends upon all occasions, *which may be equalled, but can never be excelled!*

This narrative is now brought to a conclusion; and if I could travel in the manner spoken of by Pliny—if, like that of Hermotimus, my soul could travel without my body—I should like much to retrace my steps, for I have not written it quite to my mind. The untoward circumstances to which I have already alluded as having prevented my sitting down earlier to the task, not only weakened my recollection on many points which I wished to have enlarged on, but the interest attached to others cannot fail of being damped by the coldness of delay. However, it is

better to be little in our eyes, than to claim honours which may not be our due; and therefore I conclude with this candid confession:—(it was one of a great Roman, whose name and works will be remembered when my scribbling will be laid aside and forgotten:)—“*Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt malæ plura.*”

NIMROD.

Although the GERMAN TOUR is now ended, we have been favored by NIMROD with a brief account of the Studs of Baron Biel and his brother; part of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh's; those of Count Bassewitz and his brother; of Count Molke; of Mr. M'Michael; the Royal Prussian stud; and also that of Count Veltheim. We shall of course occasionally avail ourselves of this interesting communication to the Sporting World, and give portions in succeeding Numbers.

## COURSING MEETINGS.

### CHESTERFORD.

<sup>STR,</sup>  
THE Chesterford Cup was won on Friday last in Bottisham Field, near Newmarket, by Mr. Smele's blk. and wh. b. Silkworm, bred by Mr. H. Thurnell, of Whittlesford, Cambridgeshire, by his wh. d. Snowball, out of his blk. and wh. b. Havock, own Sister to Zitella, the winner of the Newmarket Cup, November 1827. Silkworm divided the Allington Hill Puppy Stakes with Mr. Leyton's Laura in November 1828, won the same Stakes in February 1828, and the Cup in November 1829. Her style of running (like her dam) is remarkably strong and pressing, particularly up hill; and for three or four successive days' coursing she is perhaps equal to any greyhound in the kingdom.

Two courses for the Chesterford Cup were extremely short, and any thing but satisfactory to the winners,

and to the *losers* excessively provoking. In one case it was utterly impossible to form any opinion as to which was the better dog; but the Judge was even in this case *obliged* to decide, to the utter disappointment of one party or the other.

This plan of deciding courses is, in my humble opinion, quite abominable, and totally unnecessary; and having complained of it, I will endeavour to point out a better. It is to be presumed that most members of Coursing Clubs are *sportsmen*, and that their object is to win a Cup, not to get a Cup. Suppose, then, that the dogs of A and B are slipped at a very weak hare, which is killed in an instant, leaving it impossible to form an opinion as to the merit of the dogs; the Judge should be allowed in all such cases to return the course as undecided. The stewards of the day should instantly appeal to the owners of the dogs for their choice, either to run it again or toss for it; and, if divided in their opinion, the party offering to run it again to have the preference. To this plan, I confess I cannot see an objection. It certainly would be infinitely more satisfactory to the parties immediately concerned; and surely no one else would object, because it is to be supposed (though I do not value it a doit) that the shortest possible course takes a little out of a dog, and therefore gives a trifling turn in favour of his competitors. Be this as it may, I am quite sure that every true lover of the sport would rather his dog should run a dozen times, than get a course or lose a course in this horribly provoking and unsportsmanlike way.

SORO.

November 19, 1829.

### THE SWAFFHAM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

WESTACRE FIELD.

*For the Cup.*—Lord Stradbroke's bl. b. Mouse beat Mr. Wilkinson's bl. b. Clara; Mr. Caldwell's bl. b. Ruby beat Mr. Ewen's bl. d. Juniper; Mr. Chute's r. d. Hotspur beat Mr. R. Hamond's bl. and wh. d. Quality; Mr. Redhead's r. b. Lara beat Mr. Young's br. d. Vesper; Mr. Gurdon's bl. d. Snowball beat Mr. Tys-

sen's wh. b. p. Gossamer; Mr. Buckworth's bl. and wh. b. Brief beat Colonel Wilson's bl. and wh. b. Novice.

*First Class Matches.*—Mr. Buckworth's Barber agst Mr. Chute's Hornet—undecided; Mr. Wilkinson's Cassina agst Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet—no course; Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot beat Mr. Gurdon's Stanley; Mr. Tyssen's Giraffe beat Mr. Chute's Hawke; Mr. Gurdon's Sepoy beat Mr. Redhead's Leech; Mr. Caldwell's Rarity beat Mr. R. Hamond's Queen; Mr. Buckworth's Brickdust beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker; Mr. Ewen's Jasper beat Mr. Tyssen's Gannymede.

*Westacre Sweepstakes for Puppies.*—Mr. Wilkinson's bl. p. d. Claret beat Mr. Tyssen's bl. p. Gazelle; Mr. R. Hamond's bl. p. d. Quicksilver beat Mr. Gurdon's r. p. d. Sovereign.

*Second Class Matches.*—Mr. Wilkinson's Clay agst Mr. Gurdon's Sontag—undecided; Mr. Redhead's Lofty agst Mr. Buckworth's Bachelor—undecided; Mr. R. Hamond's Quietus beat Mr. Gurdon's Soldier; Mr. Buckworth's Bolus beat Mr. Tyssen's Gelert; Mr. Buckworth's Blinker beat Mr. Redhead's Leader; Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet beat Mr. Caldwell's Rarity.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

CLEY FIELD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Brief beat Snowball.  
Lara — Mouse.  
Ruby — Hotspur.

*Deciding Course for the Westacre Sweepstakes.*—Quicksilver beat Claret, and won the Stakes.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

SECOND TIES FOR CUP.

Brief beat —.  
Ruby — Lara.

No matches were run this day, owing to the weather being stormy and wet.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Caldwell's Ruby beat Mr. Buckworth's Brief, after a dead heat, and won the Cup. *Matches.*—Mr. Villebois's June beat Mr. Gurdon's Snowdrop; Mr. R. Hamond's Quick beat Mr. Buckworth's Brickdust; Mr. Buckworth's Bachelor agst Mr. Chute's Harmless—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's Novice beat Mr. Ewen's Juniper; Mr. R. Hamond's Quietus beat Mr. Buckworth's Blinker; Mr. Villebois's Inkle beat Mr. Gurdon's Sovereign; Mr. Buckworth's Barber beat Mr. Chute's

Harmony; Mr. Buckworth's Brush beat Mr. Gurdon's Sailor; Mr. R. Hamond's Quality agst Mr. Gurdon's Snowball—undecided; Mr. Gurdon's Soldier beat Mr. Chase's Hornet; Mr. Tyssen's Giffaffe beat Mr. Gurdon's Stately; Mr. Gurdon's Sontag beat Mr. Tyssen's Gossamer.

## THE MALTON.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3, 1829.

## WHARRAM.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Lowther's f. p. d. Valiant, by Phantom, out of Vesta, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p. b. Rhoda, by Harewood Turk, out of Rosebud; Mr. Best's red d. Reveller, by Regent, out of his Minna, beat Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Graceless, by Regulus; Major Bower's f. p. d. Blackcap, by Wellington, out of Bebadilla, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. tick. p. d. Rapid, by Harewood Turk, out of Rosebud; Major Bower's brin. and wh. b. Belstead, Sister to Belfast, beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. p. d. Raymond, by Dart, out of Mr. Vansittart's Rachel; Mr. Best's r. d. Schoolboy, by Streamer, out of Mr. Chaplin's Minna, beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Damien, by Dart, out of Maiden; Sir B. R. Graham's blk. p. d. Gunsmith, by Streamer, out of Tippet, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. p. b. Vesta, by Phantom, out of Vesta; Sir B. R. Graham's red and wh. p. d. Grammar, by Hercules, out of Faith, beat Lord Macdonald's bl. b. Camilla, by Regulus, out of Finesse; Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Sontag, by Lamplighter, out of Snipe, beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. d. Gabriel, by Senator, out of Sister to Redcap.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged Dogs.*—Mr. Lowther's dun p. d. Venture, by Phantom, out of Vesta, beat Sir J. Johnstone's yel. b. Fawn, by Young Syphon; Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby, by Turk, out of Mr. Loft's Marcia, beat Lord Macdonald's red d. Firelock, by Mack, out of Vesta.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.*—Sir B. R. Graham's red and wh. d. Gloucester, by Hercules, out of Glory, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Evander, by Marmion, out of Sister to Swift; Mr. Best's blk. d. Gimcrack, by Streamer, out of Gratitude, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. and wh. d. Victor, by Phantom, out of Violet.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Woodbine, by Warwick, out of Harewood's Venus, beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. b. Garnet, by Streamer, out of Tippet; Mr. Best's red b. Goldenlocks, by Streamer, out of Gratitude, beat Lord Macdonald's blk. b. Jane, by Regent.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each,*

*for Puppies.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. tick. d. Tarragon, by Harewood Turk, out of Trictrac, beat Mr. Lowther's dun d. Virgil; Mr. Swann's bl. b. Europa, by Marmion, out of Sister to Swift, beat Mr. Best's red b. Harpy, by Hercules.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged Dogs.*—Sir J. Johnstone's wh. b. Io beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Whirlpool; Mr. Swann's blk. p. b. Lady beat Sir B. R. Graham's Gaylass, by Blucher, out of Spy.

*Match.*—Lord Macdonald's Finesse beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ringlet.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

## LANGTON WOLD.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Sontag	beat	Blackcap.
Schoolboy	—	Valiant.
Reveller	—	Gunsmith.
Grammar	—	Belstead.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Best's red b. Hebe, by Hercules, out of Clari, beat Sir B. R. Graham's f. b. Gossamer, by Hercules; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta beat Sir B. R. Graham's red b. Ginger, by Hercules, out of Glory.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs and Bitches.*—Lord Macdonald's bl. b. Camilla beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. d. Gabriel; Mr. Lowther's red d. Pharoah, by Phantom, out of Playful, beat Mr. Best's dun b. Gazelle, by Streamer—Gratitude.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All Ages.*—Mr. Lowther's red p. b. Dora, by Pilot, beat Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Graceless; Mr. Best's blk. b. Brocard, by Ringouzie, out of Rattlesnake, beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. d. Gleaner, by Blucher, out of Marigold.

*Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's brin. b. Jessamine, by Miller, out of Jane, beat Lord Macdonald's bl. b. Duchess, by Regent; Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Rhoda beat Mr. Best's red b. Sprite, by Streamer, out of Regan.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Raymond beat Sir J. J. Johnstone's blk. tick. d. Rapid; Mr. Lowther's red d. Whisker beat Sir B. R. Graham's bl. and wh. d. Gradus, by Hercules, out of Faith.

*Matches.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. beat Mr. Swann's Daisy; Sir Johnstone's Roderick beat Mr. Lowther's Whirlpool; Mr. Swann's Damien agst Mr. Best's Monarch—undecided; Lord Macdonald's Brutus beat Sir J. Johnstone's Vizier; Mr. Lowther's Phoenix agst Mr. Best's Roebuck—undecided.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

DUGGLESBY.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Sontag beat Schoolboy.  
Grammar — Reveller.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged Dogs.*—Mr. Beat's Tibby beat Mr. Lowther's Venture, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.*—Sir B. R. Graham's Gloucester beat Mr. Beat's Gimmerack, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Sir J. Johnstone's Woodbine beat Mr. Beat's Goldenlocks, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's Europa beat Sir J. Johnstone's Tarragon, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged Dogs.*—Mr. Swann's Lady beat Sir J. Johnstone's wh. b. lo, and won the Stakes.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Major Bower's f. d. Blackcap, beat Mr. Lowther's Phæbus; Mr. Swann's Evander beat Sir J. Johnstone's Roderick.

*Matches.*—Sir J. Johnstone's Fawn beat Major Bower's Beaufort; Mr. Lowther's Virgil beat Major Bower's Blackmaid; Mr. Beat's Roebuck beat Mr. Lowther's Phoenix; Sir B. R. Graham's Garnet beat Mr. Lowther's Wildfire; Mr. Beat's Monarch beat Mr. Swann's Damien; Sir B. R. Graham's Ginger beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ringlet; Mr. Cholmley's Popsy beat Lord Macdonald's Jane; Mr. Beat's Sprite agst Sir B. R. Graham's Gossamer—undecided.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

WHARRAM.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Swann's Sontag beat Sir B. R. Graham's Grammar, and won the Cup.

*Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Sir J. Johnstone's Woodbine beat Mr. Swann's Europa; Mr. Beat's Goldenlocks beat Mr. Swann's Lady.

*Deciding Course for Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Beat's Goldenlocks beat Sir J. Johnstone's Woodbine, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Lowther's Vesta beat Mr. Beat's Hebe, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs and Bitches.*—Lord Macdonald's Camilla beat Mr. Lowther's Pharaoh, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All Ages.*—Mr. Beat's Brocard beat Mr. Lowther's Dora, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's Jessamine beat Sir J. Johnstone's Rhoda, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's Raymond beat Mr. Lowther's Whiaker, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Swann's Evanda beat Major Bower's Blackcap, and won the Stakes.

## THE WENSLEYDALE.

The Cup was run for as usual on the grounds of the Right Hon. Lord Belton, and the ties were decided as below. The hares were all killed, with the exception of three.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Willis's Fly beat Mr. Burrill's Hector; Mr. Hammond's Dart beat Mr. W. Fisher's Romp; Mr. Harland's Dart ran a bye; Mr. J. Fisher's General beat Mr. Maclellan's Fly; Mr. C. Other's Rex beat Mr. Booth's Lale; Mr. Wray's Patch beat Master Fowlett's Frits; Mr. Chapman's Spanker beat Mr. Ware's Mameluke; Mr. Other's Liberty beat Mr. Hutton's Smirke.

*First Ties.*—Mr. Hammond's Dart beat Mr. Willis's Fly; Mr. Harland's Dart beat Mr. J. Fisher's General; Mr. C. Other's Rex beat Mr. Wray's Patch; Mr. Chapman's Spanker beat Mr. Other's Liberty.

*Second Ties.*—Mr. Harland's Dart beat Mr. Hammond's Dart; Mr. C. Other's Rex beat Mr. Chapman's Spanker.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. C. Other's Rex beat Mr. Harland's Dart, and won the Cup.

## THE AMESBURY.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Brouncker's blk. b. Boadicea beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. White Rose; Mr. Moore's r. b. Modesty beat Mr. Shard's f. d. Bat; Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Witchery beat Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Etiquette; Mr. Heaketh's r. b. Hap beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lancer; Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Hieroglyphic beat Mr. Moore's r. b. Maria; Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lignum beat Capt. Wyndham's blk. d. Wandsdyke; Mr. Etwall's f. d. Exquisite beat Mr. Shard's f. d. Blaze; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Epsom.

*Stonehenge Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit beat Mr. Moore's yel. d. Mameluke; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Heaketh's f. d. Heart of Oak; Mr.



Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa (late Jessamine) beat Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Wandsbeck; Mr. Etwall's yel. and wh. d. Engineer beat Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Wildfire.

*Tidworth Stakes.*—Mr. Moore's yel. b. Magic beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Envoy; Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Higgle beat Capt. Wyndham's brn. b. Wasp; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Blonde beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Livia; Capt. Wyndham's blk. d. Wamba beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust (late Beetle).

*Amesbury Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Heaketh's r. b. Harriet beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Exotic; Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lucinda beat Mr. Shard's f. d. Bustle.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 4TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Boadicea beat Witchery.  
Lignum — Hieroglyphick.  
Hap — Exquisite.  
Lisette — Modesty.

TIES FOR STONEHENGE STAKES.

Louisa won Esprit drawn, lame.  
Blackbird beat Engineer.

TIES FOR TIDWORTH STAKES.

Higgle beat Blonde.  
Wamba — Magic.

*Deciding Course for Amesbury Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Heaketh's r. b. Harriet beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lucinda, and won the Stakes.

*Druid Puppy Stakes.*—Capt. Wyndham's blk. d. Wandsbeck beat Mr. Biggs's Black-eyed Susan; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Etiquette agst. Mr. Heaketh's r. b. Henbane—undecided, and won by a toss by Etiquette.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 5TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lignum beat Hap.  
Lisette — Boadicea.

Both Lignum and Lisette belonging to Mr. Lawrence he was declared winner of the Cup and Guineas.

*Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.*—Louisa beat Blackbird, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Tidworth Stakes.*—Higgle beat Wamba, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Druid Puppy Stakes.*—Wandsbeck beat Etiquette, and won the Stakes.

*Second Class of Druid Puppy Stakes.*—Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. White Rose beat Mr. Shard's f. d. Blaze; Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lancer beat Mr. Moore's r. b. Maria.

*Deciding Course for the Second Class of Druid Puppy Stakes.*—Lancer beat White Rose, and won the Stakes.

*Dyke Stakes.*—Capt. Wyndham's blk. d. Wallington beat Mr. Moore's yel. and wh. d. Moses; Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina beat Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Highlander.

The Stakes won by Capt. Wyndham.

*Match.*—Mr. Biggs's Bright-eyes beat Mr. Etwall's Epsom.

THE DRAYTON.

NOV. 10 AND 11.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. J. Reeve's Harlequin beat Mr. Taverner's Trojan; Mr. Weightman's Sailor beat Mr. Chamberlin's Merlin; Mr. Spencer's Sajak beat Mr. Heath's Blossom; Mr. Burgess's Briscis beat Mr. Sanders's Magic; Mr. Carter's Helen beat Mr. W. Umbers's Smoker; Mr. Sabine's Nettle beat Mr. Molineux's Sir Marinel; Mr. Chamberlin's Zealous beat Mr. Sandford's Bellona; Mr. Harris's Pedigree beat Mr. Lucas's Jocko.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Nettle beat Sailor.  
Briscis — Pedigree.  
Sajak — Zealous.  
Helen — Harlequin.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Briscis beat Helen.  
Nettle — Sajak.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Sabine's Nettle beat Mr. Burgess's Briscis, and won the Cup; Briscis the Goblet.

*For the Lindley Cup.*—Mr. Collins's Fly beat Mr. Chamberlain's Crack; Mr. Molineux's Martia beat Mr. Chamberlin's Matilda; Mr. Carter's Topper beat Mr. W. Umbers's Saracen; Mr. Spencer's Scipio beat Mr. Weightman's Spanker; Mr. Lucas's Sophia beat Mr. Harris's Humbug; Mr. J. Reeve's Columbine beat Mr. Carter's Major; Mr. Taverner's Trinket beat Mr. Molineux's Mimma; Mr. Heath's Blackbird beat Mr. Sanders's Bulw.

FIRST TIES FOR THE LINDLEY CUP.

Columbine beat Martia.  
Blackbird — Sophia.  
Topper — Fly.  
Scipio — Trinket.

SECOND TIES FOR THE LINDLEY CUP.

Columbine beat Blackbird.  
Topper — Scipio.

*Deciding Course for the Lindley Cup.*—Mr. Carter's Topper beat Mr. J. Reeve's Columbine, and won the Cup; Columbine the Goblet.

*For the Caldeote Stakes for Puppies.*—Mr. Molineux's Mameluke beat Mr. Sanders's Major; Mr. Harris's Hum-

ble Bee beat Mr. Umber's Fancy; Mr. Weightman's Speedy beat Mr. Chamberlin's Minister; and Mr. Collins's Fear-naught beat Mr. Molineux's Mortimer.

#### TIES FOR THE CALDECOTE STAKES.

Humble Bee beat Fearnaught.  
Mameluke — Speedy.

*Deciding Course for the Caldecote Stakes.*—Mr. Harris's Humble Bee beat Mr. Molineux's Mameluke, and won the Stakes.

*For the Drayton Stakes.*—Mr. Carter's Spring beat Mr. Umber's Ambo; and Mr. Collins's Fencer beat Mr. Chambers's Memnon.

*Deciding Course for the Drayton Stakes.*—Mr. Collins's Fencer beat Mr. Carter's Spring, and won the Stakes.

*For the Witherley Stakes for Puppies.*—Mr. Molineux's Mortimer beat Mr. Burgess's Boadicea; Mr. Umbers's Fancy beat Mr. Harris's Honeymoon.

*Deciding Course for the Witherley Stakes.*—Mr. Umbers's Fancy beat Mr. Molineux's Mortimer, and won the Stakes.

*For the Harrow Stakes.*—Mr. Umbers's Smoker beat Mr. Heath's Blossom; Reeve's Harlequin beat Mr. Carter's Major.

*Deciding Course for the Harrow Stakes.*—Mr. Reeve's Harlequin beat Mr. Umbers's Smoker, and won the Stakes.

A grand day's coursing took place at Drayton, in commemoration of the birthday of Herbert De Burgh, Esq., lord of the manor, which was numerously attended. The matches were run as follows:—Mr. Warne's Quiz agst F. Wellford's, Esq. Lady—undecided; Mr. W. Betts's Nimble beat Mr. W. Treham's Sultan; Mr. W. Betts's Nimrod agst Mr. Treham's Lancera—undecided; Mr. Thompson's Pilate beat Mr. Sabin's Smoker; Mr. Weedon's Spring beat Mr. De Burgh's North Star; Mr. Evans's Specie beat Mr. De Burgh's Go-along; Mr. Wellford's Lady beat Mr. Warne's Quiz; Mr. W. Betts's Claret beat Mr. De Burgh's Veste; Mr. Knevett's Hawke beat Mr. H. Taylor's Spring; Mr. Phelps's Fly beat Mr. Evans's Piper; Mr. D. Mercer's Sal beat Mr. Tollett's Fan; Mr. Curnock's Skip beat Mr. De Burgh's Nymph; Mr. Anderson's Snap beat Mr. Hartley's Rocket; Mr. Thompson's Fly beat Mr. Sabin's Smoker; Mr. Evans's Spectre beat Mr. Thompson's Pilate; Mr. Warne's Go-along beat Mr. Taylor's Lawrence; Mr. De Burgh's North Star agst Mr. Weedon's Spruce—undecided; the same two dogs—won with ease by North Star; a most excellent race.

#### THE ALT CAR.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

*The Cup for Puppies.*—Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. d. Harry Percy beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard; Mr. Willbraham's blk. d. Wrangler beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. and w. b. Harlot; Mr. Lloyd's blk. and w. d. Liddas beat Mr. Knowly's blk. d. Kite; Mr. Hugh Hornby's r. d. Herod beat Lord Molyneux's blk. and w. b. Malice; Mr. Heaketh's f. b. Haleflower beat Mr. W. Stanley's yel. and wh. b. Stella; Mr. Towneley's w. d. Toby beat Mr. Unsworth's yel. and w. d. Uxbridge; Lord Molyneux's w. b. Mischief beat Mr. Brockholes' f. d. Brickdust; Mr. Willbraham's blk. b. Woodlark beat Mr. Patten's f. b. Pearl.

*Sefton Stakes.*—Mr. Hugh Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Hart beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Lunardi; Mr. Brockholes's blk. and wh. d. Ben Lomond beat Mr. Patten's blk. and w. d. Percy; Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Umpire beat Mr. Alison's r. d. Colonel; Lord Molyneux's r. d. Maltster beat Mr. Hoghton's blk. and wh. d. Hamibal.

*Croxteth Stakes, for Bitches.*—Mr. Lloyd's r. b. Lobelia beat Mr. Rigbye's bl. b. Ribband; Mr. Lloyd's blk. and wh. b. Lilla beat Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Magic; Mr. Willbraham's brin. b. Windlass beat Mr. Hoghton's bl. b. Harriett; Mr. Brockholes's blk. and wh. b. Beauty beat Mr. Heaketh's blk. and wh. b. Heedless.

*The Ditch-In Stakes.*—Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. d. Hawk's-eye beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Linneus; Mr. Rigbye's blk. d. Ruler beat Mr. Brockholes' blk. and wh. d. Barrac; Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ulster beat Mr. Knowly's blk. d. Kutuzoff; Mr. Blackburne's brin. d. Broker beat Lord Molyneux's r. and wh. d. Mishap.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lycidas beat Toby.  
Haleflower — Herod.  
Mischief — Wrangler.  
Harry Percy — Woodlark.

#### TIES OF THE SEFTON STAKES.

Maltster beat Hart.  
Umpire — Ben Lomond.

#### TIES FOR THE CROXTETH STAKES.

Lobelia beat Lilla.  
Beauty — Windlass.

#### TIES FOR THE DITCH-IN STAKES.

Broker beat Ruler.  
Ulster — Hawk's-eye.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

*Matches.*—Mr. Patten's Monarch agst Mr. Towneley's Hector—undecided; Mr.

H. Hornby's Hallstone beat Mr. Blackburne's Bedlamite; Mr. Allison's Lunnar beat Mr. H. Hornby's Handy; Mr. Allison's Rector beat Mr. Unsworth's Ulvestone.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Harry Percy beat Halfpenny.  
Licidas — Mischief.

*Deciding Course for the Seston Stakes.*  
—Umpire beat Maltster, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Croxteth Stakes.*—Lebette beat Beauty, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Ditch-In Stakes.*—Uster beat Broker, and won the Stakes.

*The Stakes for Beaten Dogs.*—Lord Molyneux's Magic beat Mr. Wm. Stanley's Stella; Mr. Brockholes's Bassac beat Mr. H. Hornby's Herod; Mr. Knowly's Kite beat Mr. Hesketh's Headless; Mr. Unsworth's Uxbridge beat Mr. Hoghton's Hannibal.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Harry Percy beat Lycidas, and won the Cup; Lycidas the Guineas.

*Matches.*—Mr. Lloyd's Lutestring beat Mr. Hoghton's Hetman; Mr. Hoghton's Helen agst Lord Molyneux's Milo—undecided; Mr. Unsworth's Ulic beat Mr. Blackburne's Bardolph; Mr. E. G. Hornby's Helvellyn beat Mr. Lloyd's Lehaire; Mr. Unsworth's Uranio beat Mr. Rhye's Rachael.

TIE FOR THE STAKES FOR BEATEN DOGS.

Uxbridge beat Bassac.  
Magic — Kite.

*Matches.*—Mr. Hoghton's Hannah beat Lord Molyneux's Moley; Mr. Hornby's Helenus beat Mr. Lloyd's Lilius; Mr. Allison's Rector beat Mr. Blackburne's Bardolph; Mr. Patten's Monarch beat Mr. Towneley's Hector.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes for Beaten Dogs.*—Uxbridge beat Magic, and won the Stakes.

The sport at this meeting was not equal to that which has been witnessed on former occasions, in consequence of the long continued rain. The running, however, on the second day was upon the whole very good; and, in the generality of instances, sufficiently severe to try the excellence of the dogs. The Cup, it will be seen, was won by Mr. Edmund Hornby's brin. d. Harry Percy in a very clever style. It is somewhat singular that this dog should break away three times; consequently he ran seven courses for the Cup. Mr. Unsworth's dog showed very well, as will be seen by the return, losing only two courses during the meeting. The pick of the dogs belonging to Lord Molyneux and Mr. Hesketh were engaged in the South.

THE EPSOM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Taylor names Mr. Hope's blk. d. Heron beat Sir J. Reid's yel. and wh. b. Rosamond; Mr. Hope's wh. d. Hallstone beat Mr. Pollen's yel. and wh. d. Prince; Mr. Ladbroke's red b. Lynx beat Mr. Floud's yel. b. Fan; Mr. Turner's bl. and wh. b. Theresa beat Mr. Bridges names Mr. Floud's blk. d. Vulcan; Captain Boulton names Mr. Ladbroke's red b. Lavender beat Mr. Reid's blk. d. Roderic; Mr. Gibson names Mr. Knight's wh. b. Psyche beat Mr. Reid's bl. b. Rush; Mr. Turner's red b. Toy beat Mr. Freeman's blk. b. Fenella; Mr. Knight's blk. and wh. b. Guineas beat Mr. Freeman's bl. d. Figaro.

*Headley Stakes, three sovs. each.*—Mr. Knight's yel. d. Phoenix beat Mr. Freeman's yel. b. Fancy; Mr. Reid's blk. d. Roger Bacon beat Mr. Hope's blk. d. Hotspur; Mr. Reeve's blk. d. Mungo beat Sir J. Reid's blk. and wh. b. Rubena; Mr. Turner's yel. d. Toledo beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Logic.

*Union Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Freeman's blk. b. Flora beat Mr. Reeve's blk. d. Reuben; Mr. Knight's yel. and wh. d. Malton beat Mr. Turner's blk. b. Thais; Mr. Hope's fawn b. Helen beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. b. Louisa; Sir J. Reid's yel. d. Romeo beat Mr. Reid's blk. and wh. b. Rosebud.

*Matches.*—Mr. Reid's Rossignol beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lucy; Mr. Reid's Rebecca beat Mr. Freeman's Fan; Mr. Reid's Rattlesnake beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lucetta; Mr. Hope's Hottentot beat Mr. Floud's Major.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Heron beat Lynx.  
Theresa — Lavender.  
Hallstone — Toy.  
Psyche — Guineas.

TIES FOR THE HEADLEY STAKES.

Toledo beat Roger Bacon.  
Phoenix — Mungo.

TIES FOR THE UNION STAKES.

Flora beat Romeo.  
Malton — Helen.

*Ewell Stakes, three sovs. each.*—Mr. Hope's blk. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Reid's blk. and wh. b. Rosebud; Mr. Turner's blk. d. Truffle beat Mr. Kirby's blk. d. Kent.

*Ashted Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Logic beat Mr. Kirby's wh. d. Khmore; Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rowena beat Mr. Turner's red b. Tiffany.

*Matches.*—Sir J. Reid's Rosamond beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lottery; Mr. Reid's Rush beat Mr. Kirby's Ken; Mr. Turner's Thais beat Mr. Reid's Rebecca;

Mr. Ladbroke's Lucy beat Mr. Reid's Rolla; Mr. Kirby's Khan beat Mr. Reid's Roderic.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Theresa beat Heron.  
Hailstone — Psyche.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Turner's bl. and wh. b. Theresa beat Mr. Hope's wh. d. Hailstone, and won the Cup.—Hailstone the Goblet.

*Deciding Course for the Headley Stakes.*—Mr. Turner's yel. d. Toledo beat Mr. Knight's yel. d. Phoenix, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Union Stakes.*—Mr. Knight's yel. and w. d. Malton beat Mr. Freeman's bl. b. Flora, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Ewell Stakes.*—Mr. Hope's blk. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Turner's blk. d. Truffle, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Ashted Stakes.*—Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Logic beat Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rowena, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Turner's Thais beat Mr. Reid's Rufus; Mr. Hope's Hottentot beat Mr. Knight's Cadland; Mr. Hope's Helen beat Mr. Knight's Nimble; Mr. Knight's Gulsare beat Mr. Harvey's Snow; Mr. Hope's Huon beat Mr. Reid's Rattlesnake; Mr. Turner's Tiffany beat Mr. Kirby's Kilmore; Mr. Harvey's Venus beat Mr. Freeman's Fenella; Mr. Kirby's Kent beat Mr. Turner's Truffle; Mr. Reid's Roger Bacon beat Mr. Reeve's Claret; Mr. Reeve's Mungo beat Mr. Freeman's Fancy.

### THE ASHDOWN PARK.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1829.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Plume beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Briseis; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa, late Jessamine; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Cypress; Colonel Newport's blk. b. Nisa beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Homespun; Mr. Capel's blk. and wh. b. Index beat Mr. Etwall's yel. and wh. d. Engineer; Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Magician beat Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Hagler; Mr. Reid's blk. d. Roger Bacon beat Mr. Pettat's blk. and wh. b. Pales; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guerilla.

*Derby Stakes for Dog Puppies.*—Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bradley beat Mr. Heathcote's red d. Hercules; Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Mercury beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lignum; Colonel Newport's blk. tick. d. Neck Ho beat Mr. Heaketh's

blk. and wh. d. Hart; Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Cadland beat Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gallopade.

*Derby Match.*—Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phegon beat Mr. E. Cripps's wh. d. Eldernian.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Giraffe beat Locust.  
Emma — Nisa.  
Index — Roger Bacon.  
Plume — Magician.

*Oaks Stakes for Bitch Puppies.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gwagaw beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Prue; Mr. Heaketh's 2d b. Harriet beat Mr. Heathcote's brin. b. Hyacinth; Mr. Cripps's bl. and wh. b. Cassandra beat Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rattlesnake; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Empress; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bugle beat Lord Molyneux's wh. b. Mirth; Colonel Newport's brin. b. Nubila beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pigmy; Mr. Heaketh's red b. Hap beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lucinda; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Belinda beat Colonel Newport's red and wh. b. Nox.

TIE FOR THE DERBY.

Cadland beat Mercury.  
Neck Ho — Bradley—drawn lame.

*Craven All-aged Stakes, two sows.*—Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Homespun beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Livia; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Juanna beat Col. Newport's blk. b. Notoriety; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Briseis beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guerilla; Mr. Etwall's yel. and wh. d. Engineer beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Eglantine.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19.

*Craven Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Heaketh's yel. and wh. d. Hedgehog beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Claudia; Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lignum beat Mr. Etwall's f. d. Exquisite; Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gallopade beat Mr. Capel's bl. d. Indigo; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Priscilla beat Colonel Newport's blk. tick. b. Nantz.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS.

Gwagaw beat Bugle.  
Hap — Nubila.  
Cassandra — Lisette.  
Harriet — Belinda.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Giraffe beat Plume.  
Index — Emma.

*Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.* Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Cadland beat Col. Newport's blk. tic. Neck Ho, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS.

Hap beat Harriet.  
Gewgaw — Cassandra.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CRAVEN ALL-AGED.

Engineer beat Juanna.  
Briseis — Homespun.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CRAVEN PUPPY STAKES.

Hedgehog beat Gallopade.  
Lignum — Priscilla.

*Matches.*—Mr. Cripps's Cataline beat Mr. Capel's Ivanhoe; Mr. Goodlake's Gabrielle beat Mr. Pettat's Peeress; Mr. Pettat's Pussy beat Colonel Newport's Nestgull; Mr. Goodlake's Geoffrey beat Mr. Hesketh's Hieroglyphick; Mr. Lawrence's Lancer beat Mr. Goodlake's Garbon; Colonel Newport's Nicknack beat Mr. Cripps's Cambric; Mr. Cripps's Claudia beat Mr. Goodlake's Russian Giesmar; Mr. Etwall's Etiquette beat Mr. Goodlake's Garcon; Mr. Capel's Juanna beat Mr. Goodlake's Giraffe.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe won the Cup; Mr. Capel's Index (drawn lame) won the Guineas.

*Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw beat Mr. Hesketh's red b. Hap, and won the Stakes.

*Craven All-aged Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's Engineer and Mr. Browne's Briseis divided the Stakes.

*Craven Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Hesketh's Hedgehog and Mr. Lawrence's Lignum divided the Stakes.

Owing to the bad state of the ground, the Craven All-aged and Puppy Stakes were not run out, and several other matches were drawn.

MEETINGS IN THE NORTH.

THE MORAYSHIRE.

*For the Open Cup.*—Mr. Duff's b. d. Rectory beat Colonel Brander's y. b. Venus; the Duke of Gordon's b. and wh. d. Victor beat Mr. Craig's r. b. Pet; Mr. Gordon's b. d. Acteon beat Mr. Taylor's b. d. Virgil; Mr. Gordon's b. b. Artless beat Colonel Brander's b. d. Smuggler.

TIES FOR THE OPEN CUP.

Acteon beat Artless.  
Victor — Rectory.

*Deciding Course for the Open Cup.*—Mr. Gordon's Acteon beat the Duke of Gordon's Victor, and won the Cup.

*For the Puppy Cup.*—Mr. Gordon's

wh. d. Artist beat Mr. Duff's b. d. Rebel; the Duke of Gordon's yel. b. Venus beat Mr. Craig's bl. d. Ryno; Mr. Craig's b. d. Oscar beat Mr. Brown's b. d. Alderman; and the Duke of Gordon's brin. d. Vulcan beat Mr. Gordon's b. b. Amy.

TIES FOR THE PUPPY CUP.

Vulcan beat Artist.  
Venus — Oscar.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Cup.*—The Duke of Gordon's Vulcan beat his Grace's Venus, and won the Cup.

*Matches.*—The Duke of Gordon's Vixen beat Mr. Gordon's Archer; Mr. Craig's Ryno beat Mr. Gordon's Acorn; the Duke of Gordon's Virgin beat Mr. Gordon's Artcula; and the Duke of Gordon's Fly beat Cluny M'Pherson's Arab.

Vulcan, the winner of the Cup, was bred by Mr. Evans, of Ealing, Middlesex, and is of the blood of Czarina, Snowball, Champion, and Platoff, grandson of Mr. Shippery's Skyrocket. He was given by Mr. Evans to the Duke of Gordon; who, with that nobleness of feeling which distinguishes his Grace's character, immediately forwarded the Cup to Mr. Evans.

THE MID-LOTHIAN.

The Autumn Meeting was held at Dalkeith on Tuesday and Wednesday the 3d and 4th November, when the following prizes, &c. were run for over the property of the Marquis of Lothian.

*The Silver Couples, by Dogs of last Year.*—Mr. Borthwick's br. b. Swallow beat Mr. Althcheson's b. b. Abigail; Mr. G. Craig's b. and wh. d. Cossack beat the Hon. John Stuart's b. d. Saracen; Sir T. Carmichael's b. and wh. b. Swallow beat Mr. G. Wauchope's yel. b. Whisker; Sir D. Milne's b. d. Doctor beat Mr. Graham Stirling's bl. b. Thisbe; and Lord Torphichen's b. b. Tit beat Mr. Hunter's b. and wh. d. Blue Cap.

FIRST TIES FOR THE COUPLES.

Cossack beat Swallow.  
Swallow — Doctor.  
Tit ran a bye.

SECOND TIES FOR THE COUPLES.

Cossack beat Tit.  
Swallow ran a bye.

*Deciding Course for the Couples.*—Mr. Craig's Cossack beat Sir T. Carmichael's Swallow, and won the Couples.

*Cup, by Dogs of All Ages.*—Sir D. Milne's d. b. Rose beat Mr. Ramsay's b. d. Brilliant; Hon. John Stuart's yel. b. Needle beat Mr. Graham Stirling's b. d. Wellington; Lord Melville's br. d. Ranter beat Sir Thomas Carmichael's b. and wh. d. Driver; Mr. G. Wauchope's b. b. Wasp beat Mr. Hunter's b. b. Swallow; Mr. Gibson Craig's b. d. Comet beat Lord

**Torphichen's d. Tempest; and Mr. Aitchison's r. d. Ariosto beat Mr. Borthwick's b. b. Boss.**

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Needle beat Rose.  
Ranter — Wasp.  
Comet — Ariosto.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Needle beat Ranter.  
Comet ran a bye.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Craig's Comet beat the Hon. John Stuart's Needle, and won the Cup.

*For the Champion Cup, value 100gs. added to a Stakes of 5l. each.*—Mr. G. Craig's yel. d. Chester beat Mr. Aitchison's b. d. Arthur; and Mr. Hunter's b. d. Satan beat Sir Thomas Carmichael's wh. yel. and b. b. Vanity.

*Deciding Course for the Champion Cup.*—Mr. Craig's Chester beat Mr. Hunter's Satan, and won the Cup.

*For the Claret Stakes of two sovs. each, All ages.*—Sir Thomas Carmichael's b. and wh. d. Wellington beat Mr. G. Craig's b. and wh. d. Claret; Mr. Graham Stirling's b. d. Don beat Mr. G. Wauchope's b. b. Spy; Mr. Aitchison's br. b. Taper beat Hon. John Stuart's b. d. Smoker.

#### TIES FOR THE STAKES.

Don beat Wellington.  
Taper ran a bye.

*Deciding Course for the Claret Stakes.*—Mr. Graham Stirling's Don beat Mr. Aitchison's Taper, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes for Dogs of All Ages.*—The Hon. J. Stuart's Smoker beat Lord Torphichen's Brilliant; Sir D. Milne's b. d. Doctor beat Sir Thomas Carmichael's d.; Mr. Aitchison's Arthur beat Mr. Wauchope's d.; Mr. Hunter's Dreadnaught ran a bye.

#### TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Smoker beat Doctor.  
Arthur — Dreadnaught.

*Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.*—The Hon. John Stuart's Smoker beat Mr. Aitchison's Arthur, and won the Stakes.

### THE STRATHERNE.

The Autumn Prize for Dogs of the previous Year was won by the Hon. J. Stuart's Saracen beating in the deciding course Mr. Oliphant's (of Gask) Snowball; a Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each, by Mr. Grant's Felix beating Colonel Oliphant's Dolly; a Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each for all ages, by Sir F. Murray's Wellington beating Mr. Hunter's Pearl; Fifteen Sovs. from the Club Funds, with a subscription of one sovereign each, fifteen subscribers, by Mr. G. Stirling's Swallow beating Mr. F. Grant's Speedy; a Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each for all Ages, twelve subscribers, by Mr. Grant's Felix beating Mr. Johnston's Magistrate; and an Open Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each for Dogs under Twenty Months, by Mr. Grant's Whisky beating Lord Ruthven's Spider.

### THE CARSE.

A Stakes of One Sovereign each for Dogs pupped in 1833, was won by Sir Gilbert Stirling's Spring beating Mr. Johnstone's Swift; and a Stakes of One Sovereign each for all Ages, the *bona fide* property of Members of the Club, by Mr. Stein's Dainty beating in the deciding course Mr. W. Graham's Swallow.

### THE WINDYGATES.

Seven couples ran for the Prize of Ten Guinea, which was eventually won by Mr. A. Philip's Jack Horner being in at the deciding course Mr. Cassils' Violence. The Members of the Club afterwards dined together when several Sweepstakes were entered for the ensuing Spring Meeting in February.

### THE LANARKSHIRE UPPER WARD.

Lord Douglas having given a Cup to be run for by dogs belonging to the Club, the same was run for on his Lordship's grounds near Tinto; and after an excellent competition, which lasted three days, the deciding course was won by Mr. Greenshield's Ruby beating Mr. Tod's Fly. Twelve couples started.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Earl.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**NEWMARKET** Craven Meeting, 1830.—Monday: Lord Exeter's Acacia agst Mr. Cooper's Mermaid, 8st. 7lb. each, R.M. 200, h. ft.—Mr. Sowerby's Carver, 8st. 7lb.

agst Lord Worcester's Felt, 8st. 2lb. R.M. 200, h. ft.—Tuesday: Lord Clinton's f. by Whalebone, out of The Odd Trick, agst Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Phantom, 8st. 6lb. each, D.M. 100, h. ft.

*Second October Meeting, 1830.*—

**Monday: Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each; from the turn of the lands in, then two yrs old.**

Mr. Pettit's, by Manfred, out of Bella Donna

Mr. Rogers's, by Partisan, out of Pasta

Mr. Cooper's, by Gulliver, out of Quail

Lord Tavistock's Sister to Lancastrian

Mr. Morris's, by Banker, out of Olivetta

Mr. Sowerby's, by Muley, out of Bequest, by Election

**Friday: Renewal of the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 1lb.; and fillies, 8st. 1lb. T.Y.C.**

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Swiss, dam by Whisker, out of a Sister to Benedick (foaled in 1821)

Lord Verulam's f. by St. Patrick, out of Britannia, by Orville

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Emilius, out of Pawn

Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Abjer, out of Zinc

Mr. Prendergast names a f. Muff, by Blacklock, out of Miss Lydia, Sister to Miss Fanny, by Walton

Lord Tavistock's Sister to Lancastrian

Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Sir Thomas, by Abjer, out of Lady Henry, by Orville

Capt. Rous's b. c. Zany, by Morisco, dam by Partisan, out of Goshawk's dam

Lord Sefton's b. c. by Whisker, out of Octaviana

Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Partisan, dam by Andrew, grandam by Quiz, out of Selim's dam—bought of Mr. Golding

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara

Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Reveller, out of Snowdrop

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Blacklock, dam by Shuttle, grandam by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks—bought of Mr. R. Wilson

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Dulcinea

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Brother to Zingane

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus, out of the dam of Astonishment

Mr. Henry's ch. c. by Tiresias, out of Scratch

Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Gustavus, out of Sprightly

Mr. Gully's b. f. by Lottery, out of Stetforth's dam

Mr. Dilly's ch. c. Geraham, by Moses, out of Cetus's dam

Mr. Dilly's br. c. Washington, by Smolensko, out of Maid of the Mill

Mr. Dilly's b. c. Mortimer, by Reveller, out of Legacy

Mr. Nowell's c. by Muley, out of Lady Fern

Mr. Cooper's b. f. by Gulliver, out of Banker's dam

Mr. Payne's b. c. by Master Henry, dam by Clavileno, out of Allegretta

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Sister to The Lion Lord Orford's c. by Merlin, out of Miranda

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Mr. R. Wilson's Sister to Bourbon—bought of Mr. Payne

Lord Anson's f. by Morisco, out of Miniature

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. f. Libaneth, by Phantom, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow

Mr. Lumley's f. by Muley, out of Harriet, by Selim

Mr. Lumley's b. c. Panopae, by Tramp, out of Panthea

**Goodwood, 1830.—The Drawing-room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 8lb. extra; the second colt or filly, 4lb. extra, with a bonus by independent subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Non-subscribers to the bonus cannot be Members of the Sweepstakes; but a subscriber once to the bonus is entitled to name any number of horses, bona fide his own property. The winner to pay 25 sovs. to the Judge. New Course, about two miles and a half.**

Duke of Richmond's f. Refugee, Sister to Rasselas

Mr. Gratiwicke's Frederica, Sister to Frederick

Lord Exeter's Mahmoud

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Augusta

Lord Uxbridge's ch. c. Confederacy, by Godolphin, out of Frognore's dam

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. f. by Woful, out of Emma

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. by Bustard, out of Leeway's dam

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's The Fairy, by Emilius, out of The Witch

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Fashion, by Phantom, dam by Skim, out of Striking Beauty

Mr. Gully's b. c. by Theodore, out of Young Petuaria, by Rainbow

Lord Worcester's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Walton, out of Calypso

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. c. Vanloo, by Waterloo, out of Sprite, by Phantom

Lord Verulam's c. by Whalebone, out of Willow

Lord Sefton's Moucha

Lord Lowther's Subaltern, Brother to Recruit

Sir Mark Wood's The Mummer, by Reveller, out of Matilda, by Ambrosio

Sir Mark Wood's Cetus, by Whalebone, out of Lamia  
 Mr. Maberly's Erymus, by Moses  
 Mr. Gibbs's f. Artichoke, by Skim, out of Mushroom  
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Bigottini  
 Mr. Grant's ch. f. The Balkan, by Blacklock, dam by Walton  
 Lord Egremont's b. c. Brother to Grampus  
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Brother to Goshawk  
 Mr. Dilly's br. f. Slander, by Comus  
 Mr. Walker's br. f. by Nicolo, out of Maid of Moscow  
 Mr. Shard's b. c. De Vere, by Reveller, out of Vale Royal  
 Twenty-six other Gentlemen are subscribers to the bonus only.

The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. half a mile.

Duke of Richmond's f. Conciliation, by Moses, out of Convert's dam  
 Duke of Richmond's f. Expediency, by Emilius, out of Phantasma  
 Mr. Grant's ch. c. Brother to Bud

*Brighton 1830.*—First Day: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. last half mile.

Duke of Richmond's f. Conciliation, by Moses, out of Convert's dam  
 Duke of Richmond's f. Expediency, by Emilius, out of Phantasma  
 Mr. Grant's ch. c. Brother to Bud

*Warwick September Meeting 1830.*

—Second Day: Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. Robinson's b. f. Lucretia, 8st. 2lb. Mile Course, 200 sovs. h. ft.

### Stud Sales.

On the Wednesday in the Houghton Meeting the second portion of Mr. Payne's stud was disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall, as follows:—

#### YEARLINGS.

Colt, by Blacklock, out of Tears's dam—400gs. to Colonel Peel.

Ches. Colt, by Blacklock, out of Pin-cushion, by Sorcerer or W.'s Ditto—100gs. to Mr. Robinson, of Manchester.

Colt, by Smolensko, out of Sabrina—216gs. to Mr. Arthur.

Filly, by Blacklock, out of Helena—100gs. to Mr. Maher.

Colt, by Tramp, out of Sister to Sultan—108gs. to Capt. Rous.

#### BROOD MARES AND FOALS.

Quadrille, stinted to Partisan—650gs. to Mr. J. Scott.

Colt Foal, by Partisan—Quadrille—210gs. to Mr. Houldsworth.

Sister to Sultan, stinted to Partisan—350gs. to His Majesty.

Filly Foal, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Sultan—160gs. to Mr. Houldsworth.

Mare, by Haphazard, out of Web, stinted to Sultan—200gs. to Count Hahn.

Filly, at her foot, by Merlin—no offer.

#### THURSDAY.

Daemon, 5 yrs old, by Amadis, out of Pawn Jun.—65gs. to Mr. Abell.

Brother to Emilius, 3 yrs old—50gs. to Capt. Grant.

Ches. Filly, 3 yrs old, by Nicolo, out of Tears's dam—50gs. to Count Hahn.

Bay Filly, 3 yrs old, by Orville, dam by Cato—20gs. to Capt. Grant.

#### The Property of a Gentleman.

Ches. Colt, by Emilius, dam by Merlin—100gs. to Mr. Pratt.

Bay Filly, by Morisco, out of Scornful—31gs. to Mr. Theobald.

#### TWO YEARS OLD.

Ches. Filly, by Little John—Shepherdess's dam by Partizan—Bizarre—71gs.

#### YEARLINGS.

Brown Filly by Troy, by Filho—Bri-seis; her dam Darling by Patriot—40gs.

Brown Colt by The Flyer, dam by Teddy, grandam by Trumpator—49gs.

#### Sir John Shelley's.

Ches. Yearling Colt, by Emilius, dam by Merlin, out of Morel, engaged in the Derby 1831—105gs. to Mr. Pratt.

Bay Yearling Filly, by Morisco, out of Scornful—31gs. to Mr. Theobald.

#### FRIDAY.

#### Mr. Gully's.

Leopard, 2 yrs old, by Theodore, out of Young Petuaria by Rainbow; in the Derby—99gs. to Mr. Meynell.

Bay Colt, 2 yrs old, by Anticipation, dam of Don Cossack—26gs.

Bay Yearling Colt, by Swiss, dam by Prime Minister, grandam Lady Ern; in the Derby 1831—100gs.

Ches. Yearling Colt, by Tramp, out of Redlock; in the Derby 1831—100gs.

Woodbine, Sister to Fortuna, covered by Partisan—100gs. to Mr. Willis.

Brown Mare, by Don Cossack, out of the dam of Landscape—Rowton's dam—50gs. to Count Bethcany.

#### Lord Exeter's.

Bay Colt, two years old, by Tramp, out of Miss Catton; in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. h. ft. R. M. Tuesday Craven Meeting; three subscribers; and a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. 60 ft. last mile and distance of B. C. 1830—36gs. to Mr. Meynell.

The competition was generally very spirited; but several lots of the Duke



of Grafton's, some of Lord Exeter's, General Grosvenor's, Mr. Greville's, Mr. Gully's, Sir John Shelley's, and others, the property of private individuals, were bought in at good prices.

On Monday the 2d of November, Sir Thos. Mostyn's Stud of Hunters was sold by Messrs. Tattersalls as follows:—

Tripod, by Hyperion—40gs. to Mr. Tilbury.  
 Talma, by Bobtail—not sold.  
 Sea-gull, by Hercules—73gs. to Mr. Drake.  
 Heresy, by Hercules—80gs. to Mr. Hinton.  
 Penenden, by Teniers—59gs. to Mr. Drake.  
 Cleopatra, by Hercules—105gs. to Mr. Morant.  
 Belvidera, by Benvolio—42gs. to Mr. Mangles.  
 Belinda, by Hercules—32gs. to Mr. Walters.  
 Bumpkin, by Hercules—80gs. to Mr. Hinton.  
 Buffoon, by Hercules—220gs. to Mr. Gully.  
 Bobus, by Teniers—87gs. to Mr. Hoare.  
 Artichoke, by Artichoke—240gs. to Mr. Harvey Coombe.  
 Vermin, by Vermin—55gs. to Mr. Lloyd.  
 Raff, by Woldsman—58gs. to Mr. Cotton.  
 Carolus, by Hercules—150gs. to Col. Gilbert.  
 Clementina, by Teniers—37gs. to Count Bassewitz.  
 Moonlight, by Sir Marinel—145gs. to Col. Gilbert.  
 Saggage, by Teniers—47gs. to Mr. Lloyd.  
 Gooseberry, by Teniers—80gs. to the Duke of Manchester.  
 Poppet, by Hercules—65gs.; unknown.  
 St. David, by Filho da Puta—16gs. to Capt. Evans.

Total, 1712 guineas:

HOSES SENT ABROAD THIS MONTH.

1. The stallion Gulliver, by Orville.
2. Brood mare, by Haphazard, out of Web, in foal to Sultan.
3. Bay mare, by Orphan, thoroughbred, bought by Count Hahn, Germany.
4. Bay colt, 5 yrs old, by Rainbow, dam by Soothsayer, out of Eliza Teazle.
5. Brood mare, by Don Cossack,

out of Landscape, in foal to Sober Robin.

6. Bay colt, 2 yrs old, by Morisco, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, Count Bassewitz, Germany.

7. Privateer (late George Payne's Esq.), by Walton, out of Johanna Southcote.

8. Colt, 2 yrs old, by Gulliver, dam by Cæsario—Count Batheany, Vienna.

9. Burman, 3 yrs old, by Partisan, out of Minuet.

10. Bay colt, 3 yrs old, by Whalebone, out of Varnish—for the East India Company.

11. Stumps by Whalebone.

12. Alcaston.

13. Yearling filly by Blacklock, out of Helena, by Rubens.

14. Brother to Lap Dog and two others—purchased of the Earl of Egremont.

The above purchased to go to Ireland.

15. Marina (late Mr. Thornhill's)—to France, for Lord Henry Seymour.

The well-known stallion Godolphin, by Partisan, who was sent to Germany, is again re-purchased, and is on his way back to England to cover next season.

Sir Mark Wood has purchased Mr. Dilly's Cetus by Whalebone out of Lamia, by Gohanna, for 3000gs.

Mr. Theobald has purchased Mame-luke from Mr. Gully.

The stallion Centaur died on its passage to New York in August last.

CRIB-BITERS.

The system adopted by Mr. Yare for the cure of this pernicious habit seems to work well. We have received numerous letters confirmatory of the success which has attended his treatment. Mr. J. Inglis Jerdein, of Snaresbrook, says, "the Anti-Crib-Biter requires only to be known to be duly appreciated. As an instance, I kept it constantly on a horse for ten days who had been a determined crib-biter: and for the last nine months he has not shewn the least inclination to return to this destructive habit."—A.

Pett, Esq. of Bridge-street, Southwark, has likewise added his testimony in favour of its use; saying, "it appears to answer the end proposed, and effectually to prevent the horse biting his crib." Mr. Bracy Clarke has also expressed his high approbation of the invention, "in having effected and reduced to system so valuable a discovery." "We have no room for numerous other letters transmitted on the same subject.

### Pugilism.

To speak of a "battle" which was "no fight," is perhaps an anomaly; but we conform to custom in detailing the leading features of the long-talked-of match between the great B's—Brown of Bridgenorth and Big Dobell, of the Black Bull, St. John-street, for 300l. a-side.—It came off on the 24th of November, at Crowborough, Sussex, in a field close to the road leading from Tonbridge Wells to Lewes; the Bridgenorth Champion attended by Spring and Tom Oliver, and "mine host" of the Black Bull by Peter Crawley and Tom Shelton. We say *no fight*; for though the "encounter" lasted twenty-one minutes, only *four minutes* were actually employed in the conflict.

In the first round, which lasted 17 minutes, Dobell was floored "on his

capacious base;" and in the second, the severity of the Bridgenorth Hero's hitting was so *persuading*, that Dobell actually turned his back; and as he came to the right about, was met by a flush hit on the mouth, and a *left*er on the nose, which *transmogrified* him.—In the third round Dobell struck a "good one," which was caught by Brown on the elbow, the latter swelling up to the size of an egg; the force of which, however, broke "mine host's" arm—of course it was "all up." Dobell, having twice beaten an old man (poor Bailey), fancied he had pretensions for "the Ring;" but, as we have said before, he is "bounceable" without science; strong with an "itch for glory;" and though his "prowess" may induce him to strike his left hand (in three blows) through a chimney-piece, he had better confine his exertions to drawing corks, or "heavy wet," at the Black Bull, rather than attempt the honours of the arena, where failure, with "a good man and true" must be the natural consequence.—The battle-money was given up on the 28th inst. to Brown at Tom Cribb's, Panton-street.—There is a talk of Brown's renewing his challenge to Phil Sampson.

Ned Neal and Young Dutch Sam commence operations the very day of our publication.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the request of the writer, we have postponed the "Trip to the Blacky Islands, with an account of Horse-Racing at Demerara;" because, being obliged to take a trip to the Continent, he could not continue the article in the succeeding Number. It will appear next month.

A Gentleman, who has an excellent pack of Harriers, hunting a good country, and hitherto supported by subscription, wishes to conduct them for the future, in conjunction with a Sportsman, who might be inclined to share or contribute to the expense of the establishment; and for whom, as Society may be also an object, every accommodation for himself and horses may be afforded under the same roof. For cards of address application to be made to A. B., at the office, No. 18, Warwick-square, Newgate-street.

In our next Number we purpose giving portraits of three greyhounds, all of one litter, the property of Colonel Elmhirst—viz. Balloon, Blue Ruin, and Brunette, bred by him from Mr. Peel's Tippees, their dam Brunette, &c.—Balloon has been purchased by Sir J. Johnstone, Bart. (at a great price); and Blue Ruin is announced to serve bitches at Roughton House, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, at 50s. The pedigrees of these celebrated greyhounds will be given with the plate.

Sketches of "One-eyed Bob," bred at Epsom, and sent to India in 1825, and of "Peacock shooting," are received, and are now in the hands of our engraver. The other promised sketches from India will be duly attended to.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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### Embellished with,

I. Portrait of PANDORA.—II. Portraits of BALLOON, FRUNETTE, and BLUE  
RUIN, three celebrated Greyhounds of one Litter.

## REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1829, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH—No. I.

SIR,  
IN glancing at the sport of the  
past season, it is a great satis-  
faction to refer to the continued  
spirit of the Hunt Meetings, which  
form as it were the connecting  
link between the conclusion of the  
hunting season and the commence-  
ment of the racing one: indeed,  
if we look at the whole of the pro-  
vincial meetings, we want no bet-  
ter proof of the importance in  
which our system of racing is  
held; for, amidst all the distresses  
of the country, it has not only  
merely "held on the even tenor  
of its way," but has increased in

interest and attraction in all  
parts.

The Craven at Newmarket this  
year only proved, that clever men,  
like the Chifneys—though cir-  
cumstances may put their judg-  
ment aside for a season—are sure  
to be right in the end. I noticed  
in these pages last year the per-  
formances of Zinganee, and the  
expectations that the party had of  
him for the Derby, but which were  
foiled in consequence of his being  
attacked by the distemper: from  
his wretched appearance on that  
day, there were not wanting peo-

ple to talk about his being an imposter, and nothing like a "Derby horse." His first race this year, however, dispelled all doubts, by his beating race-horses like Fleur-de-Lis and Amphion, and then in the same week defeating so easily Rough Robin and Cadland for the Claret; though—as the stable at the time asserted—Cadland was not in force, and subsequent running has fully proved it. The fact is, Sam Chifney was satisfied, when Zinganez was two years old, that he was a superior horse; for in the race when he rode Merchant against him for the Prendergaest, though he appeared to beat him easily, yet Sam has since said that he had the greatest trouble to shake Zinganez off; and it was this public running that induced William Chifney to buy him of Lord Exeter at the first price his Lordship put on him.

Our three-year-old colts of this season, have, in my opinion, been but a very moderate lot; and, "topped" as they were in the Spring Meetings, by such a master of the art as Patron, shone to less advantage than usual. The fillies, to make amends, have been unusually good, though the early running was in several instances very contradictory. Look at Green Mantle's races with Caradori and Mouse; and, if those are to be wondered at, what shall we say of Luss's comparative merits in the spring and autumn? But the truth is, wares, in the early part of the year, are never to be depended on. Taken altogether, the Newmarket Spring Meetings averaged the usual quantum of sport.

Chester, this year, maintained its reputation for shewing the best week's sport in the kingdom, although not calling for any particular notice—the share of the

spoils having been pretty equally divided by "the Gentlemen on that circuit," as the lawyers have it.

The spirit of Liverpool, once roused, is not content with merely rivalling its neighbour "over the water," but got up a Spring Meeting, and a very liberal one too: but to ensure sport by good entries, the time of year is much too early, at least for the provinces. The crack nags are either not at liberty, or not fit to go.

York brought out one or two specimens of some interest for the Leger—viz. Sir Hercules, Voltaire, and Lawn Sleeves. The first was purchased, when a foal, from the Petworth stud, and sent to Ireland, where he came off victorious in all his engagements. He was then reimported—hence called the "Irish horse," and placed in Pierce's stable, with Lord Sligo's horses. His winning his race here so very easy, though known to be far from up to the mark, added to his being a magnificent animal, with the best and most approved Southern blood in his veins, made him (and with reason) a great public favorite. Voltaire's running here did not alter him much: in fact, his previous performances, and the strong party he belonged to, had always kept him at the top of the tree. With regard to Lawn Sleeves, I was really glad to see Mr. Riddell break out so strong; for as far as public running was concerned, his was the best of the whole, having beaten easily Lord Kelburne's Georgiana colt, which had won the Spring Leger on the Monday. This performance brought him at once, *without a party*, among the best favorites; and I have since regretted much that Mr. Riddell should subse-

quently be so unfortunate as to be thrown out of his chance for the great race; for there can be no doubt, had Lawn Sleeves remained well, he would have run a superior horse. It is pleasing to see the progeny of the honest old Dr. Syntax so early turn out well; especially as I understand, when he was first taken out of training, his owner hesitated—in consequence of his small size—as to whether he should breed from him or not, though I have learnt that his stock are large and bony.

The old proverb says, "it is a long lane which has no turning;" and this homely, though trite "saw" certainly was exemplified at Epsom this year. Mr. Forth—like the boy in the fable—has so long been in the habit of crying out that "the (his) Wolf was coming," and then disappointing the people, that, now that the Wolf was in reality at hand, no one would believe him: or, in plain terms, Mr. Forth has for so many years past had a favorite in his stable, which by some *private* means has been made known to the public as nothing but a flyer, and then, when put to the test, has invariably turned out the veriest beast—as witness his Premier, Spondee, Intruder, Swallow, and others—that now, when every body talked of his having a superior nag in his stable, and he himself not only talked, but backed him freely, yet he never got up a favorite, and every one was anxious to lay against him as a good thing. But when, in addition, he began to talk about his riding the winner *himself*, the most knowing laughed outright, and moved even the risible (scarcities of such a safe one as "Jerry Cloves:" at least for a time; for I presume *eventually* to

him, as well as to others whom I saw on the pay day, it was "*no joke*." However, the greatest credit is due to Mr. Forth for his care and perseverance; though, after all, I have no doubt he has to thank the state of the ground for having ridden the winner of the Derby this year. Patron, as he had a right to be from his previous public performances, was booked safe to win; and those who on the day had not patronised the Patron, must, like Sheridan's Bob Acres, have felt their "*courage (and money too) oozing out at their fingers' ends*;" but the *gentle sweat*, to get rid of the *road meat*, did the business: for certainly in dry weather, both Epsom and Mickleham are about on a par with the best specimens of Mr. M'Adam. Forth's horses, on the contrary, had been doing their work, comparatively, on a bed of down (besides having been kept for *one* day only, whereas Patron was a stale horse); for there is no better ground than Michel Grove in the kingdom, and did not start to come to Epsom till the Saturday previous to running. Whatever question was at the time raised as to the relative merits of Forth's two horses—and there were not wanting plenty of people to assert the grey horse to be the best—has since been set at rest by their public running for the Leger. But there was never any question of the kind with the party: for though Frederick was seized with a scouring, just after leaving Michel Grove, and which did not altogether cease till the day but one before running; yet this circumstance, which would certainly have turned the scale, had the horses have been within even some pounds of each other, did not alter

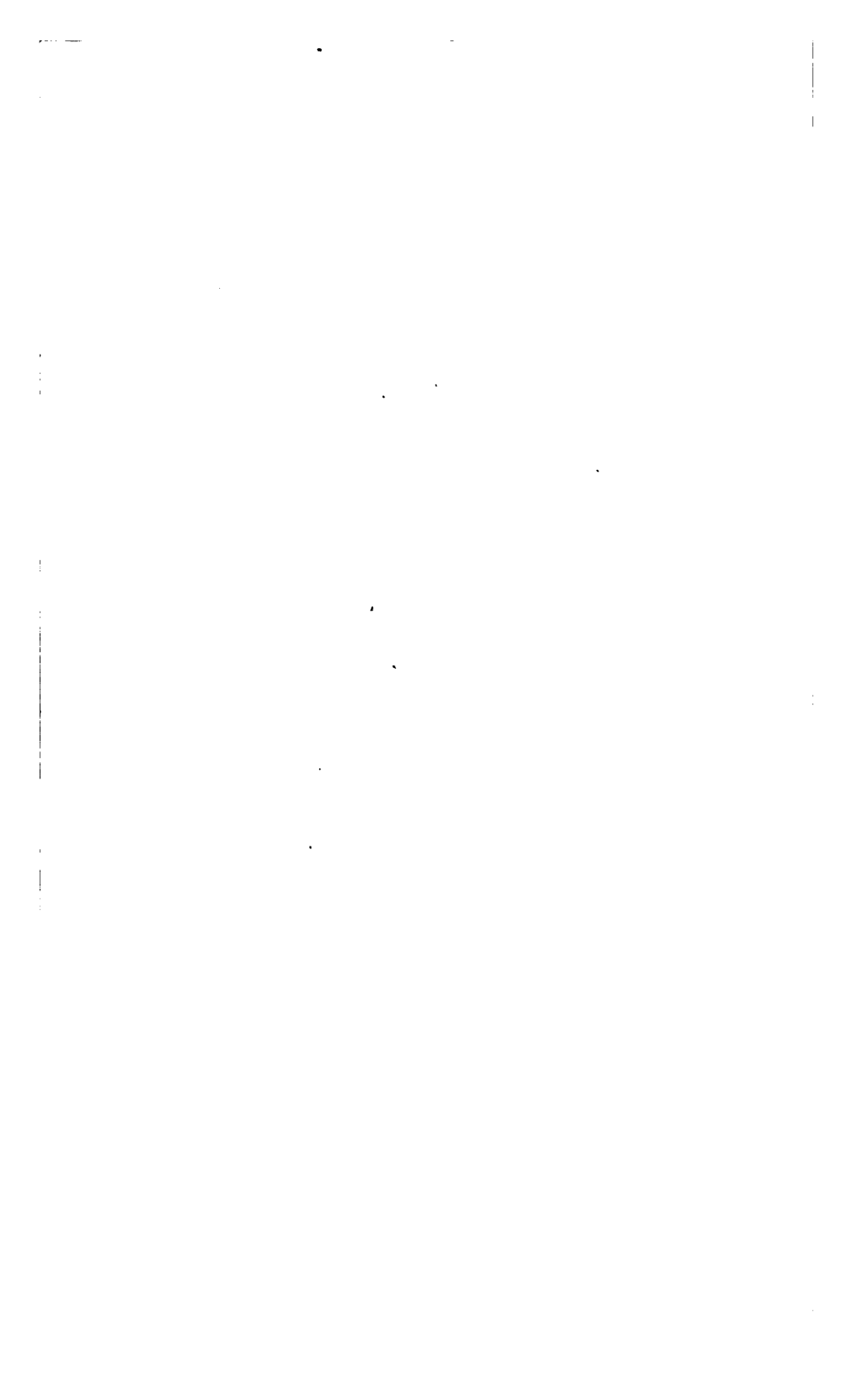
Forth's opinion, as was proved by his riding the winner. Frederick, at first sight, looked a light mean horse, from his recent indisposition, which had very much "tucked him up," and which, no doubt, was the cause of the public, on the day, looking on him with so little favour: but on a closer examination, he exhibited a great many good points, with capital racing length. Still, after all, there was a want of bone and substance. I saw him in October last, after his return from the North, when on his way from Newmarket to Michel Grove; and to my thinking he was not in the least improved, but looked a *set* little horse; and I am afraid he has seen his best days.

The Oaks contained a much better field than its compeer; though Clotilde was even, if possible, a greater favorite than Patron on the previous day had been. That Clotilde is a good, honest little mare, there is no doubt; but she had not the least pretensions to the place she occupied in public favour. The Mouse filly (entitled to rank with the last year's specimen from Lord George's stable of an Oaks favorite) had, through her lucky day for "the Thousand" at Newmarket, crept up in the list; so that it really looked as if Lord Exeter's mare would have only had—like Cæsar in the Capitol—to "adjust her *Mantle*" before she fell. But that disagreeable task was spared her; for Lord Exeter had only to choose, out of his own stable which he preferred to be the winner. In my summary of last year's racing season, vol. xxiii. p. 80, with reference to the two-years-old performances of Green Mantle and Varna, I *prophe-*  
*sied*—"if they should keep well,

the Oaks is already in Lord Exeter's pocket, at least by one or the other." The race for the Oaks undoubtedly was run much slower than the one for the Derby; and, therefore, it is only fair to account for the miserable appearance of the field in the former race, that so many were amiss; because the running since of Clotilde, Lucetta, Seraph, and Device, has been far from contemptible; while as to the Derby there is scarcely one that deserves the name of a race-horse.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the New Course will not fail to be ready by 1831, for which year the article is made; as the dangerous and disagreeable (to say the least of it) turn at Tattenham Corner is invariably commented on every year; but, as I hear nothing of the work being commenced, I am afraid it is like every thing else—"out of sight out of mind:" though if Mr. Maberly would only *really* take it in hand, the matter would be very easily accomplished.

Ascot, which has gradually risen in importance under the gracious patronage of our great and glorious King, this year reached its greatest interest, from the splendid entry for the Cup. From The Colonel's last year's performances, and his having been purchased into His Majesty's stud expressly as it were for this Cup, he undoubtedly stood for a long time the highest in public favour; but Zinganee gradually crept up in estimation: and though some pains were taken, the week before he left Mickleham for Ascot, to induce the people to believe he was amiss; yet his appearance for the Oatlands speedily put all doubts on that subject to flight; and when he was found capable of giving away to fair horses his year and



and very fast. She won the Farmers' Cup at Warwick Spring Meeting in 1827, and the Boycott Hunt Stakes of 120 sovs. at Wolverhampton in August 1829.

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### A LINE FROM DASHWOOD.

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SIR,  
**P**ARTICULAR circumstances, with which it is unnecessary that I should trouble my readers, will prevent my sitting down to give that lengthened account of *Sussex Hunting*; Colonel Wyndham's Kennel; the E. S. H.; Mr. King's (or the Hambledon), &c. &c. which I partly promised in my last, and which it was my intention to have sent you\*. Suffice it therefore to say, that we have had several very smart things indeed with the Colonel during the last month, the cream of which I consider to be an extremely quick twenty-five minutes with blood from the Peppers, through Wiston Park, up to Washington Holt; and a very sharp burst, without pulling our horses to a single check, from Stump Bottom to ground near the Shoreham river. We found, however, the most gallant fox I have yet seen in *Sussex* the day before yesterday in the gorse near Toddington; and with the wind in his teeth, and in a storm of snow and sleet, he gave us good twenty minutes, the hounds completely beating us, over as severe a line as he could have picked in the hill country. An unfortunate check, which the vileness of the day rendered almost a fatal one, here brought us to cold hunt-

ing. We picked it out, however, inch by inch through the Erringham Furzes to Erringham Shaw, in or close to which he had waited for us: and away he again went in the direction of Applesham, without a moment's thought, *across the Shoreham river*. Had it not been for this cursed obstacle, no doubt he was our own, and the hounds most richly deserved him. Being obliged, however, to gallop them God knows how far round by Shoreham-bridge, we could afterwards do little or nothing more worth speaking of; although they several times struck it upon the open Moors, and he wastelegraphed over the hills by Applesham Furze to a hedge-row near the Lamleys, where all was at an end. Decidedly this is as good a fox as ever shewed himself a runner; and in the month of February† I hope again to see him go away with the pack well at him, and an extra tura of luck in their favour.

Yesterday, the 19th, we had a hard day for horses, and some remarkably pretty woodland hunting about the Michel Grove, Castle Goring, and Clapham coverts, with a very excellent scent in covert, and at least a brace of very stout foxes.

DASHWOOD.

Worthing, Dec. 20, 1829.

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### ERROR RESPECTING SMO- LENSKO CORRECTED.

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SIR,  
**A**LLOW me the advantage of your extensive circulation through the *Sporting World* to correct an error in my late public-

\* Thanks to two of my friends, I have received, with permission to transcribe it, a very sporting account of the proceedings of the season with no less than four packs of fox-hounds in Yorkshire; the same cause, however, will prevent my being able to forward it.

† They travel home from this their Findon country on either Wednesday or Thursday next, and do not return until the first week in February.



sion—"The Horse"—into which I was inadvertently led by a conversation with one of Sir Charles Bunbury's servants. I must either have misremembered or mistaken the horse or the race. At the same time I beg leave to return my acknowledgments to R. Wilson, Esq. for his kindness in reminding and enabling me to rectify the mistake.

In "*The Horse*," p. 192, it is said, "I remember Smolensko, from an affection of this kind, losing a match over the B. C. in July, which I have every reason to believe he ran to win." Now the fact is, Smolensko never ran over the B. C. nor ever started at Newmarket in July. Certainly, the memory does not improve with age; yet it is somewhat strange that I should make so palpable a blunder respecting a horse which I knew from his colthood, and which, with Muley, under particular circumstances, I saw in training at Barton, previously to their first appearance on the turf.

In the event of a new edition of my book, I shall notice this matter, granting it shall be necessary to say any thing farther.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

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### HARE AND WEASELS.

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SIR,

WHILE reading by my parlour fire this morning, my attention was excited by the sudden exclamation of my little boy, at play in the same room. On running to the window, I perceived a hare scudding past the house, closely pursued by two weasels. The chase was very hot, and but for this timely shout the poor animal had little chance of escaping; but on making a sudden double, she

returned in safety to the plantation whence her remorseless pursuers had driven her, while they fled in a contrary direction.

Some years ago I witnessed nearly a similar scene. A rabbit bolted along a hedge-row, and thence across the field, shrieking most piteously. At some distance a weasel followed, bounding along at an immense rate, but hunting evidently on scent. From the start the rabbit had, the odds were apparently in favour of flax; when suddenly, as if every limb were paralysed, the rabbit stopped short, and suffered herself to become an easy prey.

Of all the weasel tribe the stoat is the only one that in winter changes its colour. The writer of this has a beautiful stuffed specimen, killed in February last; every part is of a snowy whiteness except the brush, which is black, and the top of the head which retains its summer colour. SNAFFLE.

Nov. 26, 1829.

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### MARCH OF INTELLECT.

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SIR,

A Few days since I strolled into Osborne's, in Montague-street, with my friend Captain C—, of the Bay\*, to see if he had "*any thing fresh*," and was surprised at the *improvement of intellect* which characterized itself in Mr. Osborne; for which I understand he is wholly indebted to *that National blessing*, that seat of profound and general knowledge, the London University, which is capable of imparting ideas even to the most illiterate.

On my asking how he succeeded in breaking Mr. H.'s roan horse for harness, he informed me that he was a *queer one*, but he had often met with a much *warser*; and, by way of diffusing his general know-

ledge in that capacity, he asked us if we could *guess* what people in the world bred the most difficult horses to be made quiet in harness? I began to reflect; when the Captain immediately exclaimed, "I give it up;" and Osborne, with his finger on his nose and a scientific wink of the eye to the Captain (as being a much *higher* acquaintance than myself), replied, "Why, the Italians, to be sure—because *they're* *rum 'uns* (Romans)."

Yours, &c. ETONENSIS.

### BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Dec. 28, 1829.  
**T**HIS has been a very brisk month, and several important changes have taken place. On the 7th, Brunswicker was again in high favour, having advanced several points: Captain Arthur and Cressida were freely backed, the latter bidding fair to be a very great favorite: Brother to Grampus was brought into notice, and, having a favorable trial with Lapdog, the odds were occasionally taken.

The 14th, a thin room and little betting—Brunswicker coming up with still greater force, supported by a strong party: Cetus regained his lost ground, it being strongly reported that The Mummer had great difficulty to get away from him, and Sir Mark's party evinced unusual eagerness to back him.—The OAKS was exceedingly dull, Mouche becoming in slight request; whereas the Sister to Emma bids fair to recede with the same degree of precipitation that she advanced.

The 21st, a full room and plenty of betting, Cressida and Mouse being quite the pets of the day—the Chifney party backing the former to a large amount, and appear-

ing not only fond of their horse, but sanguine that he will shortly be at the head of the list. Zucharelli, a drafted one from Lord Lowther's stud, at one time was all the go, a Mr. R. supporting him with much spirit. Brunswicker, likewise, came in for a full share of the betting, and from the moves of two or three of the leading speculators he must eventually displace The Mummer. Sir M. Wood's two were out of favour, and evidently on the decline, a Mr. L. making large offers against him.—Little was done upon the OAKS. Mouche still continued firm; but the Sister to Emma tottered, and unquestionably has seen her best day.

The St. LEGER was never mentioned, the majority of the speculators waiting to see the close of the nominations before any important engagements were entered into.

On the 28th the betting was not very interesting, nor was the attendance by any means numerous. The only bets worth naming were—500l. even Wat Tyler agst Zucharelli, and 500l. even Wat Tyler agst Sal colt.

Yours truly,

Z. B.

### DERBY.

- 8 to 1 agst The Mummer
- 9 to 1 agst Brunswicker
- 12 to 1 agst Cressida colt
- 13 to 1 agst Cetus
- 14 to 1 agst Mouse colt
- 17 to 1 agst Mahmoud
- 20 to 1 agst Sal colt
- 20 to 1 agst Wat Tyler
- 20 to 1 agst Zucharelli
- 25 to 1 agst Custard colt
- 25 to 1 agst Captain Arthur
- 25 to 1 agst Bruce
- 25 to 1 agst Brother to Grampus
- 30 to 1 agst Mouche
- 40 to 1 agst The Major

### OAKS.

- 6 to 1 agst Mouche
- 9 to 1 agst Sister to Emma
- 9 to 1 agst Leeway filly
- 13 to 1 agst Filagree filly
- 16 to 1 agst Zelus
- 17 to 1 agst Shunda

## EAST KENT HOUNDS.

SIR,

ALLOW me to send a short account of the first day's meeting at Waldershare this year of the East Kent fox-hounds, which are generally attributed to belong to Mr. Oxenden, whose urbane, pleasing, and gentlemanlike manners in the field I cannot too much praise. During the last year I have been residing, from motives of economy, in a small and neat hunting-box near Sandgate. It is situated in one of those secluded, lovely, and delicious spots, which are too apt to escape our observation, and more particularly now, that the prevailing and absurd fashion is to think that there is no scenery worth looking upon, and none worthy our admiration, but that which is to be found in foreign countries!! It would require a far happier, and more fecund, and more graphic pen than mine to attempt to delineate, or even to draw a rough, hasty, and rapid sketch, to enable you to picture to yourself, and to form an adequate idea in your mind's eye of the romantic, bold, luxuriant, and varied scenery around me. There is something so grand, so imposing, and so beautiful about it, that, in truth, to describe it in warm and glowing colours, and to do it justice, we ought to have recourse to one who may possess the bold, spirited, vivid, and masterly touch of a Salvator Rosa upon the one hand, and the soft, rich, deep, and mellow colouring of a Claude upon the other. From my windows I have a magnificent and splendid view of the sea; and I am one of those who could gaze for ever with unceasing pleasure and delight upon the sometimes calm,

placid, and unruffled, and at other times troubled, agitated, and boiling and raging waters of the deep! In the words of the late lamented and unhappy Shelley, who seems to have anticipated and predicted that he should find an early "grave beneath the deep's jagged jaws,"

"I see the deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-woods strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolv'd in star-showers  
thrown."

As one of the *dilettanti*, I may be excused in having made, as it were, a sort of flourish and *ouverture* to my letter. Thus with one stroke of my pen, I will come to Waldershare, where we met on Tuesday, the 10th of last month. There was of course, it being the first day, a large and numerous assemblage of horsemen in the field; and many a pleased, and jolly, and merry, and cheerful face, I recognised again. I remarked but a very few country gentlemen, numbers of stiff-necked and bull-frog farmers, and about half a dozen officers from the cavalry regiment stationed at Canterbury, who were but very sorrowfully mounted. Indeed, I may venture to say that such was the case with almost all the field; and I should have been very sorry to have exchanged my punchy little dark bay hack, which I bought at Grandchester fair some three or four years ago for the moderate sum of three and thirty pounds, with the best horse among them. It was, as I understood, out of compliment to the Earl of Guildford that we threw off here; and who could only produce to us a miserable bag-fox, which afforded us neither sport nor amusement of any kind; and after a tame burst of about ten minutes, poor Reynard fell into the jaws of his savage and ruthless enemies.

A a

After this we drew the gorge covert of Morrice of Betchanger, and there it is needless to add that we did not find, as he is a sort of gentleman who has no hesitation or compunction in killing foxes. We then drew three or four coverts, but without any success, until we arrived at Oxenden Wood, where we soon had a challenge; and, after hunting up and down the covert for about a quarter of an hour, an old fox was seen to break away at a sharp pace up to Adisham Mill, and thence down through the park of Lee. Here he was turned; and skirting by Hazling Wood, he ran to Brambling Downs, and thence to Freight Wood. Here we came to a sudden check, and it now being well nigh four o'clock, and the scent having grown cold, it was quite evident that we could do nothing more this day: and shortly after this, I heard the retreating sound of the huntsman's horn!

The country over which we passed was by no means a hard and distressing one for the horses. The greater part of the land was light and chalky, intermixed with patches of a deep, loamy, and heavy soil. There were no high and tremendous leaps by which our tip-top riders could display their beautiful riding, their courage, their perfect *sang froid*, and their activity. Here I cannot fail to remark that the gallant Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards is reckoned an *out-and-outer*; but he will pardon me in observing, that it strikes me, that it would be better if his *pads* were not to shew their ribs quite so much; yet there cannot be a doubt that they are really in good and excellent hard-working condition.

It is much more difficult than

we are at first wont to imagine to describe a day's sport; and I am fully conscious that this mode of writing is not in my line: it requires an elegant and well-exercised and powerful pen. I am ready to admit, that so forced, so hard, and so epithetical a style, if I may use the term, as mine, is very fatiguing and wearying to read: but I must write after my own fashion or not at all, strained and artificial as it may be, and affected as it may appear, as I can no more alter or vary my language and style, than I can recal the summer of my days, which have long since passed away, and those of autumn are fast stealing from me: and I already begin to feel, without resorting to old stories, that there is a month called October, which brings in old age as well as cold weather. I can only liken this sort of writing unto the cold drops which are to be seen dripping slowly and unwillingly from an icicle. In it, there is no warmth, or vigour, or spirit, or strength, or power; there are no momentary flashes or gleams of light, which betray an acute, or shrewd, or playful, or active mind: it is but one continued dull and monotonous strain. But I know not why an old zealous, keen, and ardent sportsman should regret, or grieve, or be annoyed, because he is unable to bandy high-flown and glittering phrases, and rounded and brilliant sentences upon paper, with the same skill, and ease, and grace, which may be the lot of some of his more clever, highly gifted, and talented neighbours. Yet when a blank sheet of paper lies before us, capricious and strange fancies will arise; which, like the fecundity of an Andalusian mare, will instantly conceive

and breed a thousand vague hopes, wishes, ambitions, and mortifications; and then they will dance, and play, and course through the dissatisfied, gloomy, and fitful mind with more speed and rapidity than we sometimes gallop up and down the wild and picturesque sugar-loaf hills surrounding Beachborough.

Now, Sir, for a few crude and perhaps senseless observations with regard to the hunting, management, and establishment of these hounds. They are a small, compact, and beautiful bitch pack, consisting of about thirty couples or thereabouts, in excellent trim, admirable condition, and high order; and may be fairly said to be as swift and fine-nosed hounds as any in England: but I have one fault to find with them, and I should say it was a great one—that they are scarcely ever heard to give tongue, which perhaps may be in part attributed to their great speed. I must own that this in a great measure has the effect of spoiling the pleasure of a fine burst in a beautiful country; for I am not ashamed to confess, that I love and enjoy to hear the sound of the rich and deep-toned voices of the hounds, so full of sweetness and of music, as it echoes and re-echoes across the valley and through the wood—

“Echoes loud,  
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
Of mirth and jocund din.”

It appears to me, that Mr. Oxenden, who hunts the hounds himself, and remarkably well and in every good taste, is never mounted upon horses near fast enough: yet no man can get better across the country than he can, labouring as he does under this disadvantage. Indeed, it must be ad-

mitted by every impartial man that his horses are very inferior cattle.

A word about Tom the huntsman, who is an excellent, civil, honest, and well-meaning fellow, and, I have every reason to believe, is a very good kennel-huntsman, and admirably understands the management, and attends to the comfort of his dear little children. But when it happens, as it sometimes does, that Mr. O. is away, and that the duty of hunting the hounds devolves upon Tom, I will be impertinent enough to say that he knows just as much about it as my little boy and girl, Frank and Albertine (and I may say that she is as sweet and angelic a little creature as ever came out of a fairy egg!), who are now playing about my knees, and preventing me from finishing this insipid, heavy, and stupid epistle; and as to casting the hounds, he has not the smallest conception or idea of it. Besides he is most wretchedly mounted, and his horse has all the appearance of being leg-tired.

Your most humble servant,

FRANCIS VAUX.

December 6, 1829.

### THE SETTER.

SIR,  
BEING myself a “bit of a shot,” and a well-wisher to the sport, allow me to insert a few trifling remarks on the following subject. Much has been (and much more will be) said on that most delightful of all sports, viz. “shooting.” I will, however, not detain my readers upon that subject; but, with regard to the setter, permit me to say that I think he is thought too little of; having (like the rest of us all) “*faults and failings*,”

and being, as many of my brother sportsmen will allow, extremely difficult to break in, and requiring the greatest care and attention, especially with regard to chasing *hares*, which are decidedly the greatest of all temptations to young dogs. The pointer is manifestly less difficult to break in, and is, during the month of September, the best for partridge shooting across an open country; but certainly inferior in pursuit of *muir game*, being less capable of enduring fatigue, and not possessing half the strength and activity of a *hardy setter*. Nevertheless setters will not do unless in a country where there is plenty of water. But, however, there is not the slightest doubt that the strength and health of a dog depends entirely upon the nourishment he receives. I for one am ready to admit that there is no man in the United Kingdom, who has a worse opinion of "hot food" than I have; and my firm belief is, that half of the dogs that have been fed in this way die before their time, since nothing is *more* equivalent to all sorts of diseases, especially the *mange*.

But to return: I had, a short time ago, a remarkably clever setter bitch, of a dark liver colour, (killed within the last month from the kick of a horse,) which I broke in myself when at the age of six months. In her eighth month, at the latter end of October last, I was shooting one morning at the side of a covert, when the bitch, who was a few yards before me, suddenly stopped at the top of a bank thickly covered with gorse; her tail wagged like lightning, and her whole frame seemed to be in a state of extacy. I suspected there was a pheasant at the bottom of the furze; but, however, on my approach, nothing rose up. Think-

ing it might be merely the scent of birds lately flown, I endeavoured to entice her away, but all in vain, *for she would not stir an inch*; upon which I began to make a rustling noise, when out bolted a rabbit from a cavity *under* the bank. I fired, and felt satisfied that I had hit it; being, however, not able to find it, I made the bitch drop, and charged again. After I had proceeded about forty yards from the spot, she came up to me with the rabbit in her mouth, and dropped it at my feet. Never having been taught to bring her game, to Nature alone was she indebted for the trick. Surely this will (as is expressed by that most celebrated of all poets, Cowper),

"Mortify the pride  
Of man's superior breed!"

I am, Sir, most heartily yours,  
A MIDLAND SPORTSMAN.

#### BALLOON, BRUNETTE, AND BLUE RUIN.

SIR,

**WE** here submit to our readers an engraving of three most superior and high-bred greyhounds, all winners and of one litter—Balloon, Brunette, and Blue Ruin. They are beautiful in shape, and very speedy and stout, as their running in public has proved them.

They were bred by Col. Elmhirst, got by Mr. Peel's Tippoo, their dam Brunette (who broke her leg when young, but kept entirely for a brood bitch, owing to her beauty and great blood), by Mr. Best's Streamer; grandam, Myrtle by Jasper; great grandam, Blue Fly (Sister to Mr. Best's Maiden) by the Holderness dog; great great grandam, Miss by Snowdrop out of Chenail.

Balloon, a black and white dog,

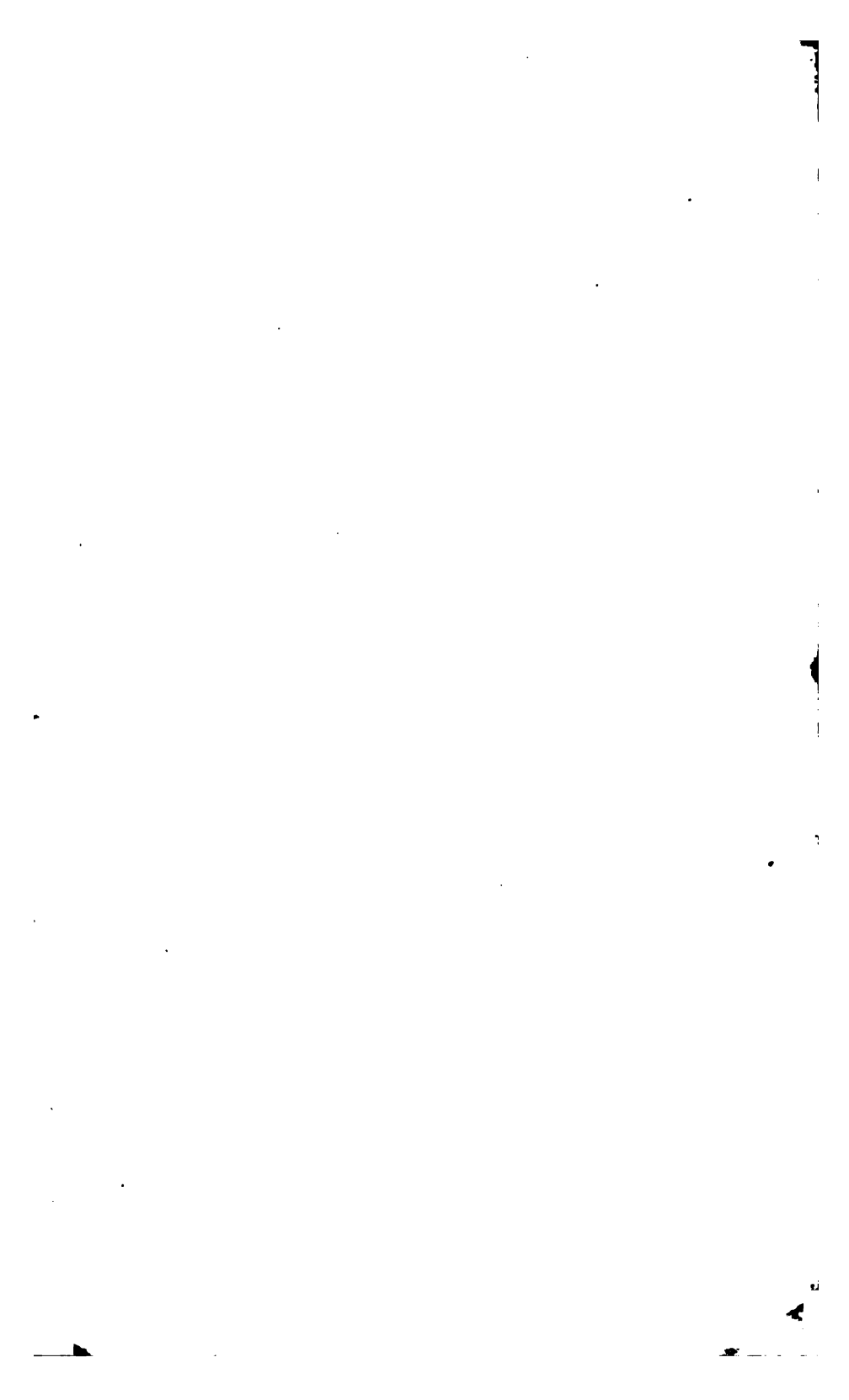


BLUE RUIN.

BRUNETTE.

BALLION.

Printed by J. H. Johnson, New York.





won the Barton Cup in the spring of 1828, and was ridden over while running for the last course but one for the Hundred Guinea Cup at Louth in the October following, which his sister Brunette won: and Blue Ruin won the Tathwell All-aged Stakes in the same Meeting, beating Modish, the winner of the Malton Cup, and some others.

They are allowed to have greater

speed than any three greyhounds in the kingdom of the same litter, and have also shewn most superior bottom.

Balloon, as we stated in our last, has been purchased at a great price by Sir John Johnston, Bart. and Blue Ruin is announced to serve bitches at Roughton House, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, at five guineas.

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### THE GOODWOOD GOLD CUP, 1829.

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SIR,

THE insertion of the following lines in your excellent Miscellany will much oblige, your constant reader and admirer,

SALADIN.

December 10, 1829.

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What rider on his winged courser proud  
Dashes the foremost through th' expecting crowd?  
By that barbaric gold, that crimson vest,  
'Tis he indeed—'tis ROBINSON confest!  
Swift as an arrow past the goal he flies,  
Admiring myriads follow with their eyes.  
What shouts ascend the concave arch of heav'n!  
From ev'ry lip what joyful sounds are driv'n!  
While all around, in accents loud and clear,  
Thunders the music on the list'ning ear.  
Thy tops, St. Roche, the cheerful notes prolong,  
And Arun bids his willows learn the song\*:  
Hears that applause the many-smiling sea,  
And gentle murmurs testify his glee.  
Whence this? Do harness'd Kings a victor draw?  
Do vanquish'd millions own another's law?  
Do brindled lions in th' arena fall?  
Do Gladiators on the people call?  
Ask (if you would divine the cause aright)  
Whose is that steed, and whose that crimson knight?  
E'en that dread Ruler's, whom three nations own  
The glorious Monarch of a triple throne.  
To him those myriads their applauses pay;  
For him that Anthem's silver accents pray;  
And Nature's corresponding echoes prove  
The test of merit is a people's love.  
These are thy triumphs, GEORGE! let others boast  
Of regions conquered at their country's cost;  
Of the red blood of millions vainly shed;  
Of mountains cleft, and rivers bridg'd with dead:  
Not such like triumphs thy escutcheons grace—  
Thine be the peaceful honours of the Race!

\* Audit Eurotas jussitque ediscere lauros.—VIRG. *Eclog.*



d to see them, notwithstanding the dash and fire about them, well and carefully to a very scent, try back cleverly, and their way with the greatest verance; and after an hour twelve minutes' patient hard they killed their hare in style. I am free to confess far surpassed my expectations; but I yet lamented I had seen the *go* of which so much has been said and sung. We tried without finding for upwards of an hour. I observed the day altering, and heard the huntsman observe, "the next thing will be quicker." In short, the air rained, the clouds broke, a little more warmth and a little more light were visible; the scent would now rise, and with it my spirits to the highest pitch. We found again; and by the Lord Harry a more glorious run was never seen away from Melton!

*De gustibus non est disputandum:* but I cannot help thinking that Pegasus might have been put to better use in climbing the Wiltshire Downs, than in surmounting the heights of Parnassus; for if ever wings were wanted, they certainly were here. Nothing but a bird-catcher could have lived with them—fifty-seven minutes at the very best pace (which means, in this country, *positive* racing speed), with only one little check, hardly time to cry "bellows to mend," however much that mending was required. It was fortunate we came to no inclosure, for neither horse nor man had puff enough in him for a rise. When we killed, and the very select few stood still, (for I can hardly call it pulling up,) there were not more than four out of upwards of thirty who started. I asked the huntsman (who,

I understand, is always with his hounds, go where or how they will) if they had often such days in the season? He said, coolly enough, "about once or twice a week, Sir!" I looked at my horse's sobbing flanks, took off my hat, and rode away, inwardly thanking my stars, as a man not overburdened with spare cash, that my hounds were less fast, and our hares less strong.

I remember reading a very lively and well-written treatise upon hunting some time since, in which the author says: "I once asked a sportsman of the highest authority, how long it might require to make a man of common parts a perfect fox-hunter. He informed me, that common parts would do nothing at all; but that a clever fellow, with favorable opportunities and severe application, might, in six years, he thought fit himself to appear, with respectability at least, in any hunt that he was acquainted with. As for perfect fox-hunters, there were not three, he assured me, in the three kingdoms." I do not pretend to decide upon how much shorter a period it may require to make a perfect hare-hunter: but this I will affirm, that to that perfection it appears to me the master of the Conock harriers has arrived: and I say this with the greater certainty, having been so fortunate as to see, on one day, two completely different styles of hunting, and both perfect in their way.

I think this tribute due to the Conock, and to the excellent sport I witnessed with them; and should you think it worthy insertion, you will oblige, Sir,

A KEEN SPORTSMAN.

Bath Arms, Warminster, Nov. 25.

## DISEASES OF HORSES.

SIR,

I Again trouble you to answer a few of NIMROD's remarks. Beginning with *Bone Spavin*, I must observe, where a horse is afflicted with them, even though they do not produce lameness, still it is an unsoundness, as it is a disease existing, and which, from the same causes which originally brought them on being renewed, they are likely to (and generally will) increase, and rarely exist without lameness. The *blood spavin*, with moderate work, will go off of itself, as it is occasioned by a windgall in the hock pressing on the vein; therefore, as the windgall decreases by rest, the circulation of the blood becomes free'r, until there is no stoppage in the vein, consequently no blood spavin. But as care and attention will prevent either the one or the other, with the early application of a very simple remedy, I will, for the benefit of all sportsmen, inform you what it is, as I have known numerous instances of its application, and never knew it fail if applied at the stage of the disease which I am about mentioning. Spavins of either kind are first formed from sprains or bruises:—for instance, after running away or hunting a long day through heavy, wet lands, when over-weighted, or by striking their hocks against any hard substance—as kicking the splinter-bar in harness violently. A short time afterwards, generally within a fortnight, the horse shews slight stiffness in that leg, which goes off with exercise, but gradually gets worse till the horse rests in the stall; and as it gets worse, his barrel is tucked up, and he seems in great pain. By this time an

attentive observer, upon feeling the hock at the seat of curb, will perceive the skin a little looser than on the same part of the corresponding leg, and a trifling swelling. The same with *Curbs*.

The cure for these three diseases is this—Make a bag to fit the leg from the fetlock considerably above the hock; fill this bag with a cold bran poultice; then put a bandage on, beginning at the hoof, rolled all round this poultice upwards, but not so tight as to squeeze too much of the water out of it, as the bandage is only intended to prevent the poultice slipping down. Take care to keep it always very wet, by pouring cold water over it; and do not take it off till the horse has been sound two or three days. Then give a week's rest, and get it to work by degrees. This is an effectual cure—with this grand desideratum, that it not only inflicts no pain, but on the contrary often removes acute misery for life by the most simple means and at the most trifling expense.

It should be observed, this application must be used while the inflammation is still in existence; for if once the periosteum gets thickened—that is, when the bony excrescence is formed—no remedy can be of any service.

*Splints* are also caused by sprains or blows, and may be prevented forming by the same means.

*String-halt* cannot be cured, as it is occasioned by the muscle of the hind leg being hollowed out, supposed by an abscess at some period. The muscle, therefore, does not perform its work in its

usual uniform way, but by a catch, from which the name is taken.

I am induced to offer you these facts, as you have considered my remarks on purchasing horses for foreign studs worthy of a place in your valuable *Miscellany*. I have some more remarks, which I shall take an early opportunity of sending you; but I do not delay this longer, or it might not be early enough for your next, and my waiting to add them prevented this being sent some time since.

I am, Sir, &c. P. H.

#### A DAY WITH THE BARNTON STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON reading the words which I have just written, I think I hear you halloo, "Hold hard, my young 'un! the Barnnton stag-hounds! where do they unharbour their deer?" Now, Sir, as you have many readers, but few correspondents "in these remote parts away," if we except the *Peer Ravenswood*, and the "would-be Peer" (who is ennobled only in your *Numbers*), Wallace\* (of Kelly), perhaps you will allow me to run riot in your pages, on the only stag-hounds Scotland has seen since the days of "Auld lang Syne!"

This pack, comprehending drafts from some of the best in England—along with a herd of stags, formerly Lord Derby's—has been recently brought to Scotland by Mr. Ramsay, of Barnnton, whom all round acknowledge to be as "thorough-going a sportsman for his

\* This Gentle not Noble man, who about a year ago thought proper, in a paper on *Hawking*, to subscribe himself as a Peer, in this Magazine, has taken a "high flight," and with "one fell swoop" would abelish the present Courts of Justice.—No author, &c.

years, as ever roused a deer or tallied to a brush;" and it is but justice alike to the Master and to the "turn-out" to say, that the first day's sport, from which I have just "harked back," was as brilliant and slashing a run, as NIMROD of ancient or modern times would wish to ride to.

The fine morning of the 2d November found me at the fixture, but owing to RAVENSWOOD's "Tatter" being at fault, and some curried-fowl—by the way the best hunting breakfast—remarkably good, the last of the tag-rag-and-bobtail had disappeared before I dropped from my hack.

A *showing* gallop, and the happy chance of a "heeling bend," brought me to the field, and shortly after on the "foil" of the hind—well named, and well worthy of her name, "Queen Bess."—"Forward!" is the word, and many a heel danced merrily at his horse's side. Uncarted about a mile beyond Winchburgh; the Royal Bess beat down by Bells Mill, towards Niddry Castle, but being blanched at Broxburn, made back for Kirkliston, and by Carlourie and Craigie Hill, to Corstorphin and Burnton Park. Run in to in the "open." Done in an hour and nine minutes, and, *done* intomiles, gives about sixteen, over a deepish and inclosed country.

Being the first run of the season, men, cattle, dogs, and their Queen, had the "funny" pretty well taken out of them; and all found the meaning of *Macbeth*—"Hold! enough!" The Master led the way in the old uniform of his father's hunt, scarlet and white, followed close by Mr. Stirling Mufti on a three-hundred-guinea Shairp mare, along with Mr. Get-

acre, or (as the Whip named him) Get-at-her, a Leicestershire performer. Not a yard behind came Mr. Forbes of Callender, who, though he is *hardly* a light weight, rides *hard*, and is splendidly mounted; alongside of the Laird of Linehouse and the Messrs. Wilkie, well known as bruising artists: they may stick in a *hedge* or a bog, but *at* nothing, and have some of the best cattle in Scotland\* for their *friends*. Next came the Hon. Captain Sandillands, and Mr. Edington of the Western Hunt, who lost his place by charging one of the Wilkies through a hedge: and not *last*, though certainly *least*, came "the Scion of Buchan" on Queen Mab.

The pace left a *few* "to come up." Knight was not visible in the *day* of the hind, and Master "Dicky Martin" did not form too dangerous a *liaison* with "Betty." To my "young idea" nothing could be finer than the dash of the hounds at the "fresh find," as they swept along by the "New Bridge"—Romulus, or, in the lingo of the Whip, Ramlass, told well along—

"At the hedge corner, in the coldest scent,  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds;"

giving as fine tongue as ever Linlithgowshire re-echoed to—hinting humbly to the field, that

"Riding hard,  
Like virtue, is its own reward."

Although too much in flesh, the dogs ran very true to scent: no skirting—little over-running—and very few stragglers; but, under the eye of Coxse, (formerly with the "Warwickshire,") they cannot fail to improve in wind, toggerly, and condition in general.

\* Particularly a dark brown mare—a rare one to go for a four-year-old.

I cannot "pull up" without remarking, that in this run there was no ringing nor curling; no covert large enough to hold even a cub touched upon; and over a highly-cultivated country, no damage done: and, if the Master gets "fair play" from those whose ground is too sterile to be damaged by any thing, all the other proprietors seem happy to be on good terms with the representative of the much-esteemed "George Ramsay."

The above having been accidentally too late for your last Number, I have now opportunity to write that the Barnton hounds have fully maintained the high character they acquired by their first run. Sir William Wallace led them twenty-five miles at a deuce of a pace, and nothing but thorough-bred and tip-top condition could live with them.—And on the 4th of December old King David gave us a "fly" of sixty score seconds, best pace possible—so severe, that out of half a dozen cattle, one was floored for the season, and another just saved his distance—Young M'Kenzie Greaves, on a grey "Miracle," and doing the trick—like what the Germans term a Young God in France.

"Long! Long! of such runs may the Barnton Hunt boast!  
Of such sport may they long live to brag!"  
So I'll fill up a bumper, and give you a toast,  
"The Barnton, and hunting the stag!"

HIE-OVER.

SIR,

FEELING assured that any communication which conveys an account of really good sport, from whatever quarter it may emanate, will find a welcome in your pages, I venture to transmit for insertion the details of one of the most se-

vere runs which I have ever witnessed in this part of the country, afforded by Mr. Ramsay's, of Barnton, pack of stag-hounds—an establishment, which, though still in its infancy, promises to become one of importance in the sporting annals of this our northern part of the world. The hounds are symmetrical and in excellent condition; the huntsman and whips well mounted; and the stagery, consisting of eight brace, giving from its appearance fair promise of good sport. Although the names of the different places which were passed in the course of the run must be nearly as unintelligible to most of your readers as Hebrew or Sanscrit, I give them for the benefit of those who possess the local knowledge necessary to decipher them.

On Tuesday the 17th of November, the hounds met at Uphall, distant twelve miles from Edinburgh, on the Glasgow road, and threw off at a quarter past eleven o'clock at Deckmont—the stag, one received from the Berkeley Hunt, having been turned out twenty minutes before that hour. Away they went at a slapping pace with a burning scent, through a stretch of grass fields leading to the coverts of Houston; thence to Drumshorlan Moor, through which he passed; and the time which was occupied by the hounds in forcing their way through the covert, which is a very strong and extensive one, could hardly be termed a check. This cleared, he led on to Amondell, the seat of the Earl of Buchan, where he was viewed crossing the stream of Amond, in which, though of considerable depth, he disdained to tarry. Leaving Amondell, he crossed the South Glasgow road, straight on to Ormiston hill,

thence to Selm Moor, a tract of waste lands, over which, extending about three miles, he ran in view. In this the cream of the run, the pace was admirable, and the hounds, to make use of a vulgar expression, might have been covered with a horse sheet. From Selm Moor he continued his gallant career to Corston Hill, and through Linthouse Wood, till he reached Muirston: here we came to the first and only decided check. After, however, having made a few casts, the scent was again bit off, and the stag finally secured in

the farm offices at Hermand, after a run (almost unprecedented in this quarter) of sixteen miles through a severe country at a most brilliant pace, being run within the short space of an hour and a half, which those who are acquainted with the depth and difficulties of the country will duly appreciate. Our sport was unclouded by a single accident, and the tumbles, though the very reverse of "Angels' visits," none of them serious.

I am, &c. &c.

SCHREWDRIER.

Dec. 3, 1823.

The Great Magician of the North gives the following description of this chase:—

Yell'd on in view the Barnton pack,  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Through Houston covert sprung in haste;  
And o'er Drumshorian's brake and fell,  
He onwards hied to Amondell:  
A moment there he snuff'd the gale,  
A moment gazed adown the dale;  
Then as the foremost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, through the country stretching on,  
Sought the near hill of Ormiston.  
'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the Hunt through Selm Moor;  
What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
When rose the Corston Hill in air;  
Or how the stag, through Linthouse Wood,  
Climb'd the steep hill, or stemm'd the flood;  
Till dashing down the Muirston glen,  
His path was hid from hunters' ken;  
And crossing o'er the babbling brook,  
In Hermand stable refuge took.

#### REMARKS ON THE KENNEL AND KENNEL MANAGEMENT RESUMED—No. VI.

**THE** time of commencing to ward those bitches which you intend breeding from, must of course depend in a great measure

upon the period when you can ward them: but being decidedly opposed, generally speaking, to late puppies, I would sooner at-



most commit a fault in beginning to ward too early, than allow an opportunity, when a favorite bitch came in season, to escape me. Some kennel-men make a practice of not beginning before the month of January; and, for a general rule in particular countries, it may perhaps be well enough: for my own part, however, I should have no hesitation in commencing at a much earlier period.

Let us suppose, for example, that a hound I was anxious to take a litter from came to heat about the first week in November: by then warding her, the whelps will be born about the first fortnight of the new year: by proper precautions against cold, they will be perfectly fit to send out to quarters by the end of March: and, when again taken into the kennel, will be at least from fourteen to fifteen months old—in other words, *young hounds of eighteen months age* by the time that cub-hunting will begin, and perfectly fit to stand any work in moderation amongst the coverts without danger of becoming rickety. Mark, however, the difference, should I prefer waiting until the bitch again came in season: this, do what I would to put her forward, I could scarcely expect with the best of good luck a day sooner than the middle of April: my whelps would not then be born until the very last days in the month of June, and *would not be more than nine months old* when taken away from their walks. They might by possibility, and the aid of good quarters, be strong enough to go through the work they ought to have: but to those who know how large a period in the life of a hound-puppy the space of even a very few weeks only in reality is, it is almost un-

necessary to say, that to expect them to be as forward in their work and education as their elders by five or six months, is to expect a miracle.

Work stands of course with young hounds for education, and I am all for giving them a good belly full of it in cub-hunting. We have then no "ware hare!" &c. &c. and all the accompanying nuisances of ratings and floggings in the month of November. With what reason, however, can we expect a puppy, scarcely set as it were in his limbs and joints, to stand the racket of business, and do the work of a hound amongst the coverts in hot weather? The case in my opinion stands thus: either must we allow our late whelps to remain half unmade, to the great annoyance and disturbance of the pack, until half the season is over; or else we must run the imminent hazard of distortion, unhinging their whole frame, and shaking them all to pieces in their shoulders, by putting them to that work which is necessary to make them. *To be sure, if a stranger comes into the kennel, and sees a whole lot turn off their beds as stiff as poker, we can always find resource in the Refuge for the Destitute, and tell him that "unfortunately this season we have had a touch of kennel-lameness amongst the young hounds!"* I know not what some people would do without this most convenient scape-goat: as Lord Byron somewhere observes of something else—

"It answers to all doubts so eloquently well."

Breed, therefore, I should say, EARLY: not of course ridiculously so, but in sufficient time to allow your whelps to arrive at an ade-

quate standard of strength before being subjected to kennel discipline: and as a general rule, to be deviated from only on particular occasions, I should recommend the not beginning to ward *before the fifteenth of November*; and the not continuing to do so much after the first days in March. I am aware that we are a good deal at the mercy of the bitches themselves; and there is no law that I am acquainted with to compel them to go to heat before they please. It will not, however, happen above once in a century, but that one half of what we would like to breed from come in season during January and February; and, by a little management as to exercise and feeding, it is possible to retard or put forward a bitch by very nearly a fortnight.

One piece of advice, however, let me here very strenuously recommend: on no account, namely, to let the early and best part of the season slip away in waiting for your pet bitches to come to heat: sooner, if your kennel is a limited one, put up with the inconvenience of a shorter pack in the field, and at once ward *the nearest relations to them* that may be in season. *The sex is an extremely capricious one*; and although it may not often happen, yet I have known bitches go to heat from six weeks to two months after the time I had calculated on—a perfectly sufficient period, of course, to floor all chance of breeding from them during the season. It is needless to say that I am not advising the indiscriminate wadding of any and every bitch that may chance to be in season during the first two months of the year: all that I recommend is, not to let these months elapse without ensuring some early

litters of as nearly as may be the blood you had previously resolved on. Instead, for example, of running the chance of *Famous* coming in season *just in time*, put her sister *Frantic* to the dog in the month of December or January.

Not a little, I might here observe, with regard to the well-doing of either very late or very early puppies, depends on the nursing they get at quarters; but on this I shall presently say a word or two more at length.

So far from its being hurtful, it will on the contrary be found an advantage to the bitch to keep her on in her regular work for a fortnight or three weeks after being warded; and from that time up to the period of her pupping she should be fed so as to keep her in good heart, but on no account be allowed to grow too fat inside. To every kennel should be attached a number (corresponding with the size of the pack) of small boxes or lodging-houses in a perfectly dry and sheltered situation, and if possible southern aspect, for the express purpose of accommodating the brood bitches: and I cannot too strongly or forcibly insist on the necessity of warmth and comfort in their position and fitting up. It is not perhaps going too far to say, that the size and straightness of the litters, more especially and particularly the early ones, depend almost entirely on their being kept warm and dry: and cleanliness, let me add, is another essential, to which it is not only proper, but, in my opinion, indispensable to attend. The beastliness and filth that one sometimes meets with in the pig-stye holes and corners in which the whelps and their mothers are stowed away, I cannot find language too urgently to repro-

bitch. Each bitch and her litter should be kept separate; and on opening the door of their temporary kennel, no more offensive smell should salute the nose, than on going into the main lodging-house of the pack. Both, as I have before remarked, should at all times *smell of the straw*, and nothing else.

It is needless almost to say, that during the period she has her whelps on her, the bitch should be allowed her entire and complete will of the most nourishing food; and on this point I cannot recommend a better example than that of Matty Wilkinson, (as quoted by Nimmon,) who is in the habit of sending out a good cut or two of roast beef or leg of mutton from his own table to his brood bitches that are nursing. At all events the scraps of the house should be carefully preserved from the claws of the cook, and boiled up with the coarsest parts of beef, &c. &c. and the addition of milk, into a solid and substantial mess. The use likewise of two or three cows should always be bespoken for the kennel at the time you expect your litters to be pupped: nothing can be a more nourishing *menstruum* for the food of the bitches; and a very short time after they have got their eye-sight and can crawl about, the young ones will begin to lap it themselves, and thereby take a little, however trifling, off the burden of the mother.

I have elsewhere spoken of the plan of having some curs warded at the same time with your hounds; and it stands to reason, I think, that the practice must be a good one. Remember, however, that you must keep the *cur-mothers* quite as much in heart and strength as if they were *hounds*, or you cannot

of course expect the litters to thrive and do well with them.

About a week after the whelps are born, it will be a proper time to snip off their dew claws—a practice, which, though objected to by some, I am most partial and would always adhere to: and in order to prevent their scratching and annoying their dams whilst sucking, it is advisable to keep their nails, which are at that time as sharp as birds' claws, constantly cut. I have omitted to say, that during the actual period of whelping, the bitch should be as little disturbed as possible: the less indeed that she is teased by having her puppies pulled about for the first day or two, the better. During her labour, and after it, some comfortable warm lap or gruel should be placed within her reach; and on the second and eighth days after whelping, a light dose of castor oil should be administered.

DASHWOOD.

(To be continued.)

Worthing, Dec. 16, 1839.

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### PREJUDICES AGAINST FOX-HUNTING.

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SIR,

I Read with great indignation a paragraph in a Morning Paper of last week to the following effect: "The farmers in the neighbourhood of Horsham are greatly annoyed by the damage done to their wheat crops by inexperienced sportsmen riding across them in the ardour of the chase, and thereby doing them more mischief than they would undergo from the depredations of a dozen foxes: they have therefore adopted the following plan for extirpating these animals." The barbarian then proceeds to a detailed account of the

amusement attendant upon "laying up a fox in the snow; who is surrounded, after being padded into some covert, by twenty or more *sportsmen* with guns, and being bolted by some dogs, the felou is soon brought to outraged justice;" or some such namby-pamby trash.

I wish in these few lines to explain the falsehood of the first charge; namely, of damage done to crops—not by assertion, but by demonstration; and secondly, to call upon "all good fellows"—that sweeping title which distinguishes and ever will separate fox-hunters and philo-foxhunters from the abhorred *contrà* clan—to discountenance this impudent invasion of their amusement; of their *rights*, I will call it, in spite of Lord Essex *versus* the Old Berkeley.

I am myself a farmer and land-owner (on no very large scale assuredly); but as the whole of my income proceeds from land, and land of the very sort mentioned in my text, I am not wilfully blind to the interests of the occupiers: and I can honestly bear witness to the damage done by a large field in crossing young wheat and clover growing on stiff clays, where every foot-print forms a water-proof reservoir for wet during the remainder of the season. But often as I have hunted in the neighbourhood of Horsham, I never yet saw a large, never even a tolerably numerous, field of horses. Twenty or thirty persons (and generally far under that number) compose the body of sportsmen: but divide and sub-divide those numbers *ad libitum*, and the quotient will not be too small to represent those, who, when a fox is once found and away with a scent, think of crossing a field, or taking any line except that

marked out by the road—of course I except some real sportsmen, whom not even the author of the obnoxious paragraph could accuse of wanton mischief or boyish thoughtlessness. I repeat it, that in all the quick runs I ever saw over this country, a most limited number rides fair to the bounds; and nine men out of ten splash down the lanes or field roads, by which the country is intersected like network, and never trouble their legs to spoil any wheat.

But my present business is not with the *pecus* of Macadamites, but with those who *do* ride over the country. The wheat, &c. in the Weald of Sussex is generally laid up pretty high on account of the wet lodging on flat lands: the fields too average, I suppose, eight or nine acres, or perhaps not so much. Is it to be believed that a man will be ass enough to ride straight across a field which is up to his horse's hocks, with an infernal stiff heave-gate at the end of it, when for riding a furrow and turning ten rods out of his way, he can go *over* instead of *through* the dirt? He might possibly so ride in a dry country, where the inclosures are always large, and where a deviation from his point would materially alter his ultimate direction, where also his riding across would be perfectly harmless: but this man is a sportsman, perhaps a subscriber; perhaps has a still nearer interest in the welfare of the hounds; and will he wantonly knock up his own horse, do mischief to the farmer, get the hounds an ill name in the country, and himself a good many more ill names in the field? *Credat Judæus Apella—non ego.*

Where mischief is done, I challenge the farmers themselves with

doing it. Riding slow brutes, who can perhaps, "while one with moderate haste might tell an hundred," rise perpendicularly on their hind legs, and lop themselves to the other side of a pair of bars, rattling by the bye the top rail in a very awful manner, and in all probability giving their lutocultural master's fat trail a pretty good taste of the pommel, and his chin of the mane, they think by cutting off corners, crossing wheat, and riding canning, to have one more glimpse of the hounds before the pack tops the next hanger, and before they come to the close of poor Dobbin's gallop (now fast winding up), who is wondering what the devil ails the hounds that they go so fast, say so little, and have their ears cut so short; whereas Mr. —'s "cry of dogs," the only ones he has heretofore trotted after, are not seriously at variance with these in all the above respects. Dobbin aforesaid also, although a rare timber jumper, has not much idea of rasping at the rate of forty miles an hour over a new-made raddle, with a good yawning squire-trap at the other side, which he must either clear or go home—*aut Cæsar aut nullus*. Off gets Mr. Pottles, and out come the stakes; the bridle is put over the nag's head; a mud-lark is invoked to stir him up behind; and after sundry manœuvres, the consummation is effected, at the expense of three rods of ethers and bushes, and the less dangerous parts of the fence carried into the next field, or more probably into the next ditch, along with the grunting quadruped. The mischief is not half done: out jump all Farmer Killfox's steers through

the gap made by this fox-hunter (God save the mark!), and away they run to kingdom come like mad, with heads and tails in the air like peacocks! Is this caricature? I deny it. If it is, let something more near the mark issue from the purloins of Warwick-lane on the 1st of February 1830:

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis  
Candidus imperti.*

Christmas boys ought to be well looked after—they are dreadfully mischievous animals; although it does my heart good to see the young rogues larking and enjoying themselves: but papas seldom trust them (*Dis, gratias agimus*) below hill amongst the inclosures. Foot people—a race indigenous to this county—the *avroχδοes* of the soil, are perhaps worse than all, as far as breaking hedges and letting out stock are nuisances. These fellows use their spindle shanks, imprisoned in seven-pound boots, most astonishingly, and would match in their endurance and bottom the far-famed Ben Hutchins himself\*. If you have a dodging fox and a cold scent, they pester you through a whole day; and I never yet heard of any summary justice being wreaked upon these vagabonds—for whose amusement the poor's rates are swelled to an amount unknown in any other agricultural county in England—such as killing half a score of them in a bar-way, where they are constantly getting under your horse's legs. Many and many a time have I seen them, whilst hounds were running, put up a rail that was down, for the gratification of seeing a jump, and the chance of enjoying a purl.

\* Well known by the Puckeridge Hunt. Whenever any body writes an essay upon pedestrianism, it ought to be dedicated to Ben κατ' ἐξοχήν.

But, alas! I have yet to mention the greatest thorn in the side of every fox-hunter, and the class in comparison of whom all other nuisances are as a feather in the balance.

The land is chiefly let to tenants so poor that they are cut out of all possibility of themselves riding a good colt and enjoying the sport. These fellows all keep pot-hunting dogs, which are whistled together three or four times a week, when their masters and their *τηλεδωτοι εννοουποι* scour the whole country in pursuit of a hare. In addition to the incessant disturbance of coverts arising from the visits of these gentry, the constant occurrence of *our-scent* in every shaw, and the jealousy inherent to seeing others enjoying a sport to which they must perforce be strangers—these are the very men who openly track, waylay, and shoot the foxes; and their landlords know it—it is not done in a corner. A fox is not shot, buried, and put out of sight, as is the case with any other murder; but openly, barefacedly, and in defiance of all opinion, the deed is done: reynard is slung over a bumpkin's shoulder, and a contribution is demanded at every house by his peripatetic destroyers.

My decreasing paper warns me to close my letter. There are large and influential land-proprietors in this neighbourhood. Are Mr. Aldridge, Sir Timothy Shelly, Mr. Beaucherk, the owners of Nuthurst, Len Park, Ashfold, and fifty more places of consequence, to be set at nought? and is fox-destroying to be carried on under their eyes, despite of their wishes, which, as is well known, are decidedly in favour of a noble sport which is thus annihilated? Are the really respectable yeomanry, at

the head of whom I hope I may be allowed to place Mr. Vincent, to be equally thwarted? Ah! *il fait chaud!*—three turns round the room and another glass of Port will restore my wonted equability of temperament. Well—here goes. I ask any person who understands the preservation of game, “is there any other such satisfactory proof of the vigilance of your keepers—any other equally credible sponsor for the quiet of your coverts, as the certainty of finding a fox in them, an animal which the least alarm will instantly cause to decamp?” He will answer, “Not one.” I ask any other person, “when he has drawn coverts in this country without a chop or drag for six hours together, has he ever seen six pheasants?” He will answer, “Never.” Look at Mr. Caswell's coverts in Hertfordshire; there *are* or *were* pheasants in reality: there, as I have before mentioned in your pages, I have seen more pheasants on the wing while hounds divided upon two or three foxes in the same wood with them; than I verily believe wear tails in the whole county of Sussex—barring perhaps Firle, where I should like to see the apparition of twenty vagabonds daring to shew their ugly mugs with the purpose of even making a face at a fox.

SCARLET.

P. S. I heard a friend of mine (a good fellow, but a thoughtless young one) say the other day, “Why should these d—d fellows make such a fuss about their ground, when, after all, they do not grow five sacks an acre upon it?” This was wrong: the ground is bad allowedly; but it is the tenant's all, and the case ought to be put in a very different way to gain my consent to riding over it.

## POSTSCRIPT TO NIMROD'S GERMAN TOUR.

**H**AVING during my progress through Germany seen the studs of Baron Biel and his brother; part of that of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh; those of Count Bassewitz and his brother; of Count Hahn; of Count Moltke; of Mr. M'Michael; the Royal Prussian stud; as also that of Count Veltheim—I may be expected to give a specific definition of the character of the German and Prussian horses, as far as my observation led me to decide upon their respective merits, or, rather, on their distinguishing properties.

I believe I have already observed that there appears to be a sort of *mania* for breeding horses in Germany, which no doubt gave rise to the following remarkable legend. It is stated, that, when Bucephalus could no longer carry his master, Alexander the Great, to victory and glory, one of his Generals brought him into Mecklenburgh, to improve the horses of the country; and to the high descent of that noble animal is it indebted for its present excellent breed. Now, after the well-authenticated fact of Cæsar's consecration of the horses when he passed the Rubicon, and the Kings of Judah, who consecrated theirs to the sun, there is scarcely any thing we might not believe on this head: and did not History inform us that this celebrated charger dropped down dead on the field of battle, we might have taken it for granted that Bucephalus was a stud horse in Mecklenburgh. One circumstance, indeed, appears to give colour to it:—the head of Bucephalus (*Βοῦς κεφαλή*) resembled that of a bull—whence he derived his name—and the heads

of the Mecklenburgh horses are certainly rather heavy than otherwise.

Speaking seriously, and beginning at the lower extreme, I will first notice the German cart or wagon-horse. I much prefer him to the hairy-legged black English cart-horse, whose only use is drawing very heavy loads; but he is inferior in muscle, as well as action, to the Cleveland bay or the Suffolk punch. His docility, however, is most admirable, and he is quite strong enough for all purposes of agriculture, as well as for moving corn, or any other produce, in the vehicles of that country. His figure is good, and he much resembles the old-fashioned long-tailed coach-horse that was once so general in England, but is now almost become obsolete. The Mecklenburgh mares are a profitable species of stock, as they breed and work with very little interruption.

The coach-horse of Germany is a useful animal, possessing very fair action, and, as far as my experience went, not given to tire (of course I am speaking of gentlemen's horses, and such as perhaps have been selected at considerable prices). He is not, however, so well bred, nor altogether so good looking as the better sort of English coach-horse of the present day, who is quite as well bred as the hunter was required to be only a few years back. In short, during the gay London season, many scores of fine hunters might be picked out of Noblemen and Gentlemen's carriages in the streets; but I cannot say as much of the capital of Germany.

Of the German saddle-horses I cannot say a great deal from my own personal experience, not having been long enough in the country to judge of their general merits. This much, however, I will assert. Almost all those which I rode—and I think they consisted of about a dozen—had very superior action, and were particularly safe on their feet. German horses have the character of being dull, and heavy in hand; but I did not find this to be the case with those which I crossed. I rode two very capital hacks of Count Hahn's, real German-bred ones, and would not wish to be better carried on the road:—they were particularly fast trotters, and performed their paces without any unnecessary and round-about action. As for the trotting-mare of Count Voss—a real Mecklenburgher—I never saw her superior, and have given it as my opinion that she would win a good deal of money in this country, as a trotter against time; for, with a steady hand upon her, she will not break into a gallop, if forced to the very top of her speed. The Count had likewise another very capital road horse, which brought him in third in the steeple chase.

Of the Mecklenburgh, or indeed of the German, hunter I am ill-qualified to speak, for I saw nothing like what may be called a stud of hunters; and the qualifications of hack and hunter appeared to me to be combined in the same animal. Baron Hiel had six or seven good-sized horses, some of which would, I dare say, have made hunters, but they partake largely of English blood; whereas at Count Hahn's, I only saw two of sufficient power and size to come under this denomination of horse. It may be

asked, did I see no hunters in Count Plessen's, and the other large studs which I inspected? I answer, that, with the exception of a few kept for their own riding, all the horses I saw there were not only without shoes, but *never having been shod*, it would be difficult to give them any appellation save that of *horses kept for sale*, and which I believe is the real one.

I must here give an opinion which I did not expect I should have been called upon to give, from the great reputation the Germans now claim in the science of horse-breeding; but I must be candid on these matters. I mean to imply, that, if I had been commissioned by such a person as Mr. Maxse, or any other of our heavy weights who give large prices for hunters, to purchase three or four horses in Germany, likely to carry him over Leicestershire, I should not have had it in my power to execute the commission. I do not mean to imply that I did not see any horse equal to fifteen or sixteen stone, with hounds, *at a certain pace*; but I mean to say, I did not meet with one single instance of a combination of sufficient blood and bone for the purpose I have alluded to. The strongest well-bred horse I saw was Adrastus, the favorite hunter of the late Count Plessen, and he is certainly equal to any weight that ought to ride after hounds; but—my English readers will understand me—he has not sufficient scale in his frame to carry such a man as Mr. Maxse over the ox-fences and wide brooks of Leicestershire or Northamptonshire. This then—the want of a *due combination of blood and power*—is the chief fault I found with the German horses, and a great fault it is; and, I much suspect, may be



attributed to their not being forced in their growth by high keep, as our English hunters, that attain eminence or fetch high prices, invariably are. To sum up all—such horses as Mr. Maxse's Cognac or The Baron, Sir Bellingham Graham's Bee's-wax, Mr. Robert Canning's Pickle, Mr. Thomas Edge's Banker, Colonel Berkeley's Blood Royal, Mr. Gurney's Robin—not forgetting the stamp Lord Sefton used to ride when he hunted Leicestershire, or such as Lord Alvanley now rides—would be sought for in vain in Germany.

But what if I had been commissioned to purchase some promising young horses to carry light, or, what may be termed, *moderate weights* over our English countries? My answer is—I could have picked from twenty to forty out of the different studs I saw which would disgrace no man's judgment, and would, I think, be approved of by any but those *ultra* performers, Messrs. Holyoake and Co., who will have no blot in the escutcheon. The horse to which I am alluding comes under the denomination of three parts blood; possesses great freedom, but not a useless superabundance of action; with good flat legs, such as are likely to wear. The temper of these horses—taking into consideration the pampered state in which the studs I am speaking of are kept—appeared to be very good indeed, abounding with playful spirit, but nothing more.

The post-horse of Germany was once very well adapted to the purpose, generally, but, in my opinion, is only now so when used on such roads as have not been subject to the MacAdam system, or indeed to any other, and which it appears abound in the North of Germany:

nor can it be otherwise in districts wherein—as is the case there—stones are not much thicker than churches. On the stoned roads, the German post-horse is too low-bred for the pace. He gets weak before he arrives at the end of his stage, and either tires or falls down, unless indulgence be shewn him. This accounts for our observing that the best of the postillions which we met with on our travels never went at the top of his pace for more than a mile at one time: he was certain to find some excuse to walk a hundred yards, even without any thing like a hill; but the smallest ascent was sufficient for a walk, even on the very best roads. In short, I did not see one pair of post-horses—or at least above one pair—that would not drop down dead if obliged to keep pace with a pair of Newbury or Reading post-horses, with a gentleman's carriage behind them, over their eighteen-mile stages. In hot weather they would not go half way.

**THE RACE-HORSE.**—Racing is not, neither do I think it ever will be, the pervading genius of the Germans. Their forte hitherto—as far as horses are their object—has been breeding very serviceable ones for the purposes of agriculture, for the road, for the carriage, and for the army; and here they have very eminently succeeded. But the race-horse is quite a new field for their skill; and it will be some time before they can expect to make a proficiency in a science which even this country, with all the benefit of its experience, has only lately made itself perfect in. The steam-engine, however, which brings all countries so near to each other, will greatly assist in forwarding the means of breeding race-

horses in Germany, as the passage from England to Hamburgh is now reduced to a certainty of only three days duration.

Of course I saw a great many horses and mares in Germany which are called thorough-bred ones, but which we cannot here admit to be such, because we consider nothing in that light but what is entered in our Stud Book. For instance, I saw several apparently thorough-bred ones in the Avenack stud, but then the pedigrees of many of them would not bear a scrutiny. Herodot gets very good stock; and if he were in this country, I should put a mare to him, to breed a hunter, as soon as any horse I am acquainted with. His produce have great substance and bone, and are in very good form. I saw one horse in training of his get—namely, Darlington, by Herodot, out of Young Darling, by Waxy, out of Darling, by Patriot: he was four years old, and was one of the eight that were to have run at Dobberan and Mecklenburgh, but were prevented starting by the late Count's death. He is small, but neat, and not in bad form. On the day on which we inspected the Avenack stud, Count Hahn purchased this horse for the purpose of running him at Brandenburg, but he fell lame on his road to Basedow, and was returned. The price, I heard, was five hundred Louis-d'or! If so, he was well sold according to his running at Gustrow in the spring.

On looking into the German Racing Calendar I perceive several of Count Plessen's stud are of doubtful pedigree; and he must excuse my telling him, that, if racing be his object, high as the Avenack stud may stand in his country, it never can contend

against the best English blood, which Baron Biel, Count Hahn, Count Bassewitz, and other sportsmen, who mean to make their way on the German turf, will be certain to bring to the post. It will not do to enter the lists with the produce of such horses as Godolphin, Shuffler, &c. out of Orville, Stamford, Whalebone, Soothsayer, and Reubens mares.

The German Stud Book contains the pedigrees of twenty-seven stallions, and sixty-four brood mares. Of the former, I consider eighteen to be thorough-bred, and all the rest doubtful. Of the latter somewhat more than half are thorough-bred, and all the others doubtful.

I should like to be able to present my English readers with a portrait of the horse Adrast, or, as we should call him, Adrastus, as I consider him to be the best specimen of the thorough-bred horse of that country which came across my observation. As I have already observed, he carried the late Count, who I understood rode a great weight, for fifteen or sixteen years, was an excellent fencer, and very fast. There are certainly some strong features of high Oriental breeding in this horse, some of which he of course gets from his dam, who was got by the English horse Jupiter.

I rode Adrast in the Riding School. His action was particularly strong; and I dare say, when in work, he is a very pleasant horse to ride; but here he was all capering and curveting. Indeed the action of several of Count Plessen's stud was such as neither Mr. Tattersall nor myself ever saw before, and such as is quite out of the power of the pen to describe—all very well for a *spectacle*, but it could never be maintained through-

out a hard day's work. It is true that almost all ancient writers on this subject, such as Xenophon, Virgil, and others, recommend the use of the *manege*, for the purpose of creating unnatural action; but it should not be carried too far; for all muscular exertion which is not natural must be painful, and consequently difficult to endure. Xenophon's idea of freedom of action is, however, very near the mark:—*Ταχε μὴν γωνάτα ἦν Βαδίζων οὐ πάλος ὑγρὸς καμῆτ'.*

Count Veltheim remarked to me that he considered our English breeders of race-horses had sacrificed what he termed activity to speed. This, however, is not the case; for all our speediest horses have possessed what can alone be considered good action—namely that which propels the body with the least visible excess of muscular exertion, *and as little as possible of motion which does not exclusively lead to that end.* All round-about action of the limbs, or raising them higher from the ground than is necessary, of course diminishes speed.

In a letter of the Count's he also observes, that we prefer the long, thin neck, with the withers as lofty and as sharp as possible. This is by no means the case. The neck of a horse can scarcely be too short to please the eye of an Englishman who is a good judge of the animal, let him be destined

for whatsoever purpose he may—that is to say, provided there is length in his shoulders and quarters, where the length ought to be. For my own part it never has been my lot to see a right good horse for any trade, with a long rainbow neck. As for withers, they cannot for any purpose be too strong and coarse for me, *provided they incline horizontally to the chine.* As far as my experience has gone, the strength and position of the withers is the most material part of the horse, as far as power combined with speed is concerned.

I am ready to admit that the climate of Germany is not exactly favorable to breeding thoroughbred stock; but with good management, and good keep, this difficulty may be in a great measure provided against. I am, however, compelled to observe, that, generally speaking, the breeders of race-horses, and all other kinds of horses, in Germany are not sufficiently awake to the great advantages of good keep; but it is to be hoped the lesson Mr. Tattersall read to one or two of them will not be thrown away. They may rely upon what I say—namely, that it is seven pounds in their favour, at four years old, in a race. How far a lavish distribution of good hay and oats may be reimbursed by colts—when at maturity—of an inferior breed to those I have been alluding to, it is not exactly in my power to decide.

"How elegant is the Greek tongue," says the renowned Mr. Gibbon, "even in the mouth of Cedrenus." When sported, however, it should be correctly given. The printer made an error in the quotation from Homer (p. 157), by introducing a *sigma* in the word *εὐζωωτο*, which was neither in my MS. nor the original. There is another error in p. 168: viz. *malis* instead of *mala*, as the sense and prosody direct—the words should also have been put as an exhameter. Having corrected the proof of what was from my pen in the last Number during my illness in bed, I may solicit pardon for some errors which escaped me. I have also to point out a barbarism which was overlooked by me as well as the Corrector of the Press—"We each retired to his own home."—In *Condition*, also, p. 76, for "there is no vapour which acts more offensively on the eye-sight than animal excretions," read, "than that arising from animal excretions."

Count Veltheim, indeed, asserts positively, that breeding horses in his part of the country—the *cité* of the Dutchy of Magdeburgh—does not pay; and he speaks from, I believe, pretty extensive experience of the facts. Prices are low for such as are in pretty good form; but I have reason to believe such as come under our denomination of weeds, or failures, can scarcely be disposed of at any price. Of course they have not the benefit of the stage-coach market that we have in England for short shoulders, twisted fore-legs, &c. In fact, any thing that has four legs to run upon will here almost command a saving price.

There is one part of German horse-breeding which I admire, and am a stickler for:—this is, their aversion to what may be termed *natural blemishes*. The Jews at their festivals could not have been more careful that there should be no blemish or “evil-favoredness” on the animals they brought for offerings, than the German horse-breeders are in their choice of stallions and mares for their studs. It is possible this may be carried too far, on account of the severity of the trials to which our race-horses are put, and before their limbs have obtained the maturity of nature; but still the maxim is a good one: for many of these blemishes are the effect of mal-conformation in some instances, and in a disposition to disease in others. It is a maxim in cocking, never to breed from cocks that have been much cut up in the pit.

I am of opinion there is a good deal of Arabian blood in some of the studs of Germany, though of course considerably disguised by the influence of the native mother.

Those of Arenack and Neustadt are deeply tinged with it. Independently of that most beautiful animal Koylan, in the latter establishment, the blood of the celebrated stallion Turkmain-Atai, of whom I have spoken before, is still current, and it appears nothing has eclipsed the celebrity of his stock. Count Veltheim says, he was a post-horse in Egypt, where he attracted the notice of some travelling Nobleman, who presented him to the Royal Stud of Prussia in 1791. There is a miserable wood-cut of this horse in Vol. VIII. N.S. of this work, where he is represented as having no shoulders, and altogether much such a brute as the no less famous Godolphin Arabian is depicted by some person, who, I should hope, never saw him either alive or dead.

Before I dismiss the subject of German racing-studs, I wish to offer one or two remarks. I do not think proper attention is paid to breaking colts, and giving them good mouths, which is a point of very great importance in a racing stable. A horse with a bad mouth is not only able to bolt with his rider, and thus lose all chance of the race, but no jockey can make so much of him over a course when he hangs to the right or left, or over-pulls him as it is termed, as if he ran kind and in good humour with himself. I take a good mouth to be quite four pounds in a horse's favour, on any of our country courses.

I have likewise a word or two to say about Riding Masters. They have ever been, in all countries but England, appendages to large studs; but let my German readers take my word for it, they know nothing of the race-horse. His action, his mode of treatment,

his temper, his food, and his work, are points to which they are entirely strangers; and the system they would pursue is directly opposite to the one that ought to be pursued.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin has a good stud at Redefin. There are three English thorough-bred stallions in it, besides sixty others, either of their own or Count Plessen's breed. The English stallions are—

Morisco, by Muley, out of Aquilina, by Eagle.

Wildfire, by Waxy, out of the Duke of Grafton's Penelope.

Oracle (Brother to Rosicrucian), by Sorcerer, out of Emily, by Worthy.

There are thirty brood mares in this stud. Amongst them are the following thorough-bred ones, imported from this country:—

Tint, by Haphazard, out of a Landscape mare, by Rubens.

A mare, by Smolensko, dam by Beningbrough.

Miss Grosvenor, by Ardrossan, dam by Shuttle, out of Hopeful, by Sir Peter.

Brown Mare, by Blucher, out of Sagana, by Sorcerer.

The rest of the mares are for the most part highly, but not quite thorough, bred; but as this stud is not kept to breed race-horses, but to supply the Grand Duke with coach and saddle horses, and stallions for the use of the farmers and peasants, gratis, the best blood is not absolutely necessary. A cross, however, of an English race-horse with their native breed, is found to be very beneficial for every purpose to which horses in fast work are applied.

The following most extraordinary circumstance occurred in this  
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stud, and which, if I had not obtained the knowledge of *from authority*, I should not have ventured to make mention of. In the covering season of 1827, one of the Duke's stallions, six years old, and got by Oracle, was sent to a town called Grazbow, and placed in the stable of the Chief Magistrate, in which he kept a pair of coach-horses and two hacks. About a fortnight after the horse had commenced his season, several of the persons who had put their mares to him called on the Chief Magistrate, and complained of their mares having died of inflammation of the lungs; and as by far the greater part of the mares he had served were attacked with this complaint, they did not hesitate saying that the horse had communicated it to them. In consequence of this complaint the Magistrate gave notice of the circumstance to the Duke's Master of the Horse, who ordered a veterinary surgeon to visit him without delay. The result was, after a minute examination, that he was pronounced to be perfectly healthy and sound, as also were the other horses that stood in the stable with him.

In consequence of this examination, and the certificate of the veterinary surgeon, several persons sent mares once more to Young Oracle, but the greater part of them fell ill of the same inflammatory complaint; and, it is almost needless to add, the character of the horse was damned, and he was sent back to the place whence he came. But the story does not end here. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Redefin being of opinion that the dismal history that accompanied him was founded either in error, or prejudice (this being the  
D d

first time the Duke had sent a stallion to that district), obtained permission to put two of his mares to this contaminating horse. Strange to say, both mares fell ill: one died; and the other, though she herself recovered, infected a mare that stood next to her in the stable, and she died of the complaint!! It is scarcely necessary to observe, no one repeated the experiment; but my informant saw the horse afterwards in perfect health, and the fact is well established in Germany. All I have to say respecting it is, that wiser men than myself must unravel the mystery (for a mystery it appears); neither would it be prudent in me to hazard an opinion on the case, without having been an eyewitness of some of its leading features. My informant, however, expresses a hope that it may elicit observations from some of our veterinary surgeons in England.

It is quite natural to conclude that one of the first objects to which I should turn my attention, as one so intimately connected with the welfare of horses, was *shoeing*. I bore in mind the assertion of Mr. Sewell, of the London Veterinary College—namely, that he had seen more lame horses between Harwich and London than in the course of a long journey over the Continent. It is also almost unnecessary to observe, I wished to account for this circumstance. Almost the first horse then, that I met with, standing still in the streets of Ham-  
burgh, became the object of my inspection. I found on him (as indeed I was prepared to find) a great awkwardly-formed shoe, with very high caulking, on a strong narrow foot, the frog of which was raised at least two inches from the ground, so that anything like pres-

sure, unless when stepping on a loose stone, must have been quite out of the question. "Where then," said I, "is the diseased frog, and consequently the thrush?" I must not trespass too long on the patience of some of my readers here; but I can safely say I wearied that of my fellow-travellers by examining the fore feet of at least a hundred coach and post horses thus shod, and only found (as they can attest) one case of diseased frog in those which were thus shod; and the system of high caulking generally prevailed where we found shoes were used at all.

Now I fancy I hear it observed—"why, surely, he did not find diseased feet where no shoes were in use!" I answer, I found them, with only two or three exceptions, nowhere else. In the studs of Avenack and Neustadt—those parts of them, I mean, where the horses were kept only for sale, as well as the stallions—none wore shoes, but every other horse had either an ill-shapen foot, with scarcely any frog, or, if he had one, it was approaching to, or in, a state of disease. Among the old stallions at Neustadt I did not see a good foot, although I have reason to believe very few of them had ever worn shoes. Mr. Tattersall will vouch for these facts, as he examined a great many feet in these studs together with myself.

Now, does not all this corroborate the assertions in my Letters on Foot Lameness, as to shoeing having little to do with producing lameness in the feet, or materially altering their form—I mean, sufficiently to be the cause of the former? If clumsy and awkward workmanship could do it, I am sure it would be produced by the Ham-  
burgh blacksmiths; for I never saw

were performers in their line than they invariably appeared to be\*.

The method of performing the different operations of shoeing is also most extraordinary; at least, it appears so to an English eye. The leg is held up by one man, whilst another stands in the front of it, and pares the hoof, manfully, with the butteris. The shoe is then applied nearly red hot, until it forms, as it were, its own seat. The artist, still standing in front, hammers down the nails as a carpenter would hammer them into a piece of wood. Next comes the operation of clinching. The foot is now placed on a rest, where, generally, the animal holds it very quietly till the operator has done all that is necessary. In one instance I saw a horse's hinder leg confined by a very strong rope to a post, whilst his foot was pared out, and the shoe nailed on: but surely this must be a dangerous expedient; for, were the animal to endeavour to extricate himself,

he must dislocate some of his joints.

Whilst I was at Baron Biel's, I took a good deal of notice of the manner in which his horses were shod, and likewise talked the subject over with Webb, who of course superintends the shoeing of the race horses, and, as the son of an eminent Newmarket blacksmith, ought to know something about the matter.

Webb told me he had endeavored, although nearly in vain, to induce the Baron's smith—a man apparently of the better order of country workmen—to open the heels of the horses whenever he pared out their feet. This man, however, has a great objection to applying the drawing knife or butteris to this part of the hoof; persisting in his opinion, that it is wrong to open the heels excepting in a very trifling degree, as they are evidently weakened by doing so. This exactly accords with the opinions I have advanced on this

\* In the February Number (Vol. II.) of the very excellent periodical, *The Veterinarian*, is a paper on "the Navicular Disease, or Chronic Lameness in the Feet of Horses," from the pen of that eminent Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. James Turner, of Regent-street, and read by him at the Veterinary Medical Society, December 24th, 1836. In it I was delighted to read the following passages. "With regard to shoeing, as one of the causes (of lameness), I believe all writers, ancient and modern, except NIMROD, are agreed by having designated it 'a necessary evil.' An evil undoubtedly it is, though, in my humble opinion, not quite so frequent as declared."

Again, on the subject of Contraction:—"This view of the matter, I flatter myself, will decide in favour of the intelligent and observing NIMROD, whose remarks on horses' feet have been much questioned and scrutinised, because his practical experience has taught him to be wholly indifferent about contracted hoofs, provided the small bone of the foot is sound. He ridicules the compression on the great bone, the coffin, because there is no joint cramped, and, therefore, no lameness. From the variety of navicular specimens I have shewn this sporting character, he well knows that many a five-hundred-guinea hunter has sunk, to rise no more, down to fifteen, in a very short space of time, from the ravage of the navicular disease alone. In some instances, this direful malady occupies no more space in the animal machine than a pea would cover, or the decayed part of a hollow tooth would exhibit. This destructive malady has, on a late occasion, been emphatically expressed, *the curse upon good horseflesh*."

Again: "With regard to the harmlessness of general contraction abstractedly considered, I think I am sufficiently borne out by the thousands and tens of thousands of contracted hind feet which have always carried their share of the burthen to the end of many a horse that had never received or required the Veterinarian's skill."

It is pleasing to find oneself backed in any bold assertion by such authority as this; and I strongly recommend the perusal of this paper to all owners of valuable hunters or road horses.

subject, wherein I have stated the mischief that is too often done by cutting out the heels to please the eye of the owner of the horse, at the expense of a most essential point of bearing and strength. My observations on this head, in other parts of the country, confirmed my suspicions that this malpractice does not exist in Germany to the extent it does here; and to it may be attributed, in some measure, at least, the less frequent presence of unsoundness in feet.

As, over great part of our journey, only the horse that carried the postillion was shod, it may be expected I should state in what condition I found the feet of those horses which were not shod. I must here observe that they appeared to vary in form almost as much as those which wear shoes generally do; but I noticed a great many which were extended to an unnatural width, and very thin in the sole—bordering on what is termed pumice. I much doubt these feet standing severe work on hard roads even with shoes; but the roads over which these unshod post-horses travelled, in the North of Germany, were composed of very fine sand, in which a delicate woman might walk bare-footed with ease.

On the MacAdamized roads, where the pace was quicker, we ever now and then had a horse a little tender on his feet; but it was a rare occurrence in a journey of many hundred miles, and then it was only an appendage to old age and hard work. Generally speaking, the post-horses of Germany are sound, although shod in an extremely awkward manner, as far as the workmanship is concerned; but they do not eat half the corn our English post and coach horses do,

neither are they driven much more than half as fast. Here, then, lies the secret.

NIMROD.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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### COURSING DECISIONS.

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SIR,  
**P**ERMIT me to make a few remarks on those of your Correspondent Sono in your last Number, respecting the Chesterford Coursing Meeting, in which I rejoice to find he has taken up the cudgels to knock on the head that horribly provoking and unsportsman-like practice of obliging a Judge to decide, when a course is of that nature that it is utterly impossible for him to do so with satisfaction, either to himself or to those parties who are interested in the decision.

Admitting that those parties are *true sportsmen*, and that their object is to *win* and not to *get*, or even, as is sometimes said, to *swear* for a Cup, it must, as he very justly observes, be *any thing* but satisfactory to the *winners*, and to the *losers excessively provoking*. At the same time I am scarcely prepared to go the whole length with him, that "every true lover of the sport would rather his dog should run a dozen times than *get* or *lose* a course in this manner," except it is upon the *sole* objection of the Judge being *OBLIGED* to decide; and then I would run him a dozen times a dozen courses, before I would press a Judge who feels that he cannot with honour or satisfaction to himself name the winner. Nor ought a Judge to comply with such order of guessing, as it were, which should win. The practice is also of a very pernicious tendency towards him, especially if



his conscience should be of that nature bordering upon slippery—though at the time honestly intensioned, yet not sufficiently strong in his nerve to adhere firmly to his resolve of doing nothing but positive justice to the parties. It opens a door for partiality on future occasions, and teaches him the road to it.

I witnessed an instance rather recently, where a course in the first class for a Cup was so short and so queer from a bad hare, and being very near a fence when started, that the Judge refused to decide it, and directed the parties, if they could not agree, to run it again or to toss up for it. The reply was, that he *must* decide it; to which he answered, that he could not to his own satisfaction, and he as much as said that he *would* not. The parties eventually tossed up, but it gave umbrage; and it was intimated to him that the resolution of the Club to have all Cup and stake courses, except the last tie, decided, must positively be complied with.

On the same day a similar course happened for the Cup; and it was intimated to the Judge that it would be more agreeable to the Club, and save the wrangling and jangling caused by the difference of opinion, as to whether the dogs should go into the slips again, or the course be tossed up for, if he would decide it. Willing to avoid all bickering, but not at the expense of his own consistency and determination to act as correctly as possible, the only alternative that presented itself to him was, to *toss up himself*. He accordingly said to the person whose province it was to receive his decision, "*heads* for the black dog, and *tails* for the white one:" then pulling some sil-

ver promiscuously out of his pocket, and the majority being heads, he decided for the black dog. Now this gave more umbrage than the former course; because they said, that, if it must be tossed for, it ought to be by the parties themselves, or by their order that the Judge should toss for them. It may be asked, was not his plan tantamount to doing so? To avoid suspicion of improper interference with the Judge, one certain person was appointed to receive the Judge's decision, and make any necessary communications between him and the parties, and that individual only. That person then was the oracle of the parties, and he made that intimation to the Judge of its being more agreeable to the Club if he would decide the course. What other alternative, therefore, had he, free from the imputation of partiality or injustice, but the method he took, if he must avoid that delay and unpleasantness which the other course had created?

SoHo says, that this plan of deciding courses is abominable and totally unnecessary, and he points out a better. I grant that it is a much better than *obliging* the Judge to decide; and the principle is all right for the preference to be given to the one party who is willing to run again, over him that is willing to toss up, but not to run again. But what would follow from such a regulation being adopted? Why that both parties would of course be willing to run again; because by either of them refusing to do so, he *would at once lose his course*. We shall then return to the old beaten ground, that of the objections there are to run any but the last ties over again; and those objections have considerable strength.

If the course is a long one, or only of a moderate length, it is objectionable to the parties more immediately interested in the course than the Members of the Club generally are, to run it again. Either party may think that he may as well run the chance of a toss, as run his dog over again, even though he should win; for a middling course takes more than a *little* out of a dog; much more so a long one. It weakens their physical powers; and, what is more, it weakens their ardour for exerting those powers. They are not like a horse in a race, with whip and spur to goad him on: they are, when once slipped at the hare, left to themselves; and when in the next tie, after running an extra course, they run against a comparatively fresh dog, and if he sees his fellow master of the hare, it is ten to one but that additional course will cause him to wait, and let his fellow gain points which he would otherwise have gained, and thereby lose the course. I need not, however, dwell upon that part of the subject—the effect is a generally known and acknowledged one.

The course which *Sono* alludes to is a very short one, consequently the little which is taken by it out of him that wins the second course is so trivial, as to be no object in that respect; and the possibility, or even the probability, of his fellow competitor in the subsequent course, having in his *only one* course had a long one, may be fairly calculated, in framing regulations for the field, to equal his first very short one and his second course together. This may or may not prove so; but it is a fair subject to throw in as the fate of war, of which there are so many incidents in coursing that cannot be

strictly provided for, but are put to that account; and so far it might warrant such short courses being allowed to be run again.

But with those very short courses, the mischief of running it over again is not with the owners of those two dogs in particular, so much as with the Club in general. If it is allowed to be run again, there arises another difficulty in other courses whether they shall be run again or not—a difficulty of drawing a line, of what length a course shall be to forbid its being run over again. Hence much dispute may arise; and these regulations, of all courses being decided for Cups except the last tie, I take it, are principally to avoid disputes; and being equally fair for one as for another, neither party knowing before-hand to whose lot it may fall to meet with a disappointment of this nature. There is, however, an alternative which accords with a great part of *Sono's* suggestion—of leaving the subject to the decision of the Judge, or to a select trio of the Club chosen by them for that specific purpose, of which the Stewards may or may not form a part, as it may be judged most proper. There is an objection, generally speaking, to delegate so influential a part to the Judge on the part of the Club; and also an objection on his part; as he has quite difficulty enough on his hands with the responsibility of which dog to decide for, or of not deciding at all; and without opening a wider door for the exercise of any partiality he may be subject to, but most of all to the suspicion which always did and always will prevail in coursing parties of his partiality, whether he has it or not.

There are such a variety of sources on coursing-grounds for

bickerings and inquietude; so much difference of opinion as to the merits of a course, or of its being run over again; and as harmony is so necessary an ingredient for the stability of Coursing Clubs; so is the necessity of all such regulations being made as can be made to avoid disputes, that it is much to be regretted there should be so much demur and objection to tossing up where a course cannot be satisfactorily decided. The odium generally falls upon the poor Judge, who is in all probability doing his utmost to give satisfaction to all, and perhaps at the same time satisfies nobody: the more he does the one, the more likely he is to do the other: his aim ought to be to satisfy no one in particular but himself. It was but the other day that I was told of a course for a considerable stake a few weeks ago which on all hands was considered a *very near thing*, and the field were much divided in opinion as to which dog *had it*. The Judge, however, decided it: on the announcement of which the losing party rode straight away to him and gave him a good blowing up. This wants a Draconian regulation; for it is not a solitary instance of such things being practised. The parties prone to it are an abomination upon the field, and ought not to be tolerated: one wins one course, and is pleased; next course he loses, and is displeased; and so such discontented parties go on from the beginning to the end, and from the end to the beginning, to the perpetual annoyance of the gentlemanlike part of the creation. My friend, who related this circumstance amongst many other causes of complaint, or complaints without causes, that occurred at the same meeting, suggested a remedy, which, though he

does not wear a white hat, is nevertheless a *radical* remedy, and far surpassing in effectiveness the remedy proposed by your friend SOHO. It is to

Toss up who wins *before* you run,  
Then slip the dogs for nought but fun!

TANTARA.

## COURSING MEETINGS.

### THE SWAFFHAM.

IN justice to ourselves, and in duty to our subscribers, we are induced to reprint our account of the sport at the last Meeting of this distinguished Club, having ascertained, from a member, that the statement furnished us, and given at p. 164 of the last Number, is imperfect and incomplete.—At this Meeting it was agreed that a Cup should be given for the future by the Ladies of the county, two Patronesses being annually chosen, who are to have the option of running a dog each—the entry restricted to Puppies.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

#### FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

*For the Cup*.—Lord Stradbroke's blk. b. Mouse beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Clara; Mr. Caldwell's brn. b. Ruby beat Mr. Ewen's blk. d. Juniper; Mr. Chute's r. d. Hotspur beat Mr. R. Hamond's blk. and wh. d. Quality; Mr. Redhead's r. b. Lara beat Mr. Young's br. d. Vesper; Mr. Gurdon's blk. d. Snowball beat Mr. Tyssen's wh. p. b. Gossamer; Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. b. Brief beat Colonel Wilson's blk. and wh. b. Novice.

*First Class Matches*.—Mr. Buckworth's Barber agst Mr. Chute's Hornet—undecided; Mr. Wilkinson's Cassina agst Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet—no course; Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot beat Mr. Gurdon's Stanley; Mr. Tyssen's Giraffe beat Mr. Chute's Hawke; Mr. Gurdon's Sepoy beat Mr. Redhead's Leech; Mr. Caldwell's Rarity beat Mr. R. Hamond's Queen; Mr. Buckworth's Brickdust beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker; Mr. Ewen's Jasper beat Mr. Tyssen's Ganymede.

*Westacre Sweepstakes for Puppies*.—Mr. Wilkinson's bl. p. d. Claret beat Mr. Tyssen's blk. p. Gazelle; Mr. R. Hamond's blk. p. d. Quicksilver beat Mr. Gurdon's red p. d. Sovereign.

*Second Class Matches*.—Mr. Wilkinson's Cley agst Mr. Gurdon's Sontag—undecided; Mr. Redhead's Lofty agst Mr.

**Backworth's Bachelor**—undecided; **Mr. R. Hamond's Quietus** beat **Mr. Gurdon's Soldier**.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

CLEY FIELD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

**Brief** beat **Snowball**.  
**Lara** — **Mouse**.  
**Ruby** — **Hotspur**.

**First Class Matches**.—**Mr. Buckworth's Blaze** agst **Mr. Chute's Harmless**—undecided; **Mr. Tyssen's Gealer** beat **Mr. Chute's Hudibras**; **Mr. Buckworth's Blush** beat **Mr. Ewen's Jasper**; **Mr. Gurdon's Sovereign** beat **Mr. Tyssen's Gaiselle**; **Mr. Gurdon's Snowdrop** beat **Mr. Chute's Harmony**; **Mr. Gurdon's Sepoy** beat **Mr. Young's Ving-tun**; **Mr. Ewen's Juniper** beat **Mr. Young's Vesper**.

**Deciding Course for the Westacre Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. R. Hamond's blk. p. d. Quicksilver** beat **Mr. Wilkinson's blk. p. d. Claret**, and won the Stakes.

**Second Class Matches**.—**Mr. Redhead's Lance** beat **Mr. Caldwell's Ruler**; **Mr. Buckworth's Brush** agst **Mr. Gurdon's Sailor**—no course; **Mr. Buckworth's Bolus** beat **Mr. Tyssen's Gelet**; **Mr. Buckworth's Blinker** beat **Mr. Redhead's Leader**; **Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet** beat **Mr. Caldwell's Rarity**.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

**Brief** beat **Barbara**.  
**Ruby** — **Lara**.

**First Class Match**.—**Mr. Tyssen's Gannymede** beat **Mr. Villebois's Ivanhoe**.

No other matches were run this day, owing to the weather being stormy and wet, and they were all off by consent.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

**Deciding Course for the Cup**.—**Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. Ruby** beat **Mr. Buckworth's blk. and wh. b. Brief**, and won the Cup.

**First Class Matches**.—**Mr. Villebois's Irene** agst **Mr. Gurdon's Snowdrop**—undecided; **Mr. R. Hamond's Quick** beat **Mr. Buckworth's Brickdust**; **Mr. Buckworth's Bachelor** agst **Mr. Chute's Harmless**—off by consent; **Mr. Buckworth's Novice** beat **Mr. Ewen's Juniper**; **Mr. R. Hamond's Quietus** beat **Mr. Buckworth's Blinker**; **Mr. Gurdon's Sepoy** beat **Mr. Villebois's Inkle**; **Mr. Buckworth's Barber** agst **Mr. Chute's Harmony**—off by consent.

**Second Class Matches**.—**Mr. Buckworth's Brush** beat **Mr. Gurdon's Sailor**; **Mr. R. Hamond's Quality** agst **Mr. Gurdon's Snowball**—undecided; **Mr. Gurdon's Soldier** beat **Mr. Chute's Hornet**; **Mr. Tyssen's Giraffe** beat **Mr. Gurdon's Stately**; **Mr. Gurdon's Sontag** beat **Mr. Tyssen's Gossamer**; **Mr. Buckworth's Basher** beat **Mr. Villebois's Indigo**.

NEWMARKET.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

**The Cup**.—**Lord Stradbroke's Mouse** beat **Mr. Kelly's Quince**; **Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet** beat **Mr. Tharpe's Nollekens**; **Mr. Wilkinson's Clara** beat **Duke of Gordon's Vixen**; **Mr. Redhead's Lara** beat **Mr. Gent's Sontag**; **Mr. Edwards's Zomba** beat **Mr. Buckworth's Kite**; **Mr. Kelly's Queen** beat **Mr. Piggott's Fleur de Lis**; **Mr. Golding's Exile** beat **Mr. Proctor's Wrangler**; **Mr. Ross's Bercina** beat **Mr. Alston's Emden**.

**Newmarket Dog Puppy Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. Kelly's Quince** agst **Mr. Alston's Eagle**—no course—the dogs to be clipped again; **Mr. Golding's Xanthus** beat **Mr. Wilkinson's Comet**.

**Newmarket Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. Kelly's Quaker** beat **Mr. Alston's Emma**.

**Chippenharn Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. Edwards's Zingara** beat **Mr. Gent's Sarah**.

Five Matches were run, but the following Sweepstakes and several other Matches were off by consent:—

**Newmarket Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. Gent's Sophia** agst **Mr. Golding's Exotic**.

**Chippenharn Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes**.—**Mr. Kelly's Quiver** agst **Mr. Alston's Empress**.

The Meeting was adjourned on Wednesday morning to the 15th of February, 1930. The greyhounds for the Second Class of the Cup are matched as follows: **Mouse** agst **Mahomet**, **Lara** agst **Exile**, **Clara** agst **Zomba**, **Queen** agst **Bercina**.

**Mouse** won the Swaffham Cup last year; **Lara** stood in three days for the Swaffham Cup this year; **Bercina** was beat by **Nonpareil**, for the Newmarket Cup, in November 1823; **Queen** won the Newmarket Sweepstakes last February.

THE LOUTH.

This Meeting, which commenced on Tuesday the 17th of November, is carried on with increased spirit, as will be seen by the number and value of the Prizes contended for, and which excited a very lively interest to a numerous field of distinguished amateur sportsmen. It

will be in the recollection of some of our readers, that a Main of Seven Brace of Greyhounds was run on the Louth Ground, in December 1827, between Sir Bellingham Graham and Mr. Best (the greatest Cup and Stake winner of the present day) of the Yorkshire Coursing Clubs, against Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Lacy, of the Newmarket and Swaffham Clubs, and won by the former, five courses to two. The interest of the present Meeting was materially increased by a Main of Seven Brace of Greyhounds being run between Sir J. Johnstone and Mr. Best, of the Yorkshire Clubs, against Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Hassall, of the Derbyshire Clubs, which was won by the latter, five courses to two. The regular days of coursing are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, but the Main was run on the Wednesday, by way of not interfering with the usual routine of the Meeting, and came off as follows:

*Main of Seven Brace of Greyhounds between two Members of the Yorkshire and two of the Derbyshire Clubs.*—Mr. Hassall's Humphrey Clinker beat Mr. Best's Schoolboy; Mr. Hoskins's Helen beat Mr. Best's Roebuck; Mr. Hassall's Hecuba beat Sir J. Johnstone's Juliet; Mr. Hoskins's Hermione beat Mr. Best's Reveller; Sir J. Johnstone's Roderick beat Mr. Hassall's Halbert; Mr. Hoskins's Highland Lass beat Sir J. Johnstone's Rhoda; Mr. Best's Hebe beat Mr. Hassall's Hag—Messrs. Hassall and Hoskins winning five courses to two.

*The Cup.*—Mr. Booth's Sylph beat Mr. Dawson's Achilles; Mr. Loft's Cigar beat Mr. Best's Gazelle; Mr. E. Heneage's Ladybird beat Mr. Berridge's Transit; Mr. W. Elmhirst's Blue-ruin beat Hoskins's Holbein; Sir J. Johnstone's Rainbow beat Col. Elmhirst's Lovely; Mr. Eve's Haughty beat Mr. Bartholomew's Patch; Mr. Wing's Venus beat Mr. Golden's Lochinvar; Mr. G. Heneage's Lily beat Mr. Carnley's Duchess.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Venus beat Haughty  
Blue-ruin — Cigar  
Lily — Sylph  
Ladybird — Rainbow.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Ladybird beat Venus  
Blue-ruin — Lily.

*Deciding Course for the Cup*—Ladybird beat Blue-ruin, and won the Cup; Blue-ruin the Sovereigns.

*Louth St. Leger Stakes, sixteen subscribers of five sovs. each; fifteen sovs. to the second best dog.*—Mr. York's Wonder beat Mr. Booth's Sultan; Mr. Clarke's Clara beat Sir J. Johnstone's Juliet; Mr. Best's Tabby beat Mr. Daw-

son's Hector; Mr. G. Heneage's Laura beat Mr. Hassall's Harpalyse; Sir B. Graham's Garnet beat Mr. R. Chaplin's Volunteer; Col. Elmhirst's Brunette beat Mr. Loft's Trimmer; Mr. Hoskins's Helena beat Mr. Berridge's Lancer; Mr. Chaplin's Minikin beat Mr. E. Heneage's Lucinda.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

Minikin beat Wonder  
Tibby — Laura  
Helena — Brunette  
Garnet — Clara.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

Helena beat Garnet  
Tibby — Minikin.

*Deciding Course.*—Tibby beat Helena, and won the Stakes; Helena the Sovereigns.

*Oaks Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Hoskins's Helvetia beat Mr. G. Alington's Rarity; Mr. E. Heneage's Louisa beat Mr. Bartholomew's Fly; Mr. Best's Harpy beat Mr. Hassall's Harico; Mr. Loft's Fuschia beat Sir J. Johnstone's Rhoda.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Louisa beat Fuschia  
Harpy — Helvetia.

*Deciding Course.*—Louisa beat Harpy, and won the Stakes.

*Derby Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Sir J. Johnstone's Rapid beat Mr. Hassall's Harpooner; Mr. Hoskins's Herbert Lacy beat Mr. Eve's Barefoot.

*Deciding Course.*—Rapid beat Herbert Lacy, and won the Stakes.

*Tathwell All-age Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Booth's Blue-bell beat Mr. Loft's Fly; Mr. Dawson's Minna beat Mr. E. Heneage's Lilac.

*Deciding Course.*—Minna beat Blue-bell, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes, for Bitches, of two sovs. each.*—Col. Elmhirst's Matilda beat Mr. Best's Gazelle; Mr. Hassall's Harpalyse beat Mr. G. Heneage's Lilac.

*Deciding Course.*—Harpalyse beat Matilda, and won the Stakes.

*Withcall All-age Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Hassall's Humphrey Clinker beat Mr. Eve's Ruler; Mr. Loft's Chance beat Mr. Hoskins's Holbein.

Mr. Hassall and Mr. Loft divided the Stakes.

*Puppy Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Best's Gimcrack beat Mr. Hassall's Harpooner; Mr. G. Heneage's Londoner beat Sir J. Johnstone's Woodbine.

*Deciding Course.*—Gimcrack beat Londoner, and won the Stakes.

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*Match.*—Mr. Best's Gazeloe beat Mr. Hassall's Hawk's Eye.

Two other Sweepstakes, and several Matches were made, but not run, in consequence of the frost; and, with the exception of that hindrance, a finer week's sport was never seen.

### THE NORTH MEOLS.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Alison's r. d. Colonel by Tuck beat Mr. Unsworth's yel. and wh. d. Uxbridge by Tuck; Mr. Brockholes' f. d. Brickdust by Hotspur beat Mr. Heskeith's f. b. Haleflower by Hercules; Mr. Unsworth's wh. d. Ulic by Tuck beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard; Mr. Knowly's b. d. Kite by Hetman beat Lord Molyneux's blind. d. Mercury by Merlin.

*Hoghton Stakes for Aged Dogs.*—Mr. Alison's brin. d. Rector beat Lord Molyneux's r. and wh. d. Mishap; Mr. Knowly's b. d. Kutuzoff beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. and wh. b. Urania; Mr. Brockholes' blk. and wh. d. Ben-Lomond beat Mr. Heskeith's brin. b. Highwind; Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ulster beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hotspur.

#### TIES FOR THE CUP.

Brickdust beat Ulic  
Kite — Colonel

*Bold Stakes for Aged Dogs.*—Mr. H. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Hart beat Lord Molyneux's r. and wh. d. Milo; Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Umpire beat Mr. Rigbye's blk. d. Ruler.

*Heskeith Stakes.*—Mr. Rigbye's bl. b. Ribband beat Mr. Alison's r. b. Lunaria—drawn lame; Mr. Heskeith's wh. b. Heartsease beat Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Magic.

#### TIES FOR THE HOGHTON STAKES.

Ben-Lomond beat Kutuzoff  
Ulster — Rector.

*Deciding Course for the Bold Stakes.*—Umpire beat Hart, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Heskeith Stakes.*—Heartsease beat Ribband, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Heskeith's Hengist beat Mr. H. Hornby's Herod; Mr. Heskeith's Heedless beat Mr. Brockholes' Barsac; Mr. H. Hornby's Handy beat Mr. Rigbye's Rachael; Mr. Brockholes' Buckram beat Mr. Heskeith's Hop-pole; Mr. Heskeith's Heloise beat Mr. Alison's Colonel.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Kite

beat Brickdust, and won the Cup; Brickdust the Guineas.

*Deciding Course for the Hoghton Stakes.*—Ben-Lomond beat Ulster, and won the Stakes.

*North Meols Stakes for beaten Dogs.*—Mr. Rigbye's bl. b. Ribband beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. and wh. b. Urania; Mr. Heskeith's f. b. Haleflower beat Mr. Hornby's r. d. Hazard.

*Church Toien Stakes.*—Mr. H. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Hart beat Mr. Knowly's blk. d. Kutuzoff; Mr. Brockholes' wh. d. Buckram beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Umpire.

*Southport Stakes.*—Mr. Heskeith's brin. b. Highwind beat Mr. Hornby's r. d. Hotspur; Mr. Heskeith's blk. d. Heartfoot beat Mr. Unsworth's wh. d. Ulic.

*Match.*—Mr. Heskeith's Heathbell beat Mr. Hornby's Handy.

*Deciding Course for North Meols Stakes.*—Haleflower beat Ribband, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Churchtown Stakes.*—Hart beat Buckram, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Southport Stakes.*—Highwind won the Stakes by a toss.

### THE BARNACRE.

This meeting was held on Wednesday the 25th of November, on the grounds of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, in Barnacre; and although the day was extremely unfavorable, the matches were well contested, and hares numerous. The whole of the courses were run off in one day.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Daker's f. d. Smuggler beat Mr. Bradshaw's f. d. Brock; Mr. W. Hinde's bl. d. Murray beat Mr. Giles's blk. b. Fly; Mr. H. Parker's br. and wh. b. Lily beat Mr. Knowly's blk. and wh. b. Heedless; Mr. E. K. Salisbury's bl. d. Blunder beat Mr. Wilson's bl. and wh. b. Defiance; Mr. T. Higgins's br. d. Dart beat Marquis of Douglas's bl. and wh. b. Lady; Mr. Heskeith's wh. b. Heartsease won a bye, a wrong dog having been put in the slips; Mr. W. T. Redmayne's blk. d. Smoker beat Mr. Hargreave's blk. d. Bruah; Mr. Clark's blk. and wh. d. Spring beat Mr. D. M. Redmayne's br. d. Tom; Mr. Brockholes' blk. and wh. b. Nettle beat Mr. T. Lamb's red and wh. d. Driver; Mr. Lamb's wh. d. Handy beat Mr. Hornby's br. d. Harry Percy; Mr. Wilson's bl. b. Fan beat Mr. T. Thompson's bl. d. Halton; Mr. Elletson's wh. b. Wasp beat Mr. Whiteside's wh. d. Snow; Mr. Redmayne's f. b. Myrtle beat Mr. Dalton's blk. b.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Murray	beat	Smuggler.
Lily	—	Blunder.
Heartsease	—	Dart.
Spring	—	Smoker.
Nettle	—	Handy.
Wasp	—	Fan.

Myrtle ran a bye with Smuggler, and was thrown out.

## SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lily	beat	Murray.
Heartsease	—	Spring.
Nettle	—	Wasp.

## THIRD TIES FOR THE CUP.

Heartsease beat Lily.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Heartsease beat Nettle, and won the Cup; Nettle the second prize.

## THE CHATSWORTH.

*The Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Walton's Hero beat Mr. Hunter's Bell; Mr. Hope's Handy beat Mr. Hacker's Laurel; Mr. Rowland's Grasper beat Mr. Hallows's Hardwick; Mr. Seacroft's Ruby beat Mr. Jessop's Bloom.

## TIES FOR THE PUPPY STAKES.

Handy	beat	Ruby.
Grasper	—	Hero.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.*—Grasper beat Handy, and won the Stakes.

*The Two-year-old Stakes.*—Mr. Halton's Hector beat Mr. Hunter's Cadland; Mr. Hope's Hoyden beat Mr. Hacker's Rose; Mr. Milnes's Calton beat Mr. Hope's Heck; Mr. Rowland's Hercules beat Mr. Farmerie's Squib.

## TIES FOR THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

Hector	beat	Hoyden.
Calton	—	Hercules.

*Deciding Course for the Two-year-old Stakes.*—Calton beat Hector, and won the Stakes.

*The Chatsworth Stakes.*—Mr. Leacroft's Hector beat Mr. Hunloke's Spring; Mr. Hunter's Venus beat Mr. Hope's Hercules; Mr. Milnes's Major beat Mr. Halton's Harlequin; Mr. Farmerie's Gipsy beat Mr. Rowland's Lady Bird.

## TIES FOR THE CHATSWORTH STAKES.

Major	beat	Hector.
Venus	—	Gipsy.

*Deciding Course for the Chatsworth Stakes.*—Venus beat Major, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Hunloke's Dart beat Mr. Hope's Hebe; Mr. Hope's Harlequin beat Mr. Hunter's Squib; Mr. Farmerie's Bell beat Mr. Rowland's Clara; Mr. Rowland's Woodman against Mr. Farmerie's Driver—undecided; Mr. Hunter's Mayfly beat Mr. Leacroft's Duchess; Mr. Hope's Hostess beat Mr. Hunter's Major; Mr. Jessop's Fly against Mr. Hope's Hermes—undecided; Mr. Rowland's Matilda beat Mr. Hope's Hylax; Mr. Rowland's Mundy against Mr. Hope's Hazard—undecided; Mr. Hunter's Junius beat Mr. Halton's Bergamot; Mr. Rowland's Betsy beat Mr. Hope's Helen; Mr. Farmerie's Sweep beat Mr. Leacroft's Remus; Mr. Hunter's Phoenix beat Mr. Farmerie's Rose; Mr. Milnes's Myrtle beat Mr. Hope's Hymen; Mr. Hunter's Bell beat Mr. Halton's Hannibal; Mr. Rowland's Woodman beat Mr. Farmerie's Driver; Mr. Farmerie's Squib beat Mr. Hope's Rock; Mr. Hunter's Fanny beat Mr. Rowland's Matilda; Mr. Hope's Hylax beat Mr. Hacker's Rose; Mr. Hope's Hebe beat Mr. Hunloke's Dart; Mr. Hunter's Squib beat Mr. Hope's Harlequin; Mr. Hope's Hostess beat Mr. Hunter's Sappho; Mr. Rowland's Claret beat Mr. Hope's Hermes; Mr. Hunloke's Spring against Mr. Hunter's Mayfly—undecided; Mr. Hope's Helen beat Mr. Hunter's Charlotte; Mr. Halton's Harper beat Mr. Hacker's Rose; Mr. Halton's Bergami beat Mr. Leacroft's Ruby; Mr. Rowland's Lady Bird beat Mr. Farmerie's Bell; Mr. Hunter's Cadland beat Mr. Hope's Hymen; Mr. Rowland's Clara beat Mr. Hunloke's Nettle; Mr. Leacroft's Swallow beat Mr. Hunter's Cassius; Mr. Hunter's Major beat Mr. Halton's Harlequin.

## THE MORFE.

This Meeting took place on the 26th and 27th of November, and, after some good sport, terminated as follows:—

*Puppy Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. Rose's Rufus beat Mr. Vickers's Abigail; Mr. Lacon's Lubin beat Mr. Cellias's Catalani; Mr. H. Campbell's Hagar beat Mr. W. Mollineux's Mameluke; Mr. Clarke's Claret beat Col. Gatsacre's Giraffe; Mr. Bache's Belzoni beat Sir R. Acton's Quick; Mr. M. Campbell's Jephthah beat Mr. Bates's Bertram; Mr. B. Harries's Humble Bee beat Mr. T. Purton's Patriot; Mr. Lyster's Lancer beat Mr. Davenport's Defiance.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE PUPPY CUP AND GOBLET.

Rufus	beat	Lancer.
Humble Bee	—	Lubin.
Claret	—	Belzoni.
Hagar	—	Jephthah.

## SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Humble Bee beat Claret.  
Hagar — Rufus.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Cup and Goblet.*—Humble Bee beat Hagar, and won the Cup; Hagar the Goblet.

*Sweepstakes for All-aged Dogs.*—Mr. W. Molineux's Marcia beat Mr. B. Harries's Pedigree; Mr. H. Campbell's Hybla beat Mr. Lister's Lofty; Mr. Bache's Butterfly beat Mr. Bates's Brilliant; Mr. Vickers's Villager beat Colonel Hodge's Hylas.

## TIES FOR ALL-AGED SWEEPSTAKES.

Marcia beat Villager.  
Butterfly — Hybla.

*Deciding Course for All-aged Sweepstakes.*—Butterfly beat Marcia, and won the Stakes.

*Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. M. Campbell's Julia beat Mr. Bache's Baroness; Mr. W. Molineux's Mortimer beat Mr. Watterton's Locust.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.*—Mortimer beat Julia, and won the Stakes.

*Second Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Davenport's Defiance beat Mr. Bates's Bertram; Mr. Vickers's Bessy beat Mr. Lyster's Lapwing.

*Deciding Course for the Second Puppy Stakes.*—Defiance (who is own Sister to Humble Bee) beat Bessy, and won the Stakes.

## THE LETCOMBE BOWERS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 28.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gabrielle beat Mr. Cripps's bl. b. Ceres; Mr. Bush's bl. d. Boxer beat Mr. Trinder's blk. b. Tigress; Mr. Spicer's fawn b. Spider beat Mr. Williams's blk. d. Whipper-in; Mr. Williams's blk. d. Waxy beat Mr. Bowles's Emmeline; Mr. Gerring's blk. b. Gipsey beat Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Eagle; Mr. Tarrant's br. and wh. b. Tartaris beat Mr. Tuckey's blk. and wh. b. Chancery; Mr. Tuckey's f. d. Telegraph beat Mr. Nash's yel. b. Nimble; Mr. Shippery's yel. b. Sunflower beat Mr. Ormond's Omnia; Mr. Warman's blk. b. Weasel beat Mr. Tuckey's b. b. Highness; Mr. Godfrey's blk. d. Grig beat Mr. Evans's blk. and wh. d. Equity; Mr. Wane's f. d. Wasp beat Mr. West's bl. d. Warspite; Mr. Bennett's blk. and wh. d. Buzzard beat Mr. Ensworth's wh. d. Election.

## FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Boxer	beat	Gabrielle
Waxy	—	Spider
Tartaris	—	Gipsey
Sunflower	—	Telegraph
Grig	—	Weasel
Wasp	—	Buzzard.

## SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Waxy	beat	Boxer
Sunflower	—	Tartaris
Grig	—	Wasp

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Waxy beat Grig and Sunflower, and won the Cup; Grig the Goblet; and Sunflower the Spoons.

*The Letcombe Stakes.*—Mr. Shippery's yel. b. Sappho beat Mr. Williams's blk. d. Worthy; Mr. Ensworth's blk. d. Eugene beat Mr. Bennett's blk. and wh. d. Banker; Mr. West's blk. p. b. beat Mr. Shippery's blk. and wh. d. Omnibus; Mr. Trinder's blk. b. Trifle beat Mr. Tarrant's blk. d. Tailor.

## TIES FOR THE LETCOMBE STAKES.

Sappho	beat	Eugene
Trifle	—	Witch.

*Deciding Course.*—Sappho and Trifle divided the Stakes.

*The Wantage Stakes.*—Mr. Warman's blk. d. Critic beat Mr. Ensworth's b. d. Edwin; Mr. West's blk. and wh. b. Royalty beat Mr. Gerring's blk. b. Wowsky.

*Deciding Course.*—Royalty, being severely cut and lamed, was drawn, and the Stakes given to Critic.

*Red House Stakes.*—Mr. West's blk. d. Hurly Burly beat Mr. Bennett's f. d. Benedict; Mr. Shippery's Sparrow Hawk beat Mr. Haines's yel. b. Hope.

*Deciding Course.*—Hurly Burly beat Sparrow Hawk, and won the Stakes.

## THE DENGIE HUNDRED.

AT HOCKLEY MARSHES, BRADWELL.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.

*Matches.*—Mr. Parker's b. d. p. agst Mr. Tasker's r. d. p.—undecided; Mr. Parker's Circle beat Mr. Tasker's Zone; Mr. Crabb's Quick beat Mr. Tasker's Zinc; Mr. Schrieber's Katherine agst Mr. Tasker's Zephyr—no course, a third dog loose; Mr. Schrieber's Kean beat Mr. Hance's Nonpareil; Mr. Parker's Coxcomb agst Mr. Crabb's Quicksilver—undecided; Mr. Crabb's Queen beat Mr. Parker's Castle; Mr. Hance's Nonsuch beat Mr. Crabb's Quibble; Mr. Simpson's Tip beat Mr. Parker's Claret; Mr. Crabb's Quality beat Mr. Hance's Nimrod; Mr. Crabb's Qui beat Mr. Hance's Nero; Mr. Hance's Nancy beat Mr. Crabb's Quiet; Mr. Schrieber's Katherine beat Mr. Tasker's Zephyr; Mr. Whipper's Triton beat Mr. Tasker's Zealous; Mr. Parker's Coxcomb beat Mr. Simpson's Tip; Mr. Parker's Circle agst Mr. Whipper's Tactic—undecided; Ditto agst ditto—undecided; Mr. Parker's Castle agst Mr. Creswell's Ivanhoe—undecided.



AT HOCKLEY AND EAST LANDS  
MARSHES.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9.

*Matches.*—Mr. Parker's Coxcomb beat Mr. Crabb's Quicksilver; Mr. Parker's Castle beat Mr. Tasker's Zealous; Mr. Crabb's Quick beat Mr. Tasker's Zinc; Mr. Simpson's Tip beat Mr. Schrieber's Katherine; Mr. Crabb's Queen beat Mr. Hance's Nancy; Mr. Parker's Claret agst Mr. Hance Nimrod—undecided; Mr. Hance's Nonsuch beat Mr. Tasker's Zigzag; Mr. Tasker's Zone beat Mr. Parker's Czar; Mr. Hance's Nonpareil beat Mr. Tasker's Zephyr; Mr. Crabb's Quiet beat Mr. Schrieber's Kean; Mr. Crabb's Qui beat Mr. Cresswell's Ivanhoe; Mr. Whipper's Tactic beat Mr. Parker's Circle; Mr. Crabb's Quality agst Mr. Whipper's Triton—undecided; Mr. Parker's Castle beat Mr. Tasker's Zealous; Mr. Parker's Claret beat Mr. Hance's Nimrod.

There were several other undecided matches run each day; the hares were very stout, and afforded two days' brilliant sport.

THE DEPTFORD.

At the Deptford Coursing Meeting, Wilt, on the 8th of December, *The Cup* was won by Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa, late Jessamine, by Javelin, out of Young Joan; and *The Sovereigns* by Sir Hussey Vivian's bl. b. Vanish, by Beppo, out of Nettle.—*The Derby Stakes* of three sovs. each was won by Mr. Phelps's bl. and wh. d. Right, by Watchman, out of a daughter of Harebell, beating Mr. Gray's r. d. Guardsman, by Guido, out of Truth, and fourteen others.—*The Oaks Stakes* of three sovs. each, was won by Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bird's-eye, bred by a butcher at Peole, beating Mr. Browne's blk. b. Gabrielle, by Grandison, out of a daughter of Camilla, and fourteen others.—*The Fisherton Stakes for All Ages*, two sovs. each, were divided by Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouze, out of Rattle-snake, and Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust (late Mr. Burgess's Beetle).—*The Tilshend Stakes for all Ages*, two sovs. each, were divided by Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lancer and Mr. Heathcote's brin. and wh. b. Honey.—*The Codford Stakes for All Ages*, two sovs. each, were divided by Mr. Phelps's fawn b. Rachel and Mr. Heathcote's fawn d. Hakim.—*The Stockton Stakes for Puppies*, of two sovs. each, were drawn after the first course, the weather being unfavorable.

THE HIGHCLERE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16.

*For the Cup and Currant Jelly Stand.*

—Mr. Shippery's yel. b. p. Sybilla, by Senator, beat Mr. Heskett's fawn d. Heart of Oak; Mr. West's bl. and wh. d. Warspite, by Snail, beat Mr. Evans's blk. b. Escape; Mr. Meyrick's bl. d. Magician, by Express, beat Mr. Bull's blk. b. Beauty, by a son of Rex; Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Matilda beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guerrilla.

TIE FOR THE CUP.

Warspite beat Sybilla.  
Magician — Matilda.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Warspite beat Magician, and won the Cup; Magician the Currant Jelly Stand.

Heart of Oak was the favourite, who had a tremendous course with Sybilla, but his heart failed at the second hill, and the puppy went home in fine style with the hare. In the slip with Magician and Beauty she did not see the hare, and in running another hare jumped up, therefore the course was given to Magician, as he ran the slipped hare home.

Warspite is a most extraordinary fast dog, having won all his courses in a very decided and superior manner, except the one with Sybilla, which was the longest course he ran for the Cup; he is own brother to Mr. Loft's Luff that won the Oaks at Louth last Spring.

*Carnarvon Stakes for two sovs. each.*—Mr. Heskett's blk. d. p. Highlander ran a bye—Engineer drawn; Mr. Shippery's blk. d. Shylock beat Mr. West's r. b. Woodlark.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes.*—Shylock beat Highlander, and won the Stakes.

THE LANARKSHIRE.

The second Meeting for the season was held on Sir John Maxwell's estate of Pollock, on the 21st, 23d, and 25th November, 1829.

*Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for dogs of all ages.*—Mr. J. H. Robertson's brin. d. Chance beat Mr. Melklem's brin. b. Fly; Mr. J. Wilson's blk. and wh. d. Thornley beat Mr. Crum's brin. b. Marchioness; Mr. N. Carnie's wh. d. Hazard beat Mr. Melklem's blk. b. Charlotte; Mr. Struthers's brin. b. Jenny Nettles beat Mr. J. Pollock's brin. d. Rover; Mr. Mather's brin. d. Oscar beat Mr. W. Dunlop's blk. d. Crib; Mr. W. Geddes's blk. d. Serpent beat Mr. J. Geddes's blk. b. Darilag; Mr. C. Carnie's brin. d. Jock beat Mr. Stewart's yel. b. Whisky—drawn; Mr. Hutton's brin. d. Napoleon beat Mr. W. Dunlop's blk. and wh. d. Veteran; Mr. Raimce's blk. d. Careless beat Mr. N. Carnie's brin. d. Viscount; Mr. N. Carnie's blk. and wh. b. Nettle beat Mr. C. Carnie's yel. b. Snake; Mr. Hutton's blk. d. Rattler beat Mr. W. Geddes's

brid. d. Paddy; Mr. W. Wilson's blk. d. Warrior beat Mr. Hutton's brin. b. Nimble; Mr. Hutton's wh. d. Wellington beat Mr. J. Geddes's blk. d. Tippoo; Mr. M'Indoe's brin. b. Matilda beat Mr. Raimnes's wh. d. Echo; Mr. Crum's red. d. Lottery beat Mr. W. Wilson's bl. d. Whalebone.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Serpent beat Jenny Nettles.  
 Careless — Thornley.  
 Lottery — Napoleon.  
 Jock — Chance.  
 Rattler — Oscar.  
 Nettle — Hazard—drawn.  
 Warrior — Wellington.  
 Matilda ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Rattler beat Lottery.  
 Nettle — Warrior.  
 Serpent — Careless.  
 Matilda — Jock.

#### THIRD TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Nettle beat Matilda.  
 Rattler — Serpent.

*Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.*  
 —Mr. N. Carnie's Nettle beat Mr. Hutton's Rattler, and won the Sweepstakes.

*Cup, value 16gs. for Dogs not exceeding twenty months.*—Mr. Hutton's blk. b. Charlotte beat Mr. J. Pollock's brin. d. Tickler; Mr. M'Indoe's blk. b. Laura beat Mr. W. Geddes's brin. b. Speed; Mr. J. Wilson's brin. d. Dash beat Mr. W. Hutton's wh. d. Twickenham; Mr. Hutton's wh. and blk. d. Dandy beat Mr. J. Geddes's brin. d. Hero; Mr. J. H. Robertson's blk. b. Helen beat Mr. Dunlop's blk. d. Mischief; Mr. A. Pollock's brin. b. Vengeance beat Mr. Morris's brin. b. Beauty; Dr. Young's wh. d. Star beat Mr. Stewart's blk. d. Clyde—drawn; Mr. Raimnes's blk. d. Mellish beat Mr. Crum's brin. b. Jess; Mr. Howie's blk. d. Rival ran a bye.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE STAKES.

Dash beat Helen.  
 Star — Vengeance—drawn.  
 Laura — Charlotte.  
 Mellish — Dandy.  
 Rival ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE STAKES.

Laura beat Dash.  
 Star — Mellish.  
 Rival ran a bye.

#### THIRD TIES FOR THE STAKES.

Star beat Rival.  
 Laura ran a bye.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes.*—Dr. Young's Star beat Mr. M'Indoe's Laura, and won the Stakes.

*Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for Dogs not exceeding twenty months.*—Mr. J. Wilson's brin. b. Swift beat Mr. Morris's brin. b. Fly; Mr. M'Indoe's yel. d. Beattie Bedlam beat Mr. Morris's red. d. Harry; Mr. W. Geddes's blk. d. Tickler beat Mr. Robertson's blk. b. Helen; Mr. Dunlop's blk. d. Tickler beat Mr. Owie's brin. d. Springkell; Mr. Crum's brin. d. Sportsman beat Mr. Hutton's wh. b. Jessie; Dr. Young's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr. Hutton's blk. b. Charlotte; Mr. Robertson's brin. d. Sultan ran a bye.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Sultan beat Bessie Bedlam.  
 Swift — Fly.  
 Sportsman — Tickler.  
 Tickler ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Sultan beat Tickler.  
 Sportsman — Swift.

*Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.*  
 —Mr. Crum's Sportsman beat Mr. Robertson's Sultan, and won the Stakes.

Mr. David Brown, jun. of Winchburgh, tryer.

The third meeting took place on the 27th and 28th November, at Pepperkwa and Drumalbin, the property of Lord Douglas, when the following Stakes were decided:—

*The Club Plate for Dogs of All Ages bona fide the property of Members.*—Mr. Sim's Swallow beat Mr. A. Cunningham's Nell; Lord Douglas's Tinto beat Mr. Greenshields' Hotspur; Mr. Brown's Charlie beat Mr. Greenshields' Rival; Mr. D. Dickson's Random beat Mr. Ker's Kilkerran; General Pye's Lily beat Mr. A. Syme's Speed; Mr. Cunningham's Needle beat Mr. Ker's Kilwinning; General Pye's Bessy beat Mr. Gillespie's Kate; Lord Douglas's Yarrow beat Mr. J. Dickson's Canning; Lord Douglas's Dart beat Mr. W. G. Cunningham's Fly; Lord Douglas's Sweeper beat Mr. Cunningham's Kate; Mr. Ker's Kittle Scut beat Mr. Edmonstone's Lassie; General Pye's Swallow ran a bye.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE PLATE.

Swallow beat Tinto.  
 Charlie — Random.  
 Needle — Lily.  
 Bessy — Yarrow.  
 Dart — Kittle Scut.  
 Sweeper — Swallow.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE PLATE.

Charlie beat Swallow.  
 Needle — Dart.  
 Sweeper — Bessy.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Cunningham's Needle beat Mr. Brown's Charlie. Lord Douglas's Sweeper was beat in his bye by Swallow, the first beaten dog of the former class. Mr. Cunningham's Needle, in consequence, was declared the winner.

*First Sweepstakes.*—Mr. A. Syme's Speed beat Mr. Ker's Kilwinning; Mr. W. G. Cunningham's Fly beat Lord Douglas's Tinto.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes.*—Mr. A. Syme's Speed beat Mr. W. G. Cunningham's Fly, and won the Stakes.

*Second Sweepstakes.*—Mr. Edmonstone's Lassie beat Mr. Ker's Kittle Scut; Mr. A. Cunningham's Norna beat Mr. Edmonstone's Spring.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes.*—Mr. A. Cunningham's Norna beat Mr. Edmonstone's Lassie, and won the Stakes.

## THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.

*For the Puppy Stakes, two sovs. each.*—Mr. John Power, jun.'s Doctor beat Mr. C. Bayly's Bella; Colonel Bruen's Dart beat Mr. Pearson's Pearl; Mr. J. Baker's Tartar beat Mr. Pearson's Pitch; Mr. C. Bayly's Bill beat Mr. Pearson's Patch; Colonel Bruen's Lightning beat Mr. Pearson's Pink; Colonel Bruen's Ada beat Mr. J. Power, jun.'s Comet; Mr. C. Bayly's Archer beat Mr. J. Power, jun.'s Champion; Colonel Bruen's Cygnet beat Mr. J. Power, jun.'s Casket.

### FIRST TIES FOR PUPPY STAKES.

Archer beat Dart.  
Doctor — Ada.  
Lightning — Tartar.  
Cygnet — Bill.

### SECOND TIES FOR PUPPY STAKES.

Lightning beat Archer.  
Doctor — Cygnet.

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.*—Colonel Bruen's Lightning beat Mr. J. Power, jun.'s Doctor, and won the Stakes. It was a course of three English miles, in nearly a straight line.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, four subscribers.*—Colonel Bruen's Ada beat Mr. J. Baker's Comet, and won the Stakes. Two paid forfeit.

The sport was excellent, and the meeting one of the fullest that has been at Kildare for some years.

## THE ARDROSSAN.

The Ardrossan Coursing Club Cup was

run for on Thursday the 26th of November, over the Earl of Eglinton's grounds, in the Barony of Ardrossan, and decided as follows:—

Dr. Brown's Nimrod beat Dr. McFadden's Dora; Major Martin's Jessie beat Lord Eglinton's Kangaroo; Mr. J. Johnston's Oscar (named by Lord Eglinton) beat Mr. Robertson's Helen; Captain Patrick's Rover beat Mr. Robertson's Sultan; Mr. Wylie's Sport beat Mr. Brown's Tickler (named by Captain Patrick); Dr. Brown's Hornet beat Mr. Robertson's Chance.

### FIRST TIES.

Nimrod beat Oscar.  
Hornet — Jessie.  
Sport — Rover.

### SECOND TIES.

Nimrod beat Hornet.  
Sport ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Sport beat Nimrod, and won the Cup.

## THE ABERYSTWITH.

This Meeting took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 1st and 2d of December, when the Cup was decided as follows:—

Mr. J. N. Williams's Watchman beat Mr. Hunt's Cobweb; Mr. E. Evans's Phantom beat Mr. R. O. Powell's Lilliput; Mr. J. M. Davies's The Duke beat Mr. J. Parry's Hedger; Mr. Harris's Pedigree beat Mr. J. Hughes's Wilmot; Mr. M. Davies's Hazard beat Mr. Phillips's Thunderer; Mr. R. Richard's Wire beat Mr. Morgan's Linda; Mr. Beynon's Snap beat Mr. G. W. Parry's Tippoo; Mr. Williams's Memnon beat Mr. Hunt's Linnet.

### FIRST TIES.

Watchman beat Memnon  
Pedigree — Phantom  
Hazard — Snap  
The Duke — Wire.

### SECOND TIES.

Watchman beat Hazard  
The Duke — Pedigree.

*Deciding Course.*—Watchman beat The Duke, and won the Cup.

Watchman was by Mr. Hassall's Hercules, out of Mr. Burgess's Fig; and The Duke by Mr. J. N. Williams's Woodman, out of his Delightful.

*Wensleydale.*—Erratum.—For "Mr. Other's Hex beat Mr. Harland's Dart," read "Mr. Harland's Dart beat Mr. Other's Rex," and won the Cup.

## THE COMIC ANNUAL.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

AS there are several sporting subjects in this little work, it fairly comes under that class of publications which demand our notice. The eccentricities of the Author are well known to the public by two Series of *Whims and Oddities*, and to the Sporting World by his poem on the *Epping Hunt*. The present publication comprises the materials prepared for a Third Series of the former work, which is to be considered as going on, though its particular name is not exhibited—"a partner in the Comic Firm." It is hardly possible to convey to our readers the "lots of fun" which they will meet in the perusal of this "Comic Annual;" a few lines from the Preface of which will give a better insight into its general features than we can attempt to convey by other means.

"In the Christmas Holidays—or rather holly days, according to one of the emblems of the season—we naturally look for mirth. Christmas is strictly a Comic Annual, and its specific gaiety is even implied in the specific gravity of its oxen. There is an English proverb of 'Laugh and grow Fat;' a saying which our graziers interpret—on the authority of some Prize Oxonian—by growing the fattest of fat for the merriest of months. The proverb, however, has another sense, implying a connexion between cachinnation and corpulence in the human body: and truly, having seen gentlemen of twenty stone in their seats, I am ready to allow that a fat man is always cheerful."

"In my illustrations, as usual,

preferring wood to copper or steel, I have taken to box as the medium for making hits. For some of the designs I am indebted to private friends, and in particular to one highly-talented young lady, who has liberally allowed me to draw upon her drawings, and, with unusual zeal for my wood-cuts, has, I may say, devoted her head to the block."

To particularize the "whims" of these designs would be to lessen the pleasure of inspecting the originals. We will name a few. "A clear Stage and no Favour" is represented by an overturned coach, and all the outsiders with their feet just peeping out of a pool in which they are capsize: "A Double Knock," by a terrific blow on the *os frontis*, with the *occiput* coming in contact with an iron post: "Horse and Foot," by a *rum 'un* to look at unconsciously treading heavily on a soft corn: "Toe-ho!" by a Sportsman, in the act of steadying his pointer, with his *toe* in the teeth of a man-trap: "Unlicensed Victuallers," by two half-starved greyhounds clearing the dinner table of every eatable: "An Abridgment of all that is pleasant in Man," by a three-feet six epitome of mortality (designed by a lady): "Removal of Smithfield Market," by an overgrown grazier walking off with an ox under one arm, a horse under the other, and a pig and a ram in each pocket: a "Discharge from the Bench," by a jolly toper with his pipe and glass upset in consequence of *retiring* to the end of a long form: "Breaking up no Holiday," by an able-bodied pauper quietly seated on the ground breaking stones with a sledge hammer.

The literary portion of the book

is chiefly from Mr. Hood's pen, though he acknowledges his obligation to several others, both in prose and rhyme, which he says are justly deserving the title of *good office* pens, from the friendly nature of their service. All, however, are after the author's peculiar style. Among such a variety of good things (and all are excellent) it is difficult to make a selection. "The Pillory," by E. Herbert, Esq.; "a Letter from an Emigrant," dated Squampash Flatts, detailing the *advantages* of emigration; "a Good Direction," a palpable hit at a celebrated surgeon—

"A very famous Author on Diet,  
Who, better starv'd than Alchemists of old,  
By dint of turning mercury to gold,  
Had settled at his country-house in quiet;"

"the Pleasures of Sporting," with a *technical* definition of the latter word; "a Report from Below;" and "the Sorrows of an Undertaker;" are among the most amusing of this very eccentric publication. We shall conclude by giving "the Angler's Farewell," as a specimen of Mr. Hood's style, which, as will be seen, partakes of the "odds and ends" so characteristic of this Gentleman's witty conceits.

### THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resign'd, I kissed the rod."

Well! I think it is time to put up!  
For it does not accord with my notions,  
Wrist, elbow, and chine,  
Stiff from throwing the line,  
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,  
And dip in at each watery dimple;  
But however I wish  
To inveigle the fish,  
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple*!

Tho' my float goes so swimmingly on,  
My bad luck never seems to diminish;  
It would seem that the Bream  
Must be scarce in the stream,  
And the *Chub*, tho' it's chubby, be *thinnish*!

Not a Trout there can be in the place,  
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,  
And altho' at my hook  
With *attention* I look,  
I can ne'er see my hook with a *Tenok on*!

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,  
But they seem upon different terms now;  
Have they taken advice  
From the *Council of Nice*,  
And rejected their *Diet of Worms* now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,  
Not a Pike seems to think it worth *smatching*;

## THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

For the gut I have brought,  
I had better have bought  
A good rope that was used to *Jack-catching*!

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,  
It is vain in this river to search then ;  
I may wait till it's night  
Without any bite,  
And at *roost-time* have never a *Pereh* then !

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,  
Save what in the air is so sharp now ;  
Not a Dace have I got,  
And I fear it is not  
“ *Carpe diem*,” a day for the Carp now !

Oh ! there is not a one pound prize  
To be got in this fresh-water lottery !  
What then can I deem  
Of so fishless a stream  
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery* !

For an Eel I have learn'd how to try,  
By a method of Walton's own showing—  
But a fisherman feels  
Little prospect of *Eels*  
In a path that's devoted to *towing* !

I have tried all the water for miles,  
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting :—  
And hungry and faint  
Let the Fancy just paint  
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting* !

And the rain drizzles down very fast,  
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell—  
So, wet to the skin,  
I'll e'en make to my Inn,  
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell* !

The volume is, “ with *frank* permission, inscribed to Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. the great patron of letters, *foreign, general, and two-penny* :—distinguished alike by his fostering care of the *bell* letters, and his antiquarian regard for the *dead* letters : whose increasing efforts to forward the spread of intelligence as a *Corresponding Member* of all Societies (and no man fills his *Post* better) have *singly, doubly, and trebly* endeared him to every class.”

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 TOASTS OF A FOX-HUNTER.
 

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Here's a health to Fox-hunters of every sort,  
Whether walters, or feathers, or lanky, or short,  
Or hunting in black, green, or red !  
And, when the career of a sportsman is past,  
(For we all must be *laid on the hurdle* at last,)  
We will drink to him when he's dead !

Here's a health to the Parson, despising controul,  
Who, to better his parish, his health, or his soul—  
On my honour I cannot tell which—

Five days in the week follows reynard and hound,  
On the sixth copies orthodox sermons, and sound,  
And on Sunday devoutly can preach!

Here a health to the Farmer, who, paying his rent,  
On gallant fox-hunting is manfully bent,  
Nor attends to his ploughing the less:  
He would only be wretched by croaking and swearing  
(As a horse that is fretful grows thin as a herring)  
At Corn Laws and Nation's distress!

Here's a health to the Man, who, not minding a pheasant—  
Though on table these birds are assuredly pleasant—  
Rears foxes upon his domain:

And oh! may the traps of the *Vulpicides* fail!  
May the shot from their guns scatter harmless as hail,  
And the gin close its sharp fangs in vain!

Here's a health to the Woman, with bright sunny smile,  
Who will list to a fox-hunting story awhile,  
Nor frown on the hard-riding blade!  
May the Star of her beauty shine joyous and bright,  
And illumine our hearts—as Diana the night—  
With affection that never shall fade.

Edw. Brown.

### THE PEMBROKESHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

[We unhesitatingly give the following letter from the Huntsman to this establishment, in explanation of an allusion to him in our last, p. 99.]

**C**ONFIDENT, Sir, that you would not willingly permit your columns to be the vehicle of malicious falsehood, I must request that you will contradict the statement contained in your last Number to which is attached the signature of TAFFY, dated Tenby; wherein, amongst other animadversions on the Pembrokeshire Fox-hounds, it is asserted that they are hunted by "a man taken from a boiling-house." Now, Sir, I never formed a part of the culinary establishment attached to any kennel; but give you a list of those gentlemen I have had the honour to serve in succession, previous to my entering upon the situation I now hold, and the reason of my leaving each service. I hunted

Sir John Honeywood's hounds four years, when they were given up; Mr. Baldock's hounds one year, when they were given up; Mr. Collard's hounds three years, when they were given up; the Marquis of Ely's hounds five years, when they were given up: and I have the happiness hitherto to enjoy a reputation unstained by the vices of dishonesty, disobedience to the orders of my employers, or drunkenness. Trusting that you will have the candour to publish this letter in your next Number,

I remain, Sir, &c.

JOHN BROWNING,

*Huntsman to the Pembrokeshire Fox-hounds.*

Haverfordwest, Dec. 12, 1829.

## A TRIP TO BLACKY ISLANDS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HORSE-RACING AT DEMERARA.

I Know no reason, Mr. Editor, why the peregrinations which my curiosity and innate love of research after novelty have led me to prosecute over rolling waves and under a burning sun, should not be as worthy of a niche in your emporium of sports as those of many other of your devoted friends, who notoriously travel far and wide for the gathering of an offer to the shrine of your criticism—this is my reasoning, touched, doubtless, by a spirit of vanity. Your own conclusion, however, must be the test of desert: therefore, with the risk of acceptance, I shall work off the particulars of a new kind of Tour.

A most pressing invitation from my copper-coloured friend Count *Bumppo Strombolo*, Governor of the settlement, first kindled the spark of restlessness; and, being independent both in purse and time, I rejoiced at what other sporting travellers might suppose direful obstacles—such as Atlantic vagaries and tropical vertigos. I say, it was the opportunity of encountering such raging difficulties that inspired the joy. Besides, I was so clearly led to understand that I should see so many objects of attraction in a new dress, and that I should hear of sports and pastimes so little known to European practitioners, that I shipped myself on board a beautiful Vixen brig, with sky-scrapers and moon-rakers in flaunting pride, with a bounding heart and dashing spirit—

Ye ho!

Bay of Biscay, oh!

It will be my endeavour to produce matter for the entertainment

of all your readers—racers, fox-hunters, shooters, yachters, cum *multis aliis*, of which black-and-all-black gave me an amplitude, creating a new and diversified taste. Be it known, my friends, I am not only a devotee to all and every of these rationalities, but that I am an accomplished standard in them: that, in the round of their practices, no one can take the lead from me:—my *ipse dixit* is law, and my actions are the acme of fame. I simply tell you this to establish a comparative degree of *celebrity*.

To commence then. How could I traverse the ocean, how could I mark and enjoy the sailor's skill without an eye to my yacht? and how could I record such touching interests, without an increase of knowledge, and a valuable wrinkle for my navigating chums? We had calms and storms; we had hard gales and soft gales; we were merry and sad; we were drunk and sober; and, like most jolly tars, sometimes friends, sometimes foes; and we experienced a catastrophe, or rather we shared in the awful effects of one, that of all others is the most momentous at sea—calling forth every energy of courage, every effort of calm fortitude; displaying at once, even under the roughest characteristics, all the astonishing resources emanating from the undaunted self-possession of English seamen—this was a ship on fire!

Just before the sun had given the last tinge to the curling billows after a stormy day, the look-out-man reported a column of smoke with flashing flame, very far to leeward, denoting a vessel in dis-



truss, and that distress the most dreadful. Our master was an able seaman, a man enthusiastic in his avocation, a warm-hearted creature, and would have gone to the bottom in the service of fellow friends in such moments as this. His crew were under the best of management, attached to him by the securest of all obligations—sincere regard for his kind character, and respect for his admirable, steady discipline. They had often shared the frowning dangers of the Atlantic with him, and were in all situations equal to the most arduous circumstances.

The instant the report was made, the evening glass of grog was dashed aside, and within a very few minutes every stitch of canvas was set. The darling *Tilburina* was instantly alive to the daring impulse, for it blew beyond a topsle gale, and she flew through the sea, as one of the men sang out, "like a witch in a hurricane." The mate was an invaluable assistant; and although his soul glowed with the same ardour, with the same deep anxiety for the ill-fated objects, he had a careful eye to the danger of carrying such a press of sail in such an increasing gale, and ventured to remonstrate. "Don't you think she's pressed too much?—look at the sticks, Sir! they begin to grumble."—"D—n 'em, let them complain: how can you think of shortening when such a heart-rending sight stares us in the face? Hold on! hold on, good sticks! hold on but another hour, and we may yet save the poor fellows from destruction." While the brave brig was rapidly cleaving her way through the sea, the spars aloft were heard to creak under the heavy pressure of the low and lofty canvas; the studding-sail-booms were topping

upwards, threatening every moment to snap in their confining irons; the topmasts were observed, with ominous feeling, yielding to the blast, oscillating to and fro, with the bend of the brig, like the supple ash-tree on the mountain top. The weather indicated increasing violence, accompanied with heavy squalls; and, as if to vindicate the prudent caution of the mate, overtook them in serious measure. "Ah! just as I said! here we have it *thick and dry*!"—"Man the to'gallant clewlin's and studden-sail down-hauls!" cried the master, through the trumpet, in alarming accents. "Mind what you're about with the studden-sail tacks—clew up—haul down!—ease away the lower studden-sail haliards—clew down—clew down the fore-to'gallant-sail!"

We had a Lieutenant of the Navy, bound to join the flag-ship at Port Royal, with us as passenger, and he was an active and able conductor in this confusion. The seamen, flying about in the dark, were tumbling over one another in the alarming hurry; for evident and serious evils burst upon them: the fore-top-sle-yard snapped in the slings, and the fore-topmast studding-sail-boom broke short in its irons: the sails drooped and became shattered wings, and bagged to leeward in the blast, shaking the vessel to her very centre. "We shall never save a sail," said the mate, "unless we bring the wind on the other quarter."—Again, "d—n the sails—think of the poor souls," said our master: "cut away their gear, and let them fly to the devil." By this time it was evident, even with these disastrous checks, they overhauled the burning mass; and nothing could occasion more surprise, than to find

the vessel still kept her course, although it could not be possible but that she must have observed the rockets and signals in her wake. "Perhaps," said the thinking mate, "the fire is forward, and he imagines it safer to keep free from the wind."—"Perhaps so, and that's right." A striking contrast was observable on the decks of the two vessels. Whilst every one on board of us eagerly crowded the fore-castle, the unhappy crew of the unknown sufferer were seen cooped up on the stern.

A general consultation now took place as to the mode of approaching the burning wreck. In the pressing anxiety to close with the ship, the master intended to run past him, with the hope of dropping his boats alongside. "You had better not run any such risk," interposed the lieutenant: "you will have the embers fly on board us, setting fire to the sails and rigging."—"Well, but don't you see he won't heave-to—what's to be done?"—"Why, run on, within a cable's length or so, and then round-to, and you'll see how soon he'll follow the example." The sound as of a distant echo, faintly wafted, was heard on board, despite of the violence of the wind—"Hark!—if that's not a cheer," cried the captain, "*there's no snakes in Virginia*: return it by all means, 'twill keep up their spirits. All hands for a cheer!" A general rush took place to the fore-castle, some climbing the fore-shrouds; the signal was given by the mate; and every one gave a shout, even renting the blast, and might have startled the monsters of the deep, but that naturalists inform us (contrary to the profound opinion of that sage angler, Cotton, whose authority on piscatory philosophy

is of some weight) that all the finny tribe are deaf. A second shout succeeded even louder than the last; and it was a thrill of delight to hear, in a few seconds after, the same faint echo as before, convincing us that our heart-felt huzzas had produced the best effect to encourage, and that the cheers were heard and returned.

The next critical task remained to be effected—the preparation for launching the boats—requiring the nicest care in doing it, yet with the wished-for and necessary promptness. All this being quickly arranged, and the brig fast nearing the prescribed distance, the mate put her helm a-lee, and rounded to the wind on the starboard tack, laying her main-top-sail to the mast, assuming a stationary position under the after-trysail and fore and fore-topmast staysails. Thus altered from her previous course, she drew the attention of the anxious people by burning a blue light, which was no sooner observed than understood, when the ship was seen following the same movement, and coming to the wind in a parallel direction. "There she rounds to," said the lieutenant; "I knew she'd come it." In a few minutes the boats were afloat, under guidance of the lieutenant, mate, and an experienced boatman.

The interesting object was a West India packet, with a few passengers, altogether about fifty persons. The crew was under the best regulated discipline, so there was no turbulent confusion. The passengers were, with the greatest difficulty, first preserved; then followed the officers and seamen, according to the rating on the books; and lastly the Captain, whose sense of duty imposed the painful task of taking final leave of his ill-

ated vessel after all had left her. There were many casualties and many hair-breadth escapes; but the hand of Providence was conspicuous in rewarding the exertions and skill of our master and his gallant crew—performing wonders from the moment of discovery, to the high gratification of saving the lives of all but one.

Every preparation that could be contrived was completed for the comfort of the sufferers; and as we were within a short run of Madeira, the inconvenience became comparatively light. The threatening storm abated, and the weather became fair and steady. Stud-ding-sails and top-gallantsails again spread their whitened bosoms, and three days, at nine knots, safely brought us to anchor in Funchal roads, where hearts leaped with joy, and gratitude, in our prayers, blessed the Almighty for his outspreading arm. I fear the details of this event, which to my feelings created such strong interest, will but ill suit the gay spirits of happy yachters; but as they have had this taste of melancholy, it will be only fair to give them a turn in smiles—and thus I'll try to do it.

Readers in yachts! or yachting readers! have you ever been in a gale of wind on the edge of Biscay's Bay? Has Louisa, or Iphigenia, or Miranda, or Andromache, ever had this trying variety in their joyous trips? Instead of laying up, discharging your crews, and riding to Church Langton, or tow'ring Coplow, to fly over the country upon Clinker, take one cruise to Lisbon in December or January, when the south-westerns are properly set in, and you will find it one of the finest and most uncomfortable things in the world. I once had this wondrous enjoy-

ment in a frigate, in those days when French ambition and American jealousy put a sword in the belt and a knot on the shoulder. Our gale lasted three days—rather lengthy for amusement, and quite long enough for observation and philosophy. I even now hear the glorious hubbub of plates and glasses breaking, chairs and tables falling, women screaming, sailors piping, officers swearing, the wind whistling, and the sea roaring, which awakened me about two o'clock in the morning, from one of those charming dreams wherein I was going quite entirely first in a crack burst from Ranksboro' Gorse to Barkby Holt. The rolling of the ship gave the Atlantic gushing-way through my port in a very refreshing manner, ebbing and flowing around my bed, while my clothes were pleasantly floating on the face of the waters. I took a turn for another sleep; but the sea came with that awful dead sledge-hammer beat, which makes a landman's heart tremble; and the impertinent quotation of some poor scholar in the next cabin about *quatuor aut septem digitos*, brushed away all the Morpheic dust from my eyes. I sat bolt upright, and contemplated, by the glimmer of a lantern, the soothing disarray of my pretty den. I fished for my clothes, but they were bathing—however, I at length got consoled by a sailor, who came at day-break to bale out the water: "A fine breeze, Sir, only it's dead on end; and to be sure I minds the Apollo and thirty-two marchantmen were lost somewhere in these here parts." It was kind of Jack, but he was out of his latitude eight degrees at least.

Never can I forget the scene of beauty and terror which presented

itself to me on deck. Every thing we know becomes tame by familiarity. Thus an old mariner has no eye for anything in a gale except his topmasts; but to the fresh and apprehensive mind, what is there so unspeakably grand as a storm on the ocean? The noble ship, under treble-reefed topmasts and staysails, lay groaning like a giant in agony: a dreadful hedge or wall of waters confined the horizon to a hundred yards around us: the sea as black as death, save when, as each enormous wave arose on high, the furious blast caught up its long crest of foam, and dashed it into smoky mist.

The next day the wind lulled for some time, but at night it blew again as before; and on the third day we had a succession of squalls which exceeded in violence any thing I could have imagined. The eyes of the silent veterans were fixed anxiously upon the topmasts quivering like reeds. It was the dying blast—the rain came down in torrents, the wind fell, and we were left at the mercy of a mountainous swell a furlong in length, which brought our fine ship almost on beam-ends. A man of some fame once said that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—on board His Majesty's ship there were many: on deck all was terrible or lovely—in the cabin

every thing absurd or disgusting. Imagine carpets cut up, water dashing to and fro, dead-lights, a lack-lustre lamp, sea-pie, men and women hungry and thirsty and nauseatic; scattered plates, chairs, and knives, servants, soup, wives with their husbands, with other things to boot, under a lee lurch:—ill-humour, hatred, vomiting, malice, and all uncharitableness, formed the grand picture of the last step; and with the ridiculous the sublime and fearful vanished. The wind came fair, the sea fell smooth, the sun shone, good humour, kind fellowship, and clear stomachs prevailed. Thus a week passed in happy social glee—the Castle Boleyn and the noble Tagus opened in view, and we came to an anchor under fifteen guns of salute to the blues at the fore, and here ends the treat.

To return to my present transporting: enough has been said in the direful story to absorb all other less interesting incidents; so I will have done with nauticals, and try in my next how you will like Madeira, that Gem of the Ocean and Atlantic Paradise, where fine fun and fine weather, fine fruit, fine women, and good men, cheered my sojournment and warmed my heart, with the help of *pure London Particular*, for fresh enjoyments.

GULLIVER, Jun.

#### ANSWER TO A COURSING QUERY, WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS UPON THE DECISION OF COURSES AND THE LAWS OF THE LEASH.

MR. TANTARA,

**T**HE question which you have proposed as to the superiority of one of two greyhounds, in the case described, (*viz.* the claim of

the last in with the winner of the Cup, and of the winner of the stakes for those put out the first day, the latter having been only

conquered by the Cup dog—to be considered as the second best of the sixteen candidates,) seems to my humble judgment one which not all the eloquence of “Kickero nor of Dammestrain,” (as the worthy Member *classically* expressed himself,) nor “the debating with great violence and small wisdom” of too many, could settle, without a contest between the aspiring heroes themselves. It is true that in their collision with the Cup dog, one or other of these candidates *might* seem clearly more or less inferior to the Lord Paramount; but besides the unsatisfactoriness of a mere *seeming*, the case would hold equally good of the other two, whose glory had been *put out* by the same *extinguisher*.

By one of those coincidences which happen to all, but which alone, upon important occasions, supply food for superstition, even as I opened the *Sporting Magazine* upon your letter, I was concluding a long lecture with some brothers of the leash upon that identical subject. It was almost unanimously agreed by us, that the winner of the second prize had no more right to call *himself* second-best dog, than the other three beaten by the same; and therefore that a second prize at all was useless, excepting indeed as a bequest from Dame Fortune, whose smiles no one, particularly a greyhound (that most *fortuitous* of mortals), “should merize at.” It was next carried *nem. con.* that the eight “beaten cocks” of the first day should be brought into collision by running for a *Consolation Stakes*, with perhaps something added from the generous consideration of the Club towards those unfortunates.—And, *nota bene*, I beg to propose this, and hope to see it adopted by all

the Clubs in which it has not yet been practised.

There was next some “talk” about the winner of the said Stakes, who—“mark me well,” (as the good Parson said to the boy with the ruddle)—would run an equal number of courses upon the same days, finally contending with the winner of the second prize: but considering all the bearings and difficulties of the case, I think in good sooth, that each may e’en be contented with his *kidos* and *kiplos* (as the Stagyrte has it), and leave things so far under the “*ancien régime*.”—“So much for Buckingham!” and perhaps you will think that, like him who so said, I have murdered *my subject*.

In the next place, touching the *decision of courses in general*.—Although this most fascinating and elegant of field sports can never be made other than a *game of hasard*, in which, at a moderate cost, Pindaric glory, with Cups more solid than the Parsley wreath, are the prizes, with the accompaniments of vivid pleasure and good and friendly society, it would at least be a satisfaction to feel assured that the chances of the sport itself could be the only means of the better champion yielding the palm to his inferior. To this desirable end, I imagine that it is necessary, *first*, to have the services of such a Judge as Ashdown, Deptford, the Curragh, &c. now can boast of, (in the person of Gower of Malton,) whose straight-forward integrity, we may feel satisfied, will regard no consideration but the justice of the case and the value of his own character. *Secondly*, that such a Judge being provided, he should be bound to decide, *not* by his own general impression, (however good his judgment and great his experience,)

which is often unsatisfactory, and sometimes really unjust; but I would have every course decided like a *game of billiards*, and every Judge a *marker*; who, as the course proceeds, should be adding up the the points gained by each, and, upon the conclusion, pronounce by how many one or the other has *won the game*—the value of each point being laid down in the Rules for decision of each Club.

Of the feasibility of this method I have not the slightest doubt, almost invariably practising it myself, though of but comparative inexperience, and having observed the King of all coursers (the Editor of the *Stud-book*), as well as others, the primates of the leash, frequently so employed. By this plan it would be, *work well and steadily done*, not *empty flash and vapour over tried honesty*, that would win as well as *earn the palm*. Nor should we then have to see game *seven* (partly made up, it is true, of one go-by) win against game *sixteen*, as I observed last spring, when a gold Cup was the prize, but when the regular Judge was not deciding.—*Mem.* the above was not my own case, which, I allow, to those judging by *impression*, might make a difference—to those following my plan, never: and in simple verity, Mr. TANTARA, I do assure you, that under the impression of the flashy feats of some hero of mine, I have been more than once congratulated upon having won a hollow course, when, having judged thus of it, I have

assured my congratulators that they would find themselves mistaken.

The following "Laws of the Leash," which I humbly propose for the decision of courses, were (founded, as usual, upon the laws of Queen Bess) drawn up last year for a Club, which shot across the coursing hemisphere, with less brilliancy but with more long tails than a comet. They do not lay claim to much novelty, unless indeed on the score of my fancy about the meaning and derivation of "a coat," and may doubtless be improved by suggested alterations.

#### LAWS OF THE LEASH.

1. That the slipper, with the brace of greyhounds in his leash, should go at least twelve yards before all others; and that, next before the rest of the field, should ride the Judge, the Stewards, and those belonging to the dogs.
2. That notice be given to the dogs when the hare gets up; that they be not slipped until both see her, nor until one of the Stewards shall say "Go," and that the hare have good law.
3. That the first turn be reckoned as two, unless the hare turn decidedly of herself to one dog, when only as one.
4. A *fair kill*, as two: an *unfair* one (*i. e.* at a hedge, or when the hare is turned by one dog full upon the other), as one. In a course, however, which consists only of a fair first turn and a fair kill, the first turn shall win.
5. A go-by (*i. e.* when one dog passes another, both running in a straight line) shall count as two.
6. \*A coat (*i. e.* when running in

\* May not this term "coat," which I could never hear explained, be applied to that surely very important and very frequent feature in a course, of which I have never found a definition? And may not the Norman French, which has supplied our language with so many words, have furnished the old coursing vocabulary with this, from *solayer*, to *coast round*? The old saying of "he could run round him" might also be borrowed from this striking but neglected point in a course: and surely, inasmuch as a circle is a longer way than a straight line to the same point, so is a coat of so much greater merit than a go-by.

circles, the dog who runs the outer circle passes the other) shall count as two turns and a wrench.

7. Two wrenches are equal to one turn.

8. If one turn the hare, serve himself, and turn again, that shall be equal to a coat.

9. If there be no turn at all, he who leads last wins.

10. If a dog fall in a course, he is to count one turn more than he gives, and so on if more than one fall.

11. If one dog, however superior before, at last stand still, the other, however inferior, yet running home to the covert, shall win. If both stand still, he who runs longest, giving up last, shall win.

12. \*If the dogs divide after two hares, or one or other of them become unsighted, and thrown out at a hedge, or otherwise, the course is to be judged of only up to that point, if possible; if not, to be run over again, or decided by lot.

13. †Unless both dogs see the hare at starting, it shall be no course, and as such run again.

14. If a dog be ridden over in a course by any one belonging to the other dog, that other shall lose; and if by an indifferent spectator, he shall pay the wager.

15. Judgment is to be given immediately after each course; and, being guided by these rules, the Judge is to add together all the points of the course, and, subtracting the less from the greater number, to find *by how many the game has been won*, and to decide accordingly, giving his reasons if questioned by any Member of the Club.

PHILO-LEASH.

### THE KING'S STAG-HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Am not aware if any of your Correspondents have hunted

lately with His Majesty's stag-hounds: "I think not;" or else I should have read in your Magazine some comment on the very tame and indifferent manner in which they are now managed.

If the huntsman is too ill, or otherwise, to take that interest in the chase upon which good sport so much depends, why surely some other person ought to be appointed to take the lead until his health or humour is re-established: for I can see no fun in riding fifteen or twenty miles, and then have no sport, arising principally from the want of energy on the part of those who are so well paid for it: for they have scarcely had what you would call a good day this season, and the last season was just as bad.

When you think of the hundreds that are weekly spent in and near London for the enjoyment of the chase, there certainly should be no effort wanting to give it that character which it so justly merits.—I am, Sir, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Upper Brook-street, Dec. 1829.

SIR,

CAN you inform your Correspondent why His Majesty's stag-hounds offer so little sport to what they used to do? One would suppose there was no want of either funds or judgment in selecting fine healthy deer: yet, singular as it may appear, one rarely gets any sport that will compensate for the expense and trouble of keeping an establishment of horses for the purpose.—Yours, &c.

A STAG-HUNTER.

\* Justice has often boiled within me to see a very superior dog lose the course to an inferior from the absurd rule of some Clubs about the "slipped at hare." If anything divides the dogs, the course should end, when all means of comparison cease; and whilst those means remain, whether after the slipped hare or any other, it must surely be the same thing.

† It is of course the indispensable duty of one of the Stewards to see that this is the case, as well as that impartial justice and equal chance are afforded to both parties.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## The Turf.

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

**NEWMARKET** *Craven Meeting*, 1830.—The weights for the Oatlands were declared on the 15th of December, as follows:

Mr. I. Day's Liston, aged, 9st. 2lb.  
 Duke of Rutland's Cadland, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.  
 Lord Chesterfield's Zinganee, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.  
 Lord Sefton's Souvenir, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.  
 Duke of Richmond's Rough Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.  
 Lord Sefton's Bobadilla, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.  
 Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, 3 yrs. 8st. 4lb.  
 Mr. Petre's Delphine, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.  
 Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's Hindostan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.  
 Duke of Rutland's Oppidan, 4 yrs old, 8st.  
 Lord Langford's Sir Hercules, 3 yrs, 8st.  
 Lord Exeter's Green Mantle, 3 yrs, 8st.  
 Mr. Gratwicke's Frederick, 3 yrs, 8st.  
 Mr. Ridsdale's Tranby, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.  
 Duke of Portland's, c. by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.  
 Mr. T. H. Cooke's Flacrow, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.  
 Mr. Greville's Lady Emily, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.  
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.  
 Lord Exeter's Acacia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.  
 Mr. Cooper's Merman, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.  
 Mr. Begbie's Aaron, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.  
 Mr. Batson's Discovery, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.  
 Colonel Russell's c. by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.

*First Spring Meeting*.—Friday: Mr. Cooper's c. by Bustard or Orville, out of Prima Donna, agst Mr. Thornhill's f. Esprit by Emilius out of Madeline, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

*Houghton Meeting*, 1830.—The Rural Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb., then three years old, D. I.

Duke of Richmond's c. by Whalebone, out of Leopoldine.  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Emilius, out of Mercy.  
 Lord Lowther's c. by Smolensko, out of Abigail's dam.  
 Mr. Lumley's b. c. Auditor, by Middleton, out of Galatea, by Amadis.  
 Lord Exeter's c. by Tramp, out of Augusta.

The Pocket Stakes, of 130 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. then

3 yrs old—those out of untried mares allowed 3lb.—D.M.

Duke of Richmond's f. by Moses, out of Dream (untried).  
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Emilius, out of Sal.  
 Mr. Lumley's ch. f. by Muley, out of Harriet, by Selim, out of Slipper.  
 Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Reveller, out of Snowdrop.  
 Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Miss Catton.

## HORSES SENT ABROAD LAST MONTH.

Nessus, 2 yrs old, by Centaur—Count Battheyne, to Paris.

Kildare, late Hon. Capt. Bous's—to Lord Normanby at Florence.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 175, for *Marina* (late Mr. Thornhill's), read *Mariner*.

Mr. Greville has sold his bay colt Glenfinlas, by Moses, out of Sycorax, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, to Mr. Petre.

On the 22d of December Captain Ross's horses were put up by auction at Melton Mowbray; but only two were sold—Clinker, which lately ran in the steeple-chase in Leicestershire, was purchased for 350gs. for Lord Willoughby; and Polecat made 250gs. for Lord Anson.

## The Chase.

We are much gratified to hear that the old-established pack of stag-hounds (known as the Derby Hounds), which have hunted Surrey and Kent for more than fifty years, free of every expense to the public, are to be continued by subscription; and we sincerely hope and trust a liberal public, particularly those who have enjoyed so many good days' sport with them, will assist as much as is in their power. Any subscription (to make up the purse) received by Mr. Tattersall, Hyde Park-corner, London. It has been clearly proved that these hounds have caused the sum of thirty thousand pounds to be spent in the two counties. The hounds will begin hunting as soon as the weather permits.

## THE CONOCK HARRIERS.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*."—There is a rumour, Mr. Editor, through the country, which inquiry only proves to



be too true, and which is nothing less disastrous, than that at the end of this season the establishment of the Coo-nock Harriers (whose celebrity your pages have so frequently recorded) will be, alas! no more! I have lost not a moment in transmitting this electrifying intelligence to your Magazine, in order that any gentleman desirous of establishing a pack of harriers may thus be apprised of the opportunity which presents itself of his making application for the possession of THAT county, which stands unrivalled in hunting fame, and which, as long as hares breed and hounds hunt, must produce the best sport of any county in England.—ACTÆON, Dec. 12, 1829.

#### THE CUMBERLAND HOUNDS.

These fox-hounds had two most brilliant runs last week—the first on Tuesday the 15th December, from Isell, by Redmains, Bridekirk, Tallentire Hall, Dearham Gille, and Dearham, &c. &c., running in to their game in about forty-two minutes with but one check, after leaving Tallentire Hall.

But if Tuesday offered to shew the power and working of the hounds, Saturday the 19th effected it brilliantly. A numerous field met at Broyton Hall at eleven, owing to the frosty appearance of the day; and as soon as old Sol had taken to himself the rime, the hounds were thrown into covert. One challenge, soon backed and warranted good by old Latimer—then a grand crash—and away went puggy, and away went the pack pointing west.

After the first ten minutes, or the "struggle for a start," the field soon became select; many gentlemen at the wrong end; some not quite *disengaged from their minds and their hacks*; and some preferring the road to the black-looking yawners; and the post and railers; some followed the line; some got in, and some got over. The old story of "what's on the other side, my Lord?" and "I am, thank God!" was often verified. But there was no stopping to pick up hats or catch horses, though ropes and spades had to do their duty. After three miles there was a short check, owing to the fox-hounds crossing the running of a pack

of the pussy dogs, and the varmint turned south; but all was soon made snug, and a little breathing allowed for a fresh start. He crossed the Elle., and went smack for Tallentire Eartha, but from which he was pressed by the gallantry of the hounds. He then crossed Tallentire Hill and the open (the Leicestershire of Cumberland) at a snapping pace, the pack with a brilliant head, and not a hound wanting or tailing—heads up and sterns down—to the admiration of all those who had time to look or were able to see. "This is a regular Leicestershire," said one. "Aye, this is no day for the Siamese youths," said another. "Go it like blazes," and "my kingdom for a horse," were the cries. Away they went for Isellcoverts, where Reynard borrowed a friend for a few minutes; but the hounds were soon brought back to the "ould fox," and, after twice swimming the Derwent, he was run to ground, and his life spared for his gallantry. A sharper or better run was never seen in Cumberland; and one or two old fox-hunters declared, "nor any where else," and that it was as good a thing as ever was seen anywhere. The distance was computed from seventeen to twenty miles, and the time one hour and thirty-six minutes. Notwithstanding an overhanging frost, the scent was burning, and of course the pace tremendous, with the first part of the country extremely difficult. Where all ride as well as they can, to mention names is superfluous: it is sufficient to say, the day required the best of horses, the best of men, and the best condition. These hounds are now a good steady pack; and if our present worthy Master is really obliged to give them up, we trust some gentleman of the Hunt will speedily declare his intention of continuing a pack that has been the cause of fine sport and much hospitality and unanimity.—Dec. 22.

#### THE NERSTHAM.

SIR,—Hearing that the various packs of hounds in Surrey had enjoyed excellent sport this season, I determined to look at Colonel Jolliffe's hounds on the 5th inst. They met at Cha'don, six or seven miles below Croydon, found immediately, and say-

ward ran direct for Farthing Downs, near Smitham Bottom, where we received a check of two or three minutes. He then returned back at a splitting pace, without two minutes check. Running him below Whitewood, within little more than four miles of Reigate, we killed after a chase of about thirty-five minutes.

The hounds then tried the different coverts, until they arrived at the Woodcot Furlzes, within two miles of Croydon, where another fox got up, and ran without a check into the covert at Banstead Park, where we killed also, after a remarkably fast burst, over the fine downs in the intermediate space, of about forty minutes. Probably two such delightful runs were never exceeded. The hounds appear in good condition, and very fast, and are uncommonly well hunted. Several of the horses were knocked up. It is supposed the hounds did not run on that day, in full cry, less than eighteen or twenty miles.

I am glad to find the Surrey hounds have also had remarkably good sport: that establishment is improved; the huntsman and whip are better mounted, and the hounds very quick.

A WELL WISHER.

Croydon, Dec. 22, 1839.

#### STEEPLE CHASES.

The long-talked-of match for 1000 sovs. *f. p.* between Capt. Ross's Clinker and Mr. Osbaldeston's br. gelding Clasher, took place on the 1st of December in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, in the presence of a great concourse of sporting characters. By the terms of the match, the weights were fixed at 12st. each; Clinker being ridden by the celebrated Dick Christian, and Clasher by his spirited owner. The starting and coming-in points were not fixed till a few hours before the time for meeting, when they were declared to be Great Dalby, and a field near Tilton. The interest excited by the match was extraordinary, especially in the two counties (Leicester and Northampton), of which the two horses were respectively the champions. Clinker has long been known, not only in the Melton Hunt, but in every sporting county

in the kingdom. He was formerly hunted by Mr. Holyoake, and was considered a remarkably superior horse at a burst: he was afterwards purchased by Captain Ross for 500 guineas, to run the great steeple chase with Lord Kennedy for 2000 guineas, in which he proved successful. He also started in the Sweepstakes last season, his defeat being attributable to injudicious riding. Clasher has only been known in the immediate vicinity of the Pytchley Hunt, and came into notice by winning the Walter Stakes at the last Hunt Meeting. Mr. Osbaldeston had all along expressed the greatest confidence in him. At the time appointed for starting the parties appeared at Great Dalby, and, without any unnecessary delay, went off abreast at a killing pace. They kept side by side over Burrow Lordship, Twyfleet, Marfleet Lordship, the chances throughout appearing so equal that the most experienced could not venture an opinion on the race. The leaps (and there were some rasping fences) were taken with admirable coolness, horses and riders doing their work in the cleanest and most sportsmanlike manner. Nothing decisive could be gathered till they got to the last fence, which separated them from the winning field. Clasher went at it as if he was beginning the chase, cleared it in the most admirable style, and in an instant was in the Tilton field. Not so Clinker, who fell in making the leap, lay some time before he got up, and of course lost the race. Neither he nor his rider were hurt by the fall.—It is allowed that this was one of the finest things of the kind ever seen at Melton; and the riders displayed first-rate horsemanship. The betting on the match was exceedingly heavy, and Mr. Osbaldeston is said to have won a very large sum. The distance run was five miles—done in sixteen minutes.

The second match between these celebrated sporting characters came off on the 5th in Northamptonshire, but, at the same time that it proved highly attractive, fell infinitely short of the first in every respect. The Meltonians were hit so hard in the former affair, that the betting was compara-

tively light; so that, although the odds were on Mr. Osbaldeston, the Pytchley gentlemen could not get on their favorite to one-half the sum depending on the match between Clasher and Clinker. The terms of the engagement were:—Captain Ross to ride 13st. 7lb. on Polecat; Mr. Osbaldeston 12st. on Pilot; the distance four miles—Mr. Osbaldeston staking 500 sovs. to 200 sovs. The two horses met last year in Leicestershire in a steeple match, the weights being then equal, and Pilot winning in a common canter. The route on this occasion was from the Blue Covert across Harrington Field, by Louthland Wood, to the Armytage, adjoining Leicestershire. At half-past ten upwards of 800 fashionables were at the starting point, and immediately after the parties went off at a slapping pace, Pilot leading throughout, and winning very easy. In fact, Polecat never had the slightest chance in any part of the race. There was some good leaping, but the Captain's mare refused a brook at the bottom of Harrington, and ran through it; and from this spot Mr. Osbaldeston completely left him. The four miles were run in about fourteen minutes. The affair altogether was a sad disappointment, particularly to those who witnessed the brilliant thing on the Monday previous. Mr. Osbaldeston's riding was admirable; and, if his age be considered, is an extraordinary instance of game and fine jockeyship. Indeed, of fox-hunting, pigeon-shooting, rowing, cricketing, cocking, or any other sport requiring skill, strength, or intrepidity, Mr. Osbaldeston is decidedly the first sportsman in the kingdom.

## FINE ARTS.

We hear that an engraving of that celebrated sportsman Mr. John Warde, on his horse Blue Ruin, is about to be published from a painting by Mr. Wm. Berraud.

Mr. F. C. Turner has lately published a coloured print, executed in the first style, from his picture of "The Westacre Stag-hounds," which we hesitate not to pronounce an accurate imitation of the splendid original. Striking likenesses are introduced of

the worthy and liberal proprietor on his favorite black mare by Sir Peter; of Chas. Denny, the yeoman-pricker, on Columbus; and George, the whipper-in, on the celebrated Mouse mare: also portraits of Boaster, Forester, Marygold, Rallywood, Terrible, Traveller, Wellington, &c. leading hounds in this brilliant pack, whose performances have been frequently recorded in our pages.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

SIR—The newspapers of to-day announce the lamentable decease of that good sportsman, Lord Charles Fitzroy.

It was only as a hunting acquaintance that I knew Lord Charles Fitzroy, and never intimately: still it is impossible to see the irrecoverable fall of one with whom we have been used to share amusement, without feeling a painful blank created in our thoughts of that amusement, and a lasting diminution in the pleasure we derive from it.

Were a disposition to moralize cultivated, it might well grow upon the recollection of his strength, which two or three years since gave promise of much longer life; but no new death can be necessary to teach so trite a truth as the precariousness of human existence.

As a sportsman, he was remarkable for his tact in always being up, even without hard riding. Sometimes, however, he did ride hard.

His horses were good, as he justly maintained that a few good were infinitely better than a large stud of indifferent: they were also excellently trained as leapers of timber. He was a good horseman, and devoted to hunting.

As a manager of hounds, and keenly alive to the sport, he sometimes might be warm at unfair interruption by the hounds being over-ridden: but habitually he was obliging in all good-natured exchanges of assistance in crossing the country, and always had something gay and pleasant to touch upon the passing occurrences of the field. His death is a calamity to the Grafton Hunt, which the gentlemen of Northamptonshire will feel as a de-

privation of one of their most valuable associates, and the more lament it from the pain it will give to the most amiable of all masters of hounds, the Duke of Grafton.—I am, Sir, &c. H. M.

### Duelling.

On the 1st of December, the day appointed for the great fight between Ned Neal and Young Dutch Sam, Hall and Pople, the two chief officers of Union Hall, arrived at that office with Neal in custody, having apprehended him the previous evening at Crompton, a village a few miles from Guildford. The neighbourhood of Farnham had been named for this fight to take place, and the parties with their backers and friends proceeded on Monday to within a few miles of the scene of action—all in anticipation of witnessing a prime contest from the allowed superiority of the men. It appeared, however, that some would-be-SAINT wrote to Mr. Chambers of the above office, imperiously commanding him to prevent the fight, interlarding his letter with canting hypocritical aphorisms. Mr. Chambers, in consequence, sent off Hall and Pople to take Neal into custody if he should be found in the county of Surrey. Neal had left most of his friends at Guildford, and retired to Crompton for the night. Just as he was going to bed, the officers went up to his bed-room and told him he was their prisoner. In this dilemma Neal wished to return to his friends at Guildford, which was acceded to. Here, when the party arrived, a consultation was held, and the warrant by which the officers had apprehended Neal was demanded, but they had none. Hall, however, said "He must obey orders; and though he had no warrant, he

would take all responsibility upon himself, and convey Neal to town. A breach of the peace was notoriously intended, and he would prevent it at the hazard of his life." Of course Neal knocked under. On their arrival at the office, Ned was bound over to keep the peace, particularly towards Dutch Sam, for twelve months, himself in 200l. and two sureties in 100l. each. Hall stated to the Magistrates that he and his colleague would have been very roughly handled by the disappointed populace, had it not been for the very good conduct of Neal and his immediate friends, who resisted every attempt to oppose their authority; and a Surrey Magistrate, then at Union Hall, spoke in the highest terms of Neal's general peaceable conduct. Mr. Hone (the Magistrate) was, decidedly of opinion that Hall was perfectly justified in having acted as he had done, even without the authority of a warrant.

To detail the bickerings which afterwards took place—or the arguments *pro* and *con*, as to whether the interference of the Magistrates was such as to cause a forfeiture of the stakes—would be useless here, as the matter has been referred to arbitration; and to that award, subject, if necessary, to a referee, both parties must abide. The law on the case will, perhaps, set all doubts at rest:—It says, "All persons present countenancing a prize fight are guilty of an offence. Where a prize fight is expected, the magistrate ought to cause the intended combatants to be brought before him, and compel them to enter into sureties to keep the peace till the assizes or sessions; and if they refuse to enter into such sureties, to commit them."—*Rex v. Billingham*, 2 C. and P. 234.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt," and "Sketches from Bengal, No. II." arrived too late for insertion—they shall appear in our February Number.

The promised communication of the "Kelburne and Buccleugh" will find us *ten jours* *précis*.

"Huanankas" is under consideration.

We have no intention at present of publishing a SEPARATE WORK on the subject alluded to by "A Subscriber."—It has been found convenient for one party to violate the *pacta conventa*.

The Erratum in *Wensleydale Coursing Meeting*, noticed in p. 223, was an imposition on the respectable Provincial Journal from which we copied it—Mr. Other's *Rex* did beat Mr. Harland's *Dart*.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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### Embellished with,

- I. Portrait of BETSY, a celebrated Fox-hound, the property of J. WARDE, Esq.  
II. SPRINGKELL.

## REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1829, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH—No. II.

SIR,

THE Newmarket people, in the July Meeting, suffered a very unusual defeat for their crack Two-year-old Stakes, having had the shine taken out of them by a country nag, The Mummer. This horse was bred by Mr. Charles Day, of Northleach, and had a singular advantage as to age, and consequent forwardness, having been foaled on the 2d of January—at least that is the day *they own* to—and which just saved his distance: a few hours sooner and he would have been obliged to run as a three-year-old, instead of a two. His first appearance, how-

ever, at Ascot, shewed his superiority over his antagonists; and his race at Newmarket was won easily all the way: of the field which he contended against at either place I think very meanly; but there is no doubt he is a superior horse: and Sir Mark Wood, in putting him into his stable, at the price said to have been given, has a very cheap horse. The Newmarket people will not believe in him, which in course can be nothing but prejudice; but I would advise my friends not to be against him for the Derby, for if he keeps well he will be a dangerous horse.

H h

York August Meeting this year, as far as shewing any thing for the Leger, was quite a blank. The only race of any interest was the Produce, which Clotilde won so easily, that, considering the sort of figure she cut at Epsom, and the place she was in for the Leger, it only proved how much worse the North country horses were this year than their Southern brethren. —A Wandering Boy, like a wandering star, just flitted across the hemisphere for a short time, and then was lost in the stronger light of a more shining planet.

Goodwood, which has till this year been mixed up with provincial meetings in general, must henceforth claim a separate notice. The liberality of the Duke of Richmond, combined with the spirit and exertions of the members of his family, have raised this Meeting to a point of interest second only to Ascot\* as a country meeting: and the Cup here was this year scarcely inferior in importance to the splendid race at the former place. For beauty of situation too, Goodwood is superior to any course in the kingdom, and in fine weather is really delightful. The Cup day, however, this year, to the regret of all, turned out most inauspiciously (though the previous day had been remarkably pleasant and fine), the rain descending in torrents the whole day; and the mist so thick, that at several periods of the day you could hardly see twenty yards. From his running with Zinganee at Ascot, Mameluke was decidedly the favorite; and certainly with reason, as far as public running

was concerned. Varua had her friends from the running of Green Mantle at Ascot, and from her own performance the previous day here, having with 2lbs. extra on her back beaten Lady Emily (then thought something of) in a canter. Since Lord Uxbridge bought Rough Robin, some opinion, different from what ought to have been broached after his running in the Spring with Mameluke, induced the Richmond party to back him, and The Alderman was started to make the running for him; though for what reason this should be required by such a *slow* animal as Rough Robin, is beyond my capacity to make out. Amidst all, the old mare Fleur de Lis was never for a moment thought of, and almost any odds might have been had about her. The pace however at which the *slow* animals (The Alderman, Robin, &c.) went off at, combined with the state of the ground, soon put out their lights. Even the Lamplighter, who kept them company to shew them through the fog, was of no use; and Mameluke and the old mare came home together: but the form of the course, a gentle declivity for the last three-quarters of a mile, just suited the latter's long stride, and at last she won very easy; for when it came to the push, and Wheatly called upon Mameluke, he at once cut it like a stinking jade as he is. How or for what reason, Fleur de Lis was overlooked, I cannot understand, the course just suiting her, and she was running upon equal terms with a five-year-old. As it was, the Cup, to the delight of all true

\* I understand the Ascot Cup in future is to be limited to horses the *bona fide* property of Members of the Jockey Club only.

and loyal men of Sussex, (at least if we may judge from the uproarious delight of the assembled multitude on the course,) found its way to His Most Gracious Majesty's sideboard at Windsor; and I have only to add my best wishes that the next Goodwood Cup may follow in the same road. On my way to Goodwood I stopped at Petworth, and had the pleasure of seeing Lord Egremont's stud, of which I shall say more, when I speak of stallions in general, on a future occasion.

Pontefract, as far as having any thing to do with the Leger, was, like the York August, a nonentity, the only Leger horse that appeared being Felt. This horse, which it will be remembered was drafted from Lord Sligo's stud, and sold to the Scotts for a mere song, after having won eight or nine times, was at Doncaster sold to Lord Worcester for a thousand, and ran a good horse for the Leger, though as stale as a "town tap."

Doncaster lacked nothing of its usual attractions this year; for although *after* the meeting there was some want of the needful, yet no one was willing to meet difficulties half way—all *hoping* things would come off right; though no doubt some were *fearing* they might go wrong. Mr. Forth had the pleasure of catching the North countrymen here, as he had done their Southern brethren at Epsom, only with a younger nag. In the previous Autumn he bought Bud, at Newmarket, for the trifling price of seventy-one guineas; and in his first appearance for the Champagne, won with great ease and cleverness, to the astonishment of every body, never having

been thought of. In his subsequent race, on the Thursday, he got shut out, or would no doubt have won—being beaten by the same horses which he had defeated so easily on the Monday. When he became Lord Cleveland's property he speedily retrieved his laurels by beating a good field at Northallerton. Bud is a great fine horse, and, if he trains on, will be in the first rank for next year's Leger. If there is any thing doubtful on the part of his sire—and it was Lord Lowther's being disgusted with the Tiresian blood which gave Bud to Mr. Forth at so small a price—his Lordship having sold off almost every one of his Tiresias young ones, and sent back the horse himself to the Duke of Portland, from whom he had hired him—it is amply compensated in the blood of his dam; he being out of Pomona, by Vespasian, going back to Young Giantess, the best of blood for speed and stoutness.—Mr. Petre's Brunswick, who ran second in the race, was thought highly of by the party, and is no doubt an improving nag; he is of a capital sort, and will be a dangerous antagonist to his Lordship's Bud when they meet again. Mr. Petre, however, need not regret losing any Champagne Stakes, as long as he can so amply console himself with the Leger instead.—All Rowton's races shew him to be an honest stout horse, but deficient in a turn of speed. In his two races at Doncaster, last year, he was beaten by very inferior nags—viz. in the Champagne, by Tamboff; and in his last race by Lady Sarah. There can be no doubt that nothing but the want of a spirit of speed lost him those

racers; and it was only keeping him fresh for the day that just won his master the Leger: and there cannot be too great praise given to the Scotts, both for the judgment shewn in training and riding. Rowton has a great deal of Southern blood in his veins, his dam being by Woful, out of Landscape. It has been said that his sire, Oiseau (which horse had just been re-imported from Ireland), had only three thorough-bred mares put to him in Rowton's year; and the produce was the last named horse, Wandering Boy, and the Little Filly, out of a Prime Minister mare, which Mr. Gully sold to John Day, and which has since been running all the season in the West in the name of Benefit—perhaps one of the best bits of stuff ever foaled. Oiseau himself died after the season of 1826, in consequence of a kick from a mare; which is to be regretted, as with three such produces from three mares only, he would no doubt have been in great request as a stallion: but in Ireland even he was never very much liked, and there is but little of the blood any where.

Voltaire's running so good a race for the Leger, and afterwards winning the Cup, proves him to be a superior horse; and, taken altogether, we have not had a better lot of horses for some years. There was dissatisfaction expressed at the race for the Cup, it having been understood that it was the orders from the *highest authority*, to encourage the strongest possible running with the King's old mare Fleur de Lis; instead of which she was in the rear the whole way—and, as if to shew the difference that could be

made in her by her making her own race, she was sent to Lincoln the next week, and won in a canter—beating Laurel, be it remembered, who had defeated her at Doncaster altogether as easily. Where, or whose, the fault was, I am not prepared to say, but it is evident some one was wrong.—I have lately heard that George Nelson (who rode her in nearly all her races for Sir M. W. Ridley, and, I believe, was never beaten on her) will ride her the next season; and I hope to see him win the Craven, at Newmarket, in his Majesty's colours.

The First October Meeting at Newmarket was, as it has usually been, flat, in consequence of following so closely upon Doncaster. Next year a clear fortnight is to intervene; which will no doubt materially assist Newmarket. The only race worth notice in this Meeting is, that the Luss filly began to shew a little of her form, by running a dead heat with Mr. Batson's Seraph for the Trial Stakes. According to what was stated in the Spring, when Mr. Batson sold the Luss filly, she ought to have been, when in her proper form, half a stone better than Seraph. That she can now run longer than the latter there is no doubt; but I am inclined to think, when Mr. Batson parted with the Luss, he knew the best (at least the speediest) remained in his hands.

In the Second October Meeting the Luss filly (now called Lucetta,) quite confirmed herself in the first rank, by winning the Garden Stakes very easily. The weight was in her favour; but looking at what she carried, not so much so, perhaps, as to Coroner;



only their forms are very different. Lucetta wound up her year's performance by beating Green Mantle (to the astonishment and suffering of the layers of odds) so easily, that it could not possibly be Green Mantle's running; and Lucetta has, therefore, by it only gained the honour of carrying a little more weight in her handicaps next year, without any addition to her fame. Felt's new and Noble master had the temerity afterwards to match his new purchase against her; but was wise enough to pay forfeit, and so save his horse and his credit; for Felt had been made to *feel* enough all the year. Poor old Lamplighter received his *coup-de-grace* this meeting, having been beaten very easily for the Whip by Mameluke over the course, though receiving his year: but his worthy master surely must have found out his deficiencies long before, and should have withdrawn him in time to save his credit. Lamplighter has, however, had his day, having lighted some of even the quickest of his contemporaries to their defeat; but latterly has always ran in distress, as all thick winded horses must do; and being, besides, a very large gross animal, his infirmity has increased with his age: he is, undoubtedly, the best of Merlin's get; and, with his own power and blood, must become valuable as a stallion. Cadland appeared in his old form in the last Meetings, having won the Outlands easy, giving 9lb. to Privateer, *both of a year*, and receiving only 2lb. for his year from such a mare as Brocard—and wound up with the Audley End, which he certainly had no business with. Why Arnall should receive orders to make running with Zin-

ganee, has remained a mystery. With the Chifneys Zinganece always won his races by the last spin, and must continue to do so: he is a delicate, ticklish horse, and will not bear oversetting in the early part of his races.—Of the two-year-olds which appeared in the Clearwell, Prendergast, and Criterion Stakes, I do not think very highly: Cetus is the best, I imagine, of the lot; at all events his public running is much the best. For the Clearwell he was shut out, for certainly the place he had in that race was not true; for Paradox was third, and a *good* third: and, in the race for the Criterion, which Cetus won, Paradox was beat a long way; and, in fact, he won that race against the Leeway filly much easier than Mouche did her's, though on worse terms as to weight and course; besides, the place Mr. Maberly's colt was in for the Clearwell, makes Mouche out to be any thing but a *flyer*. Cetus is of capital blood, the *nick* of the Petworth, Whalebone, and Gohanna—a wiry little horse, and likely to train on. His country performances were very good; and, if it be true, as said, that the breeder of him, Mr. Gauntlett, sold him to Dilly for 100, he has to regret having *given away* a smart nag. The lot in the Prendergast must be very bad, or such a thing as Mahmoud would not have been the winner. I do not like these horses; they are all bad-hearted: and when he comes to a crowd, or is at all put out of his way, he will, like all the Advances that have gone before him, belie his name, and be more inclined to *retreat* than *advance*.

On the whole the Season has in no wise been inferior in the

principal Meetings to the majority of its predecessors; but not so, I regret to say, with provincial racing, which *gentlemen* appear to have quite given up; but which, I trust, is not past remedy, though the evils and drawbacks are many and startling: the quantum of sport, *such as it is*, has certainly not diminished. In a future article I shall have something to say on this subject; and will endeavour to point out what I consider the chief objections to gentlemen's patronage: and, if possible, some remedy for the evil.

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

### VACCINATING DOGS.

SIR,

**T**HE liberality with which you admit the effusions of some young sportsmen on their local partialities, leads me to suppose you will not reject those of an old one, if they are at all calculated to excite scientific discussion; and the diffusion of such knowledge as will lessen animal suffering, and further the views of the sportsman. To some departments in Natural History, and to other matters, fairly to be classed under the sporting genus, I should much wish (at some future period, and subject to your censorship) to call the attention of those among your numerous readers who have leisure and inclination to enter upon them. In thus collecting food for the intellect of others, rather than for my own, I, probably, resemble the jackal more than the lion. But, Sir, I am content to play a minor part in the

drama. My vessel may keep the sea, but she prefers smooth water; and, if perchance she approaches the Leviathan of learning, would rather throw a tub to amuse the whale than encounter a stroke from his tail. In the dignified and doughty march of intellect, it is prudent, sometimes, to step on one side, or we may be trodden on somewhat heavily. My attention must now be directed to a letter from Mr. Richard Andrews, which appeared in your Number for September 1829, p. 332, on the subject of Vaccination, which he states to have found, if not a preventive, at least to meliorate considerably the Distemper in Dogs. The whole Sporting World must admit the importance of the communication, as a subject meriting such discussion as may elicit the minutiae so necessary to a fair trial.

Having myself made the experiment some years since, which I then understood to be by no means a novel one, and having repeated it last Spring on my young hounds, I am induced to make some remarks, which, if valueless in themselves, may draw information from more scientific men. The part selected for vaccination by Mr. Andrews, I should deem an eligible one, more particularly if the pustule, to be efficacious in the brute subject, must pass through particular stages uninjured by scratching, &c. as in the human one. But the difficulty I have found was in raising any pustule. I scarcely recollect an instance where the irritation satisfied me: yet the dogs have never as yet shewn symptoms of Distemper. In one or two an abscess formed, which discharged freely; and, al-

though remote from the place vaccinated, I considered to have reference to the virus introduced into the frame.

On vaccination, as applicable to the canine species, I must make some further observations. It seems a merciful dispensation of Providence that a line of demarcation is generally drawn between the diseases incident to the human frame and that of the brute. If I am correctly informed in the History of Vaccination, it first owed its celebrity and consequent introduction to the cow-herds in the large dairy counties, who it was observed took infection from certain eruptions on the cows, which shewed itself in pustules on their arms, and rendered them incapable of taking the small-pox. This, if correct, may be an exception to the general rule before stated; but I deduce thus much from it—that if it be possible to transfer a brute disease to a human subject, *a fortiori* it is so to communicate it to a fellow-brute. After the volumes on the subject of Vaccination, it would be presumption in one of the uninitiated to say much: but where failures take place in the human subject, and they are by no means rare or harmless, may they not proceed from neglect in not going often enough to the fountain-head for the virus? It would be necessary, in my opinion, in order to put it to its fair full test in the canine species, to know where to procure the virus direct from the cow. This, to some sportsmen, may not be difficult; but to others, and even to the surgeons, it often is so. The only way I have been enabled to procure the virus has been by application to my medical atten-

dant; and I have no doubt it has been taken from a good healthy human subject. But though a brute disease I cannot help thinking its power neutralised, or considerably lessened in effect, when applied again to the brute, after filtering through the human frame.

The candour with which scientific and professional men meet the remarks and suggestions of those of less information on certain subjects than themselves, and the liberal way in which they communicate their opinions on them, are very conspicuous and pleasing features in your useful work. In the hope that I may not be denied the one, and all sportsmen may profit by the other, I surrender the pen into abler hands, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

ALFINUS.

Jan. 18, 1830.

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### BETTINGS.

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Tattersall's, Jan. 28, 1830.

**A**NOTHER busy month, the betting throughout assuming a more decisive and extensive character.

On the 11th, Brunswick had a very powerful party, who backed him at heavy figures; and, after several important changes, ultimately brought him first favorite. The Mummer appeared to be deserted, many of his staunchest friends refusing to take the odds. Mouse, being highly spoken of, was supported by all the influential men of the room, and in every probability will occupy a more elevated station.—The OAKS was dull, the preceding race absorbing the principal attention.—The *St. Leger*

was brought into more notice, the Yorkshiremen laying their money with much spirit. Raby receded two points, and at the close of the room was quite friendless. On the other hand, Brunswicker and St. Nicholas were all the rage—their respective friends eagerly taking the odds.

The 14th, The Mummer party recovered from their panic, and, after some deep betting, subsequently placed him at the top of the list; and, if we might judge from their spirited exertions, it will be very difficult to remove him.

The 18th, a full room and a brisk day. The Mummer and Brunswicker both opened at 8 to 1, and in spite of a good deal of manoeuvring, each party striving for the ascendancy, neither horse had the call; at last a Mr. G., the leading star of the room, offered 850 to 100 and 1700 to 200 against Mr. Petre—thus decisively giving the preference to Sir Mark's stable. Wat Tyler made a spring, every body wishing to back him, and from what transpired he must become a rising favorite. The finishing stroke was given to Zucharelli, 100 to 3 having been repeatedly offered against him, and no takers. Raby and Brunswicker were both on the advance, and, from the avidity with which the odds were taken, will undoubtedly take the lead during the ensuing season.

The 25th was another very severe struggle between the North and the South. At the close, however, a Mr. C., who is a host in these matters, carried all before him, and finally fixed Brunswicker at the head of the list. The Mouse party were uncommonly

strong, and backed him through thick and thin. Wat Tyler and Cressida had numerous friends, the former bidding fair to oust some of the leading favorites. The Oaks and St. Leger were flat, and nothing doing.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Z. B.

#### DERBY.

- 15 to 2 agst Brunswicker (taken).
- 17 to 2 agst The Mummer (taken).
- 19 to 2 agst Mouse (freely taken).
- 12 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
- 13 to 1 agst Cetus
- 13 to 1 agst Wat Tyler (freely taken).
- 17 to 1 agst Mahmoud (taken).
- 23 to 1 agst Brother to Grampus.
- 25 to 1 agst Sal.
- 30 to 1 agst Captain Arthur.
- 33 to 1 agst Zucharelli.
- 33 to 1 agst The Major.
- 33 to 1 agst Mouche (taken).
- 2000 to 1200 The Mummer agst Wat Tyler (taken).

#### OAKS.

- 13 to 2 agst Mouche (taken).
- 10 to 1 agst Maria.
- 10 to 1 agst Leeway.
- 12 to 1 agst Filagrea.
- 15 to 1 agst Zelus (taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Shumla.

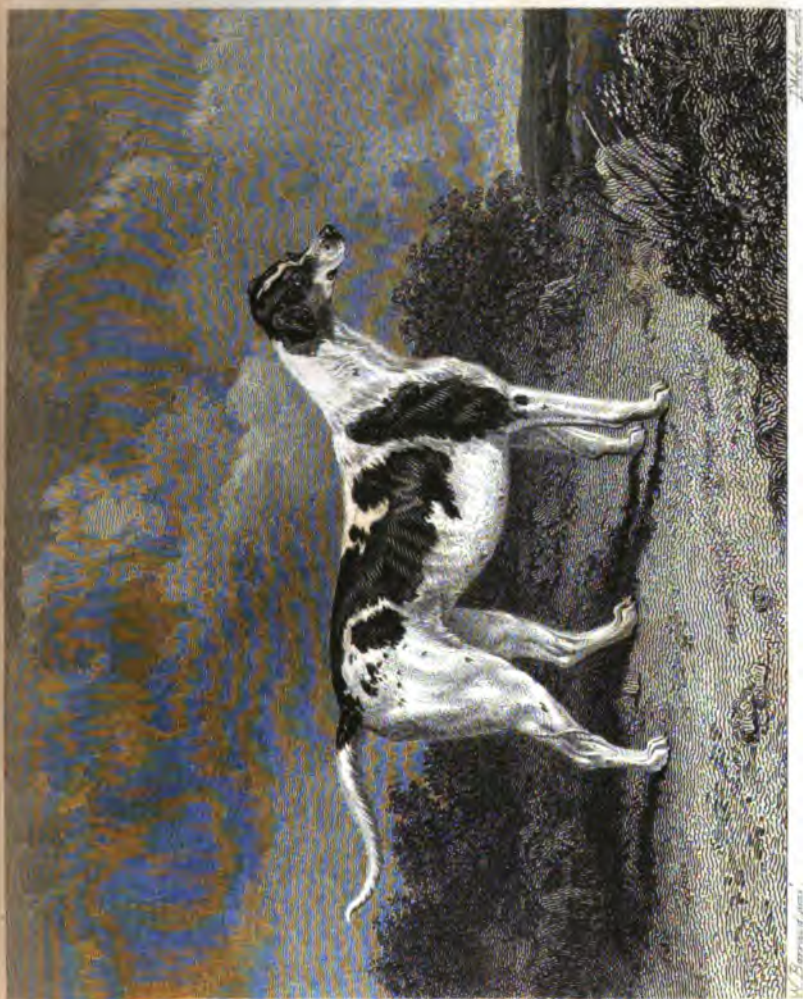
#### ST. LEGER.

- 9 to 1 agst Raby.
- 11 to 1 agst Brunswicker.
- 15 to 1 agst St. Nicholas.
- 17 to 1 agst Lady Mowbray.
- 20 to 1 agst The Mummer.
- 20 to 1 agst The Barber.
- 20 to 1 agst Redstart.
- 20 to 1 agst Reginald.
- 25 to 1 agst Laura.
- 33 to 1 agst Birmingham.
- 33 to 1 agst Carolan.
- 33 to 1 agst Lady Emmeline.

#### BETSY.

Engraved by J. WEBB, from a Painting  
by W. BARRAUD.

**B**BETSY, a celebrated Fox-hound, is the property of John Warde, Esq.



B H T S Y.

The artist's name is W. Barraud fecit.



## LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HUNT.

“ And whether that ye cum in *plaine* or in *place*,  
I shall yow tell which be beestys of *enchace* :  
Oon of theym is the *buck*, another is the *doe*,  
The *fox*, and the *martoon*, and the *wild roo*,

In *fryth*, or in *fell*, or in *forest*, I yow tell.”

THUS, Mr. Editor, sung or said, towards the end of the fourteenth century, Juliana Berners, the Lady Prioress of *Sopwell*. Whether the original “Book of St. Alban’s” has owed its preservation to her sex, her *holy* character, to the subject, or to the characteristic attributes of her Priory, it would be invidious to inquire. But its fair authoress lived game, and appears to have been at all and every thing in the ring. These days are, however, gone by; and, in Scotland at least, we have seldom “the line of beauty” in the field—more especially in West Lothian. These are dreams—now for reality.

After having had two or three capital runs in the Dunse country, Mr. Hay brought his pack to the kennel in the beginning of November, and on the third of that month the fixture was Linlithgow Bridge. We found twice in Ken-niel Wood; but the first fox being headed, got it was suspected to a neglected earth: and the second, although viewed away, saved his brush, only through the “awkwardness of the deile.”

The best scenting part of the day was past when we got to Bowden, a most beautiful covert for a find, but an “ugly customer” to get away from. Here, after a little ringing, a “gallant” but small fox broke, and after him a field of forty, on cattle of all descriptions, from four legs to “not a leg to stand on.” The first

burst was sharpish and clever; but after about five miles across, we came to a check, so long that half the field departed, and to this happy circumstance we owed the rest and best of the run. A cold sharp afternoon, most unfavorable for scent, was the “order of the day.” Never was a better opportunity afforded to evince the nose, the patience, and the bottom of the hounds, or the zeal, style, and determination of the Master. For the last five or six miles of the run, the hounds literally hunted “our old friend” by *inches*—the scent lying dead cold in some fields, and difficult in others; added to this, the fox, a “knowing old-un,” exerted all the proverbial cunning of a “long line of ancestors,” sometimes both skirting and running the same covert, doubling, and seeking refuge even amongst labourers—doing all in his power to exhibit to the field the *views* of Stirlingshire, whether from the top of a five-foot wall (where he was followed by that pink of bitches Merlin), or at the bottom of a ravine, trying both brake, bog, and river in vain. By this time the field was *tolerably select*. “Give them time,” was all the tongue that was necessary from the Master; and seldom have hounds or huntsmen shewn such determined successful perseverance. At last, at twenty minutes past four, on the banks of the Dell of Muiravonside, he met his doom, and died hard, after a stiff work-

ing, and most sporting run, exceeding all the *skirmishes* of the last season, and affording convincing proof, that no small portion of the "old heaven" of last year had been hanged or draughted. The proprietor of Muiravonside turned out tiffin (always most acceptable, but I am sorry to say not "too common" in this *hospitable* country); and the field, then consisting of the Master, Major Shairp, the Laird of Callender, and his friend Mr. Getacre, Mr. P. Stewart, Captain Cheyne (whose chesnut was pretty well done), and two strangers, returned to their residences, resolved to "make *hay* while the sun shines"—in other words, to hunt with Mr. Hay's hounds as often as possible\*.

During the following fortnight this pack had some good sport; and about the end of the month I chanced to be again with them—fixtured Riccartoun House. We found in the policies, had a dashing burst of thirty-three minutes, beat pace, and a beautiful kill in Dalmahoy preserves. Being near Edinburgh a large field of about a couple of hundred had turned out, and to me it was surprising that the fox managed to break from amongst them. Perhaps the field may not take a hint amiss even from a "Johnny;" when it is suggested, that if they would keep *still and together in one place* (for the new Scarlets should know that looking out for a start is not doing the trick properly) when the hounds *have found, until "the pack,"* not "two couple," are laid and *well settled on*, they would have more frequent sport *early in*

the day. For although Mr. Hay has been accustomed to a old scenting country (Warwickshire for instance), his hounds have not; and as there are a number of "newly entered" dogs, it requires a little *quiet* management to get them well away together. *Perhaps* the Master permits both the pack and field to have a little too much of their own way.

In the after-part of the same day we whipped another fox out of the whins behind Meadowbank: he faced the open over a "world" of awkward fences, cliffs, and bogs, exemplifying the *old song*—

"Then let the loud tallyo  
To the echoing cliffs repeal,  
For a sportsman must with courage charge,  
Or at once with courage wheel."

But whether owing to the frost, or to Lord Morton's "untoward" park wall, he somehow or other baffled both dogs and men.

After several other days of very fair sport, the hounds returned to Berwickshire; and I can only say the sooner they hark back, or I am with them there, the better; but, alas! the "hoary-headed Villain" has made his appearance.

———"Lo, the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid  
sun,  
Faint from the West, emits his evening  
ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries  
wide  
The works of man."

It does not appear that the stag-hounds have in the slightest degree interfered with this pack; and I shall venture to promise "a sure find" the first time Barnton Park is drawn. Surely four counties will admit of two packs! and

\* A singular circumstance occurred in this run: one of the puppies at his walks heard the pack "throwing tongue," and joined, was well with the hounds the latter part of the run, and I left him with the "varmint's" head in his chops. So much for blood!



all petty jealousies, unknown to, and despised by, the "two Masters," are "sinking down wind;" and will soon be forgot in the zealous and laudable desire to shew sport for the honour of Linlithgowshire.—I am yours, &c.

NO WHERE.

December 20, 1829.

## SKETCHES OF BENGAL, No. II.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

Voyage up the Hoogly—Barrackpore—Dandies in India—Stage-Coach to Calcutta—Bengal Shooting and Ornithology—Wild-fowl—Anecdote of Alligator—Dogs in India—Jungle and Snipe Shooting—Coursing—Jackal Shooting at Night.

SIR,

ON Sunday, Sept. 9th. 182—, I bade farewell to my Calcutta friends with a dark feeling of presentiment, which told me that most of us had parted to meet no more; and which foreboding time has but too well confirmed. But having to get all my things on board the budjrow, and arrange them for the voyage up the river, little time was allowed for moping meditation: and moreover, our fleet consisting of eight or ten budjrows, with a cooking-boat attached to each, I did not much apprehend that the trip would be a melancholy one.—Nine people out of ten know what a *budjrow* is; but, for the benefit of the tenth, I will describe it:—Imagine a nondescript sort of vessel, like Peter's fishing-boat, low before and high behind, with two capital apartments running from the stern to midships, and enclosed with green venetians; the roof flat, upon which the *manjee*, or steersman, is perched; the rudder resembling a pole, with a river-hatch tied to the

extremity: imagine a figure-head of Lord Clive, or Lord Amherst, in turban, red coat, and buckskin breeches; a bamboo mast, and paddles of the same tied to the gun-wale; and you have the budjrow complete. The cook-boat bears a great affinity to Noah's ark, being composed of ruder materials; and on board this we stowed away our servants, and stores of ducks, fowls, goats, &c. for the voyage; so that, what with the scolding of the men's wives, the shape of the vessel, and the cackling, grunting, screaming, bleating, and crowing of the various animals, each cook-boat was a perfect miniature resemblance of that in which the first Lord High Admiral, Noah, embarked.

The Ganges in many parts abounds in decoits, or pirates; but with such an imposing fleet as ours their reception would have been somewhat inhospitable. There were twelve officers besides myself, each of whom had, on an average, seven servants (I had the misfortune to muster twelve), besides a guard of Sepoys; and, although it was the Sabbath-day, such was the bustle in bringing on board stores of brandy, wine, coffee, sugar, and other luxuries, procurable only at European stations; in cleaning guns, punching cards, drying powder, casting balls, and making other preparations for the anticipated sport—that an European traveller would suppose that an expedition against the Burmbans or Maharattas was in contemplation, instead of a campaign against snipes and jungle fowl.

My destination was not very distant, being only to Dinapoore, in Bahar, a large central station, 500 miles from Calcutta by water;

and I sent a favourite Arab, in charge of two servants, overland, whilst a Persian hack accompanied me in the cook-boat—the sides of the boat being lined with bundles of rush, to prevent his heels from demolishing the crazy planks, and sending the whole concern to the bottom of the river.

*Monday, 10th.*—The commandant of our little fleet, Capt. P——, hoisted a silk pocket-handkerchief on his main-top at 1 P.M. as the signal for sailing; and when his heavy old budge heaved up her wooden anchor, and paddled slowly against the stream, we all fired a *feu-de-joie*, and followed in succession, like a brood of goslings following the parental goose.

Soon lost sight of Calcutta, and the taper flag-staff of Fort William; but at a sudden turn of the river the current became so strong as to induce our lazy dandies to halt early in the evening. We were all of us, except the Captain, freshmen, or, in the Anglo-Indian tongue, *griffs*, (perhaps so called from our similarity to fiery griffins, in our new red flaming jackets,) and thought tigers in Bengal were necessarily as plentiful as peppercorns: so on shore we went at twilight, Ensign S—— and myself making for a beautiful woodland on our right. After beating till dark, without finding any thing but a few turtle-doves and jungle-crows, we espied a *Bangalow* (a snug kind of thatched villa, belonging to *mofussil*, i.e. country residents), and near it the owner taking a quiet stroll on the lawn. Supposing that no man in his senses could live in so lonely a place, and one so *gamish* in appearance, without being a sportsman, we made our salaam to him, and inquired what part he would

recommend for our morning's sport. I shall never forget the frigid look of the Missionary, as he answered, "Sir! I never indulge in *such* recreations!" We bowed to the earth and decamped, wishing that we had brought a bottle of claret with us, for that gelid tone would have cooled it far better than could any saltpetre.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—The current was so strong, it being just at the close of the rains, that we did not reach Barrackpore, sixteen miles from Calcutta, till noon. Here we gave our dandies permission to halt for a day, to lay in a stock of rice for the voyage; they being able to procure it cheaper here than at the Presidency. By-the-bye, *dandy*, in India, has a somewhat different meaning to our usual application of the word: in the East it signifies a hard-working boatman; in the West, an useless vagabond. I should like to catch a few dozens of the monkey breed in Hyde Park, and transplant them to the banks of the Ganges: I believe that they would speedily relinquish their claims to the honours of *dandyism*. From sun-rise to sunset, with a burning sun above his head, and a heavy vessel to drag against the stream, in this manner,



the poor Indian dandy *lounches* away his life. Continually immersed in water up to his chin, he becomes subject to spleen and liver; actual cautery relieves him for a time; but his is, indeed, a short life and a sad one—to be pitied even by a hackney-coach horse.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—Stayed all day at Barrackpore. *Jemmy G—*,

resolved on sport, loaded himself and two doriyas (dog-keepers) with ammunition—viz. powder, shot, brandy, and cheroots, and went ashore; where he entered the sacred purlieus of the Governor General's park—popped away at some tame antelopes—maimed a gold pheasant for life—and at last narrowly escaped being ripped up by the nasal horn of Lord Amherst's pet rhinoceros. Luckily for Jemmy, before he had committed much devastation amongst this forbidden game, a native sentry caught sight of the intruder, and fired a ball-cartridge over his head. Jemmy took the hint, faced to the right about, and was slinking quietly back to his boat, when, as the Devil, or Sheittann, would have it, his blood-thirsty eye caught sight of a tall and stately adjutant, (not a spurred *militaire*, but a bird of the crane kind, six feet high,) and, without delay, he saluted it with both barrels, ball and buck-shot. The bird dropped dead, and poor Jemmy revelled in glory, and had to pay fifty rupees for destroying it—that being the fine for the death of this useful scavenger. The Governor has a good menagerie at his country-residence near Barrackpore. I saw the lions, tigers, bears, gluttons, &c. devouring their mess at night, and, oddly enough, could not help thinking of the Court of Directors and the City of London Tavern! The Government grounds slope down to the brink of the Hoogly with the beautiful appearance of an English park; the lines and cantonments are very agreeable—the country excellent for jackal-hunting; and, altogether, it is to Calcutta what Windsor or Richmond is to London.

Some time since they started a

four-horse coach from Barrackpore to Calcutta, the first ever attempted in India; but it failed from the scrupulosity of the Hindoos with respect to *caste*; it being contamination for a Brahmin to touch a Mihtur, or a Mihtur a Pariah. Rum Johnny would not sit alongside Ram-Sammee; Ram-Sammee abominated the vile sect of Chuny Punt; and Bajee Saheb, the fat baboo, almost burst his bilious blubber with horror at being associated in the same *vehicle* with Purseram Row, that dog of dogs! Four-in-hand is a science wherein England excels every other nation; but it is a science which can never be brought into play on Indian soil. The thermometer 98° in the shade may be refreshing to a salamander, but it will not agree with a coachman or team at nine and a half miles per hour. Imagine to yourself, oh, reader! Jack Peer seized with cholera morbus on his coach-box, or his near leader carried off by a tiger, like a mouse by a cat!

*Thursday, 13th.*—Got under weigh a little before sun-rise, that most lovely period of a tropical day, which we enjoy with the greater zest, because we know that in another hour we shall all be gasping for breath, like shoals of cray-fish in a basket. As we tracked past a village a beautiful Brahminy-kite, with its rich chestnut plumage and snowy bosom, came floating above my head. It is a bird esteemed sacred by the Hindoos, but the temptation was too strong for a griff. I was sitting on deck with my double-barrel loaded, and, as the kite sailed over the budjrow, I sent a bullet whistling through her heart. Nearly a hundred Indians were bathing and praying in the river, according to

custom, and the yell uttered by them on this occasion was quite startling, on witnessing the death of their favorite bird. Juno would not have been more wrathful to have lost one of her peacocks. It was a foolish thing to offend the prejudices of a conquered people in any way; but whoever wore a gold laced cap, and thought of consequences? In fact, even now I am given to do first, and *think* afterward. Many of the plebeians rushed into the water with menaces and execrations. This insolence on the *blackeys* part might not be endured; I pointed my gun at them, and cried "*jow*, begone." They hesitated, but on shouting "*cropeदार*, beware," in a louder, tone they one and all gave back, and retired muttering amongst themselves:—such is the habitual and fearful respect which natives of India entertain for Englishmen—it is that which alone upholds us in the East, and it is that which at present we are labouring to destroy.

After getting several miles above Chinsurah, the country became more promising for a shot; and an hour before sun-set I landed with a setter and pointer bitch, near an extensive morass, where I shot a brace of wild-ducks, and saw a great abundance of white cranes and paddy-birds, which are, however, unfit for the *pot*, and, therefore, safe from Indian sportsmen, to whom patent-shot and powder are expensive articles.

The paddy-bird, so called from its frequenting *paddy*, or rice-fields, is a species of crane, light in body, but standing nearly eighteen inches; the wings, back, and neck, are of a light olive brown; the breast, belly, and sides white—

so that it appears a white bird when flying, and a brown one whilst on the ground. This bird, as well as the white-crane, another elegant species of the same *genus*, abounds everywhere throughout the Indian plains and marshes, and feeds principally on small fish, grubs, mosquito-eggs, &c.

The Bengal morasses are most disagreeable places to wade through, being generally up to one's knees in mud and stagnant water; and every now and then the unfortunate sportsman comes to a "green and smiling spot," which he hails with rapture, after losing his shoes and patience in the mud, and no sooner steps upon than he sinks up to his chin in the treacherous bog, there to remain the scorn of gnats and mosquitoes, till succour may chance to arrive. I always found it the better plan to leave my shoes and stockings at home, and go the bog-trotter's pace; a few rushes and light feet will form a bridge over the vilest quicksand.

This evening I had some excellent shooting on the borders of an immense tank, or artificial lake, which was surrounded by a dense mass of underwood and tassel-grass. The tank, having long been neglected, was overgrown with weeds and lotus plants, and full of a large species of water-hen, of a beautiful bluish-green, with scarlet head, twice the size of the European kind, and tolerable eating.

After shooting a few I was wading in up to my arm-pits to pick up another, when I observed a long undulating furrow on the calm surface of the lake advancing towards me. After watching the motion in the water for a moment I faced about, and quickly regained *terra-*

*firma*—not wishing to find myself on a sudden in an alligator's maw, and being unprovided with the expedient which saved Baron Munchausen from a like fate.

*Friday, 14th.*—A good passage up the Hoogly, but being very unwell was unable to shoot, though I made the attempt. This is the worst of Indian sporting. Wherever game is most abundant, there also are the seeds of dire diseases found:—viz. in the woods, swamps, and inundated fields. Budjrows start every morning at day-break, and lugow (moor) about six in the evening, when performing the tedious voyage against the stream, at this season vastly swollen by the rains. In going down, the dandies seldom stop night or day, except for the purpose of cooking their victuals, which religious prejudice does not permit them to do on board.

*Saturday, 15th.*—All this day the country was one wild extent of endless plain, covered with the *surpul* or tassel-grass, twelve feet in height, with a white silky blossom. These parts are totally uncultivated, and harbour an immense number of leopards, antelopes, and wild buffaloes.

We were now many miles distant from Calcutta, and considered the campaign as opened. I killed several couple of snipes and wild pigeons this afternoon, and remarked some birds different from our European ones, and which I shall describe as I happen to recollect them.—1. A beautiful bird of the jay kind, of more brilliant plumage, though in shape resembling our own.—2. The little spotted Indian dove, with back and wings mottled like tortoise-shell (hence, perhaps, called *turtle-dove*), the breast of a delicate pink, red eyes and legs, and

not larger than a blackbird.—3. The mina; as good a talker as our starling, and of the same genus, though much larger, and of a dark brown mixed with yellow and white; common to all India; is a gregarious bird, and resembles the starling in its habits and movements more than in shape or colour.—4. A light brown bird, with yellow beak and legs, as large as a thrush, but resembling an immense hedge-sparrow. I forget the native name.

Soon after dark the jackals came down to the boats in such numbers as to require a general turn-out against them. The poor dandies, cooking their suppers on the beach, could not turn their heads without missing a portion of their meal, and several were bitten by these ravenous animals, which are naturally very cowardly; but hunger and strong temptation will make even a craven bold. Between the yells of the jackals, the shouts of the different black crews, the blazing fires, and report of the frequent shots fired at the enemy, the scene put me in mind of Pandemonium. No jackals, however, fell on the occasion, from the darkness of the night; and, after one of our dandies had narrowly escaped being shot through the lungs, it was deemed prudent to desist from firing, and leave the ground in quiet possession of the enemy.

*Sunday, 16th.*—Throughout India there are not, I believe, more than thirty-five or forty chaplains, and not half that number of churches: therefore, it may be expected that Anglo-Indians grow somewhat negligent of forms, and particularly ignorant of the days of the week—few knowing whether it is our Saturday, Sunday, or Monday! Having neither bell nor *padré* to give our memories a jog, we

landed at noon in a likely spot, where the country was diversified with patches of cultivation and rushy jeels. All the morning vast flocks of wild-ducks and widgeon had been winging their way over-head, in such countless multitudes, that I am afraid to state the amount at which we calculated them. They flew in troops of from eighty to one hundred ducks in each, the troops following one another in regular succession; and a space of *two hours* intervened between the coming of the first and the last flight, although there was not a break of thirty yards between any one troop! In all probability they were bound for the inundation, which was now beginning to subside to the N.E. of the Sunderbunds, where the marshy delta of the Megna and Ganges would afford them a fine harvest.

Many stragglers were left behind; and I managed to kill five ducks, two widgeons, three couple of wild pigeons, and a Pariah dog, which last had the audacity to attack my English pointer.

A fine setter, belonging to my companion, had a narrow escape this evening; he swam into the Hoogly, towards some black object moving on the water, and which turned out to be a Hindoo corpse with a *koomer*, or bull-headed alligator, feasting upon it. The dog turned tail immediately, like a very prudent general, readily acknowledging himself inferior to the enemy: but the *koomer*—the most savage and fearless of the crocodile kind—would not let him off so easily; but, leaving the black carrion, darted after poor Don without delay. Don was in a devil of a funk, and almost drowned himself through fright

and conglomeration of ideas; and, though he was close to the bank in a minute, and within ten paces of us, the alligator would undoubtedly have shortened his tail a few inches, if not his body also, had not S— rapped away both barrels into the *koomer's* eyes, and I joined him in the courteous salute. The alligator gave a whisk with his long jagged tail, and disappeared. Never was dog so happy as Don, or man as his master, for I think S— gave more than a hundred rupees for the brute.

Having touched on the subject of *dogs*, I may as well, in this place, say a few words concerning the different degrees of canine utility in the East.

The captains of most ships charge at least 5l. for the passage of every dog, exclusive of water and food; consequently it is to be expected that all of English blood are much dearer in Bengal than at home. A fine couple of young fox-hounds have before now been sold for forty and fifty guineas a couple. A friend of mine, who had the management of a beautiful little pack of dwarf fox-hounds at Balasore (Baleswur correctly), assured me that the gentleman who sent to England for them had engaged to pay forty pounds per couple for the lot—good, bad, and indifferent. Fox-hunting is an expensive amusement in Great Britain; but in India it is still more so, at least for the master of the pack. Hounds seldom work longer than two years; many never get through six months; and it is pitiable to see the havoc that disease commits amongst the noble breed. Of fox-hounds I shall say more hereafter, and only observe at present, that the above mentioned prices are not of every-day

occurrence; and, by having a choice consignment of strong puppies sent out to India in careful hands, these heavy charges may be materially diminished.

Setters, pointers, greyhounds, terriers, bull-dogs, and now and then spaniels, are disposed of weekly at Calcutta, at the auction-marts; and their prices may generally be reckoned at double their cost in England; at distant stations, treble or quadruple.

Setters, pointers, terriers, and bull-dogs, are seldom worth their keep in Bengal. Game is too plentiful, and lies too well to require the aid of the two former, which seldom live long, or retain their noses. Terriers are useful as pets only, or for catching *bandycoots*. When or where bull-dogs are useful I have never been able to discover.

Shooting in India is pursued in three kinds of country—the jungles, either grass or under-wood; the paddy or rice-field; and the fens, or rushy banks of rivers and nullas. For the first, a couple or two of stout active spaniels may be very serviceable; especially in the tangled coverts which human beaters cannot penetrate, but which are hollow at the roots of the bushes. The sportsman may follow the windings of the deer or buffalo tracks with his ears, and gun at full cock; and, if his dogs are alert, and water not too distant, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and very probably a wild-buck will reward a few hours' toil. For the paddy-fields no dogs are required; a good double-barrel, plenty of dust shot, a bottle of brandy, straw hat, a sound liver, clear conscience, and a *will ready made*, fit him for the sport. After the rains, when the rice-grounds are partially over-

flowed, or still moist, the delightful recreation of snipe-shooting is most advantageously pursued. The snipes throughout India are nearly as numerous as mosquitoes, fly lazily, and would, perhaps, be more shy, but for the danger which ever attends their destruction. If the snipe-shooter intends to fill his bag, he must start when the sun is hottest, trudge across the plains up to his middle in water, whilst his brains are addled by the solar heat, drink brandy like water, and bid defiance to death and the devil. Few snipe-shots live through two seasons; but still 'tis sport—glorious sport!! In the fens, and on banks of rivers—which are generally covered with masses of rush or grass, twelve and fourteen feet high—a well-trained spaniel may again be useful, especially if he is a good retriever. Every dog is glad enough to take the water in India; but they should not be allowed to indulge too often in a bath when heated, or it will speedily beget liver and cauger in the ears.

Should I ever return to India, greyhounds would certainly be the dogs of my choice. Coursing is but poor sport in the bracing climate of England; but the languor of tropical climates renders hard bodily exercise not only very injurious, even to the toughest constitutions, but an exceeding bore to indolent dogs like myself. Two brace, or even a leash, of fleet and powerful greyhounds—broad across the loins, clear in the pipes, and not afraid of using their teeth—will be a host of amusement in themselves; employ many a weary morning and evening in dull cantonments; and pull down many a fat buck on a line of march. In no part of India will they be use-

less. If you have not leisure to beat up the distant jungles and grass plains, and rouse the deer and hares from their coverts, there are always jackals and grey foxes close to your doors—every thicket round the villages abounding with one or the other.

Coursing and antelope-shooting are the only healthful sports to be enjoyed in India—which I have found to my cost—if we except, perhaps, those grand field days, which can be enjoyed but seldom, as they require extensive preparations, hosts of beaters, and a troop of elephants. Single sportsmen cannot venture to rouse the tiger, leopard, or wild buffalo, from their lairs in the heavy jungle.

Jackals bite very hard, and not unfrequently spoil delicate greyhounds, which have not been used to such rough treatment: the most savage and hard-mouthed dogs should therefore be preferred, if they are expected to run at everything. Many men slip their greyhounds after hares, foxes, and spotted deer only. I think that speedy lurchers would be found of great service; a brace of good ones would turn up a hyana, an animal frequently encountered when beating for jackals in a jungle country. Many also, from fear of disheartening their dogs, never slip them at the large red antelopes, whose surprising speed and stoutness will beat most greyhounds with the greatest ease. In the sands of the Mahanuddy, and on the flats bordering the Chilka Lake, these animals lose their superiority, by reason of their cloven hoofs sinking into the sand, whilst the spongy feet of the dogs buoy them up, like camels, on the surface. During the dry season, when the white sands of the river Maha-

nuddy lie exposed on either side the channel, to a great extent, we used to ride down the deer and antelopes with our horses alone, and transfix them, *en passant*, with hog-spears.

*Monday, 17th.*—This night, which happened to be a clear starlight one, but without a moon, S—— and myself determined to sit up for the jackals, a sport by no means exhilarating to an old Indian, but from its novelty and singularity peculiarly adapted to freshmen, who are not afraid of the night air.

I cannot imagine how we should get on in India without that useful animal the jackal: he is positively bread and cheese to sportsmen of all degrees; he is not, indeed, food for the *body*, but he is for the *mind*; and is esteemed by fox-hunters, coursers, shots, and badger-baiters alike! Nor must his universal services as a scavenger and devourer of the village filth be overlooked. We hunt him, course him, shoot him, bait him, entrap him, and skin him; and yet he is, without exception, the most useful little wretch in Hindoostan. Without him, the kite, and the argeela, in all probability that horrid scourge the plague would, before now, have paid us a visit.

The night was a clear twilight, and, taking up our guns, we left the budjrow at ten o'clock, and took up a position behind some felled timber, which lay on an open common, between the river and a vast track of woodland in front.

We waited in silence and suspense for nearly an hour, though the spirit of locomotion was evidently stirring amongst the quadrupeds of the forest. First a few solitary howls were heard from



the distant jungle ; then the yelping became louder and louder ; and finally settled into one general chorus ;

“ ’Twas uproar all,  
From Niger eastward, to the affrighted Nile.

This dreary discord, which nightly disturbs the Indian woods, is so wild and melancholy, that it is not by any means agreeable to a stranger. Louder and louder grew the yells of the jackals—and the long whining moan of the hyæna on the right, left, and to the front ; they seemed to encompass us ; we cocked both barrels, knelt down, and prepared for action. On reaching the skirt of the jungle the different packs appeared to separate in various directions ; and a troop of more than fifty made directly for our ambuscade, open-mouthed, and yelling like a legion of devils. It was a moment of delightful and thrilling suspense ; we could not see the approaching enemy, but we could hear the hoarse barks of the old, and the shrill treble of the young ones, coming down upon us like the wind. They were evidently on the scent of something—whether of ourselves, or otherwise, we could not guess ; but we rested our guns over the trunk of a tamarind tree, and made ready to dispute the passage. In a second we could descry the dusky figures of the jackals galloping towards us through the gloom ; they drew nearer and nearer—three were a-head ; the rest in a compact body behind—their noses to the ground, and their pace a long slouching gallop. “ A little nearer yet,” said I : “ Fire ! ” Four barrels flashed and thundered through the darkness in a sharp and sudden volley :—the yells were hushed in

a moment on every side ; and we sallied from our ambush to return a list of the killed and wounded.

One jackal lay struggling upon the ground, and soon gave up the ghost : another lay motionless a few yards off, apparently quite dead ; but when I went to pick him up, the cunning brute gave a desperate gripe at my leg. Luckily for me, he seized the gun-barrel, and the deep mark of his fangs will remain impressed on it till it ceases to be a gun-barrel.

From the dark forests around, the wild yellings of the animals on all sides, and the lonely solitude of the hour, jackal-shooting, by twilight, is not without its charms.

I was about to relate an anecdote of a friend's encounter with a pack of jackals some time before ; but my paper is out, and, till next month, I must take my leave.

SHIKARREE.

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### BREAKING GROUND.

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SIR,  
**T**HE continued frost having put a stop to all hunting, leaving the sportsman to his own resources for amusement, I am induced to offer the following observations upon days past and gone ; which, should you consider worthy of insertion, may be the means of producing some information upon the subject of “ breaking ground.” Your readers will all recollect this subject having been noticed by that celebrated hunter and writer, NIMROD, which arose during an excellent run with the Hurworth fox-hounds, and ended by the fox entering a covered water-course, crossing a lane in Lord Cleveland's Yorkshire country, when, from the place being broke through on the

opposite side to which the fox entered, prevented the otherwise easy method of bolting him. It was therefore broke into; when he soon met with that fate which all sportsmen consider not complete without. This was considered highly wrong by the Members of the Raby Hunt, assembled at Bedale; and NIMROD, in noticing it, gave high authority for its being contrary to all fox-hunting regulations. At that time my humble opinion was different; and from an occurrence which took place very lately of the same description, it appears to be not generally acted upon.

The circumstance to which I allude took place on Tuesday the 17th of November last, when the Lambton fox-hounds met at Bradbury Bridge in the Sedgefield country, and went to that never-failing Whin, known by the name of Cold Side covert, where they soon found their fox, which, after a pretty circuitous run, took a drain in a plantation a little south of the village of Church Merrington, in Lord Cleveland's Raby country. Not being able to bolt him, the drain was broken into, and sly reynard taken out; when he forfeited his life for his cowardice. This brings me to the conclusion, that, from the length of time the Master of these celebrated hounds has followed the sport of the field, together with the high character which all who have the slightest knowledge of him must admit he is fully entitled to, as a gentleman and sportsman, his authority must be equal to any; and from which it appears there are cases, as in a fox entering a wet drain, or water-course, where no fox would remain nor enter but under the circumstance of being hard pressed upon

by his pursuers, which admits the breaking of ground.

I fear I am now trespassing too much upon your columns, and therefore merely conclude by thanking you for the great pleasure I derive from a perusal of your monthly olio.—I am, Sir, &c.

A DURHAM SPORTSMAN.

January 12, 1830.

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### HUNTING IN WALES.

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SIR,

A Recent dedication of some months to graver lore deprived me, among other things, of the perusal of your Magazine; and it is only just now that I have seen your Number for September, containing my account of the Briny-menin Hunting Club. One is generally disposed to contemplate one's-self complacently enough in print, even as in a looking-glass; but upon this occasion you have so outrageously metamorphosed my name, that I should scarcely have been more shocked, had I, upon approaching a mirror, beheld a strange nose substituted for the true one on my face. *Helicos Morganwy!* Observe, I beg of you, Sir, that I subscribe myself HELIWR MORGANWG; the last letter of my first name an R, the last but one a w; the last letter of my last name a G, the last but one a w; and the pronunciation of it, as it were, *Helloor Morganog*. The Morganwgs are as ancient a family as any in Wales; and I was called HELIWR, after an uncle, whose first propensity was to hunt cats and kill flies.

I have, in spite of the "weightier concern," contrived to reconnoitre the chief of our hunting establishments for the season. Mr. Jen-

kiss, this year, as usual, turns out as beautiful a light grey pack as eye of sportsman could wish to con: and for condition, I think his kennel and stable may just now challenge any in the kingdom. He commenced the season by fox-hunting, chiefly at Margam; but I have not heard particulars. In general, however, the runs in that neighbourhood are not over good; the foxes for the most part dodging from one large wood to another; but when they do take across the open mountains, the hunting is magnificent, and often too protracted. More lately, at Llanharan, he has had large fields and excellent sport, after the *mountain hares*. And these, I suppose, will occupy him until about February, when he generally returns to wild foxes for a time: and then, last and best, concludes the season with turning out bag-foxes in the Vale, to which the "Scarlets" and Bits

of Blood congregate from all our quarters.

Mr. Entwisle's pack is also any thing but below itself this year. One could wish some of your "topping ones" to see how we get on in this part of the world; a few of our hare-runs would be likely a little to astonish them. Some of our nags, too, and those on them, can go the pace, and cross the country in a style, perhaps, not very inferior to what you witness in the best parts of England. Both with the Llanblethian and the Cardiff harriers bull-finches are topped, and other leaps taken, that the "knowing ones" might blench at. And certainly, with your favour, all these worthy feats shall not hereafter die with the doing; but, as I trust, be immortalized in deathless print!

I remain, yours, &c.

HELIWR MORGANWG.

Glamorganshire, December 26, 1829.

### TOM HILLS AND THE OLD SURREY HOUNDS.

SIR,

YOUR insertion of the following lines in your Magazine will afford, I doubt not, gratification to many of your Surrey readers, since they (or nearly such) were written to commemorate a celebrated day with the Old Surrey Fox-hounds, by a well-known old sportsman, the father of three huntsmen and one whipper-in to fox-hounds, whose skill in the kennel and ability in the field are equalled by their civility upon all occasions.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

January 15, 1830.

SURREY.

It was in November, eighteen hundred sixteen,  
On the twenty-eighth day, well mounted were seen  
Four score gallant sportsmen on Botley Hill Green,  
To follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Some mounted their blacks, and some mounted their bays,  
Some mounted their chesnuts, and others their greys;  
Then little thinking how severe are the days  
We have with the Old Surrey Hounds.

Half an hour after ten on this noted day  
 We threw into covert without more delay ;  
 But before us ten minutes the fox stole away,  
     In fear of the Old Surrey Hounds.

The weather was foggy and wind rather smart,  
 So we scarcely expected so early a start ;  
 For taking the scent they went off like a dart,  
     Tom Hills and the Old Surrey Hounds.

When Freeman's shrill horn proclaim'd they had found,  
 And awoke a sweet echo in chorus to sound,  
 Whilst all our brave youths made their hunters to bound,  
     And follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Then did each after reynard like lightning fly,  
 Up hills, and down dales, over all we came nigh ;  
 For such was a time our best mettle to try,  
     As we follow'd the Old Surrey Hounds.

We staid for no fences, but rode at them all,  
 And one of our lads in the chase got a fall ;  
 He, ever a swinging gate, tipt, horse and all,  
     But he follow'd the Old Surrey Hounds.

Still our fox kept his course, breast-high was the scent,  
 Through Cudham Lodge Woods like an arrow he went ;  
 He led us by Holwood to Bromley in Kent,  
     Where we follow'd the Old Surrey Hounds.

Not one check or fault, but we rode a slack rein,  
 On, on, my brave youths, you must gallop amain ;  
 No hold or halt, whip and spur o'er the plain,  
     When you follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Such sobbing and sighing, the like ne'er was known,  
 So grievously trying, blood, mettle, and bone,  
 Till some being beaten, they left us alone  
     To follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

'To farther inform you still more of our chase,  
 Right thro' Langley Park, we like furies did race,  
 And then doubling back the same ground the best pace,  
     Return'd to the wood where we found.

Of our gallant sportsmen I nothing shall say,  
 Except Mr. Welbank, who alone led the way ;  
 For he was the last who was with them that day,  
     And follow'd the Old Surrey Hounds.

To Barrow Green Woods was their next point we hear :  
 His horse being spent and the night drawing near,  
 His wish was in vain with them longer to steer,  
     Or to follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

'Tis seldom our sportsmen have felt such dismay—  
 All know Mr. Maberly kill'd his best grey,  
 And five or six others expir'd the next day,  
     Which follow'd the Old Surrey Hounds.

But now to conclude—you may think it is meet,  
 Since each horse in the field was completely beat—  
 We'll fill up a bumper to drink and repeat,  
     Success to Tom Hills and the Old Surrey Hounds!

REMARKS ON PHILO-LEASH'S  
RULES FOR COURSING DECISIONS.

SIR,

AS Mr. PHILO-LEASH has been good enough to answer my Query inserted in your Number for December, I will by your permission return the compliment, and make a few remarks on the rules he has proposed for the decision of courses: not however with any intention of filling your columns with a thorough analysis of the whole of them, as that would occupy more room than you can spare; and as they are, *as far as they go*, with few exceptions founded on proper principles, and well worthy of being attended to, they are consequently unnecessary to go into any detail upon. I wish to observe principally upon his 6th rule, in which he explains what he considers a coat; and by a former part of his letter he seems to doubt whether his fancy is right as to the meaning and derivation of the term.

He says—"6th rule: A coat (*i. e.* when running in circles, the dog who runs the outer circle passes the other) shall count as two turns and a wrench."

Here he is running in a circle (and his reward proposed is good); but if he will not think me presumptuous, I will endeavour to set him to run straight, about this so little understood word cote. His 3d rule is more properly within the meaning of that coursing term called a cote (not coat, as he as it), according to the explanation given of it in the Laws of the Leash as handed down to us from the days of our good Queen Bess, and on which, he says, these rules proposed by him are founded. His 3d rule is: "That the first turn be

reckoned as two, unless the hare turned decidedly to one dog, when only as one." And here he is again right in principle; because if the hare does not turn to one dog, but runs straight till forced by one of the dogs to turn, that turn must be obtained by superior speed, admitting that they started even; and certainly a turn gained by superior speed ought to be allowed more for than a turn gained without it, as many are by one dog having the start of the other after the previous turn: and when a turn is gained, the dogs starting even, and the hare going straight till the dog turns her, it is neither more nor less than a cote, as defined by the old laws framed by His Grace of Norfolk, and subscribed to by the principal gentry.

The 15th rule of those laws is not in fact so much a rule, as an explanation of the following or 16th rule, which says, *a cote serves for two turns, &c.* The 15th rule is, "A cote is when a greyhound goeth endways by his fellow and gives the hare a turn."

It appears, however, from a small work lately published, intitled "The Courser's Companion, or a Practical Treatise on the Laws of the Leash," pages 72-3, that there are two versions of those laws purporting to be His Grace of Norfolk's: it also appears, from the meaning of the term cote being so little known, that the defective version has got into more general circulation than the other, which other also appears to be a corrected one from the first. With the exception of six items which are not contained in one of them, they are nearly verbatim the same; and one of those items, the 15th in the corrected version, is an explanation of *what a cote is*; and

another, the 18th, *what is a turn*, which also requires to be understood; for if a dog is entitled to count one for it, the hare should be turned, as it were, round, or in the coursing phrase of the present day, *fetch'd back again*: if she does not come round, she only wrencheth; and two wrenches stand for one turn. Now the author of that work, although he has given us copious practical definitions of the effect of that performance termed a cote, yet he has *not* given us any explanation of the etymology of the word: and although I am not versed in learned disputative inquiries, or the etymological deduction of formations from the radical word or its derivations; yet impressed with the idea of, I had almost said, a paramount consideration due to this performance, (for it combines speed, stoutness, and good turning when given numbers of times in succession, the three great essentials in a greyhound,) I have had the curiosity to look a little into its derivation, and which has still more convinced me of its importance, and also of its being so considered at the time those rules were framed. The conclusion which I come to as to the motive for adopting that term is, that there was no English word expressive of that performance; but, being so desirable to have it expressed, they had recourse to a foreign language for a proper term. The idea being inadmissible, from the nature of the sport, that the dog which happens on all occasions to run up best at the last of a course, should be deemed the best dog, rendered it necessary to form some other criterion to decide that question; and the only feasible one which offered itself was that of dividing and subdividing

the course into different specified parts, and allotting a proportionate reward for each. What they have termed a cote is the *first* performance that takes place in a course, that admits of being defined with any distinctness: one dog out-runs the other and turns the hare; they then begin a fresh attack upon her; and the slowest dog, being behind, has generally an opportunity of taking the lead from the turn. But sometimes they again start as even as when first going out of the slips, and a second cote may, and often does, take place. I have seen from five to ten cotes in one course; and the dog which gives the turn, with his head very near the ground, endeavoring to take the hare, and his energetic effort to keep his eyes upon her and regain his full scope of speed, from his previous velocity, must cause him to undergo a severe and sharp twist of his body, which distresses him more than it does the one some distance behind, who avoids that sharp twist, by being able to take the direction of the hare without it, or at least in so severe a degree. It therefore follows, that if the dog giving the turn is enabled to get on his legs to start even again with the other, he must be a better turner; and this done in succession, must shew stoutness. A go-by has generally been considered the most important feature in a course; but this is perhaps owing to a cote not being understood, or imperfectly considered.

PHILO-LEASH, when he suggests "cotoyer, to coast round," and his idea of running round him, as applying to it, is not wide of the mark; in fact it approaches towards it. Cotoyer has its derivation from cote, and means, to sail along a sea coast, or close to the shore, whe-

ther straight or irregular; and cote is from the word ribs, as being side by side, and as the whole of any thing to which it applies, as from first to last, and as going in a curve: it also means a ridge or declivity, with a variety of applications. The English word coat, the garment we wear, is derived from the French word cote. Hence PHILLO-LEASH's sixth rule is in accordance with the etymology of the word, as two dogs running in a circle are *coting*; but not in strict accordance with the rule laid down by His Grace of Norfolk, which is the most important of the two, as being of much more general occurrence, and combining more considerations. His sixth rule, nevertheless, is well worthy of attention; as a dog running the outer circle, and passing his fellow, must have more merit than passing in a straight line; and it is also a subject liable to be overlooked. It once fell to my lot to decide a course where the hare was turned many times, but between the turns the run was so short that there was no opportunity, *except twice*, of seeing any superiority of speed between the dogs, who took turn for turn. Those two times the hare ran in a circle: the outside dog, being half a length first, pressed the hare inwards, and caused the runs to be longer than between other turns; and the dog running the outer circle shewed evidently most speed, at least to my fancy, and I decided for him: it was the only thing I had to decide upon, but I thought it sufficient. Both winner and loser afterwards applied to me to know *on what* I decided, as they both declared they could see no difference. The result, however, was, that the winning dog became afterwards the loser's property, and won him a

gold cup, a silver cup, and three sets of sweepstakes, in five several counties.

The word cote, in its derivation, applies to the dogs being side by side, and to the turn of the hare; but it has no direct application, in particular, to one going faster than the other; though this deficiency is easily supplied by its indirect application, and in two ways. They are coting when running side by side; but they do not *complete* a cote without a turn: thus if they run side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, and both force the hare to turn, they *both* complete a cote; but if one out-runs the other, and turns the hare, *he* only completes it, and he only is entitled to the reward. Cote, in its derivation, has also its application to covering; and if one dog has more speed than another, his speed is hypothetically termed as covering the other's speed. And if we go to other acknowledged authorities, we find coting is considered as referring to superior speed. One of Shakspeare's commentators, alluding to the players in *Hamlet*, where Rosencrantz says, "we coted them on the way," says, "*coting is overtaking*;" and Dr. Johnson says, coting is *leaving behind, over-passing*. Now a dog giving a cote, according to the old laws of the leash, does both these, for he *leaves his fellow dog behind, and overtakes the hare*. Taking the circumstances altogether, I have but little doubt, that, when a cote is properly considered, it will be deemed as important a feature in a course as any other, if not more so. A go-by is a beautiful performance to the eye; but the features of a cote require more contemplation, duly to appreciate its merits, than a go-by does.

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I am, however, inclined to think, from the rules PHIL-LEASH has proposed, and some of his expressed sentiments, that he will find, on a perusal of the work just published on Coursing, many sentiments in unison with his own. On his way of summing up a course, he will find some remarks in note to rule 21, page 141; and on his 11th rule, which I conceive to be wrong, I would refer him to pages 60, 61, and 62, of that work: but should he favour us with further remarks in your columns, I should be glad to know on what principle he reconciles that rule with fairness or justice? I am aware that it is, probably, founded on the 12th rule of the old laws; but that rule has always appeared to me, and many others, as totally objectionable, and as giving a most undue advantage to an old waiting dog over a fair runner. Should it be with a very stout hare in an open country, the fair runner would not have the least chance to win against a waiting dog; and I never could reconcile my mind to one dog winning because the other stood still, when his doing so is from distress occasioned by his

having done *by far* the most work, whilst the other was waiting and saving himself. If he stands still wilfully, without that cause, I should think it not wrong to cast him for it; but such is not probable, when he has before shewn his disposition to work, by gaining most turns. The probability is on the other side; namely, that the waiting dog will stand still without being obliged by distress to do so. However, if there is a sufficient reason for the rule, as it is now put, I should be glad to know what that reason is.

I very much doubt the utility of a Judge giving his reasons, if questioned by *any* Member of a Club. Such is contrary to the practice of many Clubs, being found from experience to be both inconvenient and useless. If a coursers is once dissatisfied, you may talk to eternity before he will be convinced he is fairly beat:—

“Convince a man against his will,  
He'll hold the same opinion still.”

The rule is, to answer no questions unless applied to by the Stewards for that purpose.

TANTARA.

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## POSTSCRIPT TO NIMROD'S GERMAN TOUR.

(Concluded from our last, p. 212.)

SIR,  
**W**HEN we recollect that Germany is a country that gave rise to laws and usages that still prevail in most of the countries in Europe; or when we read, in the more elegant language of Gibbon, that “the most civilised nations of modern Europe issued from their woods, and in the rude institutions of their early ages we

may still distinguish the original principles of our present laws and manners;” moreover, when we call to mind that they are a nation that Cæsar could not conquer, and more like ourselves than the people of any other country—a little account of their original peculiarities, habits, and customs, may not be uninteresting to my readers. I



will begin with their houses, and then enter into a detail of some of their domestic minutiae.

The houses in Germany are for the most part considerably larger for the occupation of all descriptions of persons than ours are in England, but they are not so replete with comfort. The immense doors and the superabundance of large windows, opening after the manner of folding doors, give a chilling and comfortless appearance to the houses, to which the absence of carpets materially contributes. A cheerful blazing fire is also very seldom seen, as stoves are almost universally adopted both in sitting-rooms and bed-chambers. I never saw one lighted during my visit to the country; but I was told I should prefer them, in the time of very severe frost, to our English fire-places, as they distribute an equal warmth over every part of the room. In their kitchens nothing but stoves and hot hearths are made use of.

The style of dinner in Germany I have already described. You sit down to an elegant dessert, with wines of all descriptions on the table; but you know not what you are going to dine upon. This objection might be remedied, by having bills of fare placed in different parts of the table. As it is, you are in ignorance of what is to come, and may be induced, either to make your dinner off something you do not much relish, or overload your stomach by not being able to resist a tempting dish at the last.

I cannot account for the bad condition of the meat even at the best tables in Germany.—What do they do with all the fine green crops they grow? or do they make sugar of their mangel-wurzel instead of giving it to cattle? Why do they not grow plenty of Swedish

turnips for their sheep and oxen on land so well calculated for them? and why do they not—the gentlemen of the country I mean—have some good fat meat of all sorts for their own tables? With sea-fish also they are wretchedly supplied when compared with this country, where it is to be had in almost every village. Although Germany is called the land of sausages, I never met with them above twice during the time I was in it, nor sour-cROUT more than once.

I did not taste a good soup three times on my Tour; and from seeing the sort of dish-water which all descriptions of persons partook of at the *tables-d'hôte*, without making any objections, I took it into my head that the Germans are no connoisseurs in soup. Homer says, those who eat of the *lotus* never think of returning home; but the soups of Germany had no charms for me. Indeed they reminded me of a story of Dionysius the Tyrant in days of yore. Wishing to taste the black broth of Lacedemon, he sent to Sparta for a cook; but on tasting it, spat it out into the poor fellow's face. "Sire," said the cook, "no man who has not bathed in the Eurotas can eat our broth."

There is no display of plate on the sideboards of the German Noblemen; neither, generally speaking, have their servants that neat appearance which English servants have. I was struck with the frequent absence of napkins and finger-glasses; and I observed that, like the priests of Isis, the Germans eat scarcely any salt with their meals, no salt-spoons being on the tables. It is reported the Duke of Devonshire is about to establish the custom of sitting down *only to a dessert*, and having the dishes, with the dinner, handed round by

the servants. It certainly saves the host and hostess of a feast a great deal of trouble, and enables them to enter more into conversation with their guests. Notwithstanding this, I am not an advocate for too many innovations, or willing to believe that the eye-sight of the English can be offended at the prospect of a sirloin of beef.

Politeness is common to well-educated persons of all nations, and is not peculiar to any one people. If it be not a cardinal virtue, it stands first in the second order, and greatly contributes to the happiness of society. In one respect, however, in Germany, I think it is carried too far—I mean in the perpetual act of pulling off the hat. Speaking ludicrously of it, it really becomes *expensive*; for, with a man who has a large acquaintance in any public place, his hat is never two minutes at rest. The first instance of this practice that struck me forcibly occurred at Wietendorf. Mr. William Biel came in contact with his inspector, or steward as we call him here, and each of their heads was instantly uncovered. The next was at Dobberan, when I entered a mercer's shop with Baron Biel. The Baron took his hat off respectfully to the shopkeeper before he told him what he wanted at his shop. I found it to be the general custom; and more than once I saw mechanics and labourers saluting each other in the way I have described. Now, in my opinion, there is too much of *profession* in all this doffing the hat. I cannot see the necessity of a gentleman putting his servant on an equality with himself, or of making a low bow to a shopkeeper, on first entering his shop.

A still more absurd custom is observed in Germany and in Hol-

land; but this I think is chiefly confined to the middle orders of society. I allude to men kissing each other when they meet. I saw some ridiculous scenes of this description, and one in particular, where two great big-bellied fellows embraced and kissed each other on both sides of the face. I like female kisses as well as any son of Adam that ever trod the earth, and trust I shall continue so to do till my last hour; but no *he-kisses* for me!

"I marvel what pleasure or delight they have," says the author of *Every Man in his Humour*, "in taking this roguish tobacco! It is good for nothing but to fill a man with smoke and embers. There were four men died out of one house last week with taking of it; and two more the bell went for yesterday night—one of them, they say, will never escape it. *He voided a bushel of soot yesterday!*" —It is certainly marvellous to see to what excess smoking is carried in Germany. Amongst the middling and lower orders, every male, from boys of fifteen to old age, has his pipe almost perpetually in his mouth, whether in doors or out, and I saw several labouring men mowing hay with pipes hanging from their lips. The form of the pipe is by no means similar to ours which are made of clay, and the mouth-piece, as we may term it, is of, I should think, an inconvenient size, and, when in use, must discompose the natural position of the lips. To this Mr. Tattersall and myself attributed a peculiar squareness about the mouths of the German women; but whether it can be traced to such a cause, I will not pretend to determine.

The Germans had the character of being famous for drinking, but

I do not think it belongs to them now. Their habit of smoking, likewise, does not appear to be by any means an inducement to, or accompaniment of, drinking, as the pipe seems quite as welcome before breakfast as after dinner, with a cup of coffee as with a bowl of punch. Of what may be called the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, I had no experience, for I was not in any of their houses; but as far as my observation led me amongst the higher and lower ranks, I should say sobriety was conspicuous. I do not, however, like that turning out with the ladies after dinner; the loss of that pleasant hour or two which we English gentlemen have to ourselves, is a sacrifice which not even the ladies can repay. Besides, according to the old adage, too much of a good thing is good for nothing, and the society of women is always heightened by a short absence. "*In tempore ad eam veni, quod rerum omnium est primum.*"

Smoking, however, appears to agree with German constitutions, for the Germans are, generally speaking, a powerful athletic race. Indeed this was always their character; for we learn from History, that when they broke into the Roman territories in the reign of the Antonines, they very much improved the breed of the people of that country, which was then beginning to degenerate.

Contentment is the balm of human life; and I think the Germans have their share of this. They may, therefore, be said to enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. There appears a simplicity and an innocence of manners about them—the usual attendants on country life; and, though poor abroad in their villages—as they do every where in these days—they do

not appear worse off than they are in other countries. It is fortunate indeed for humanity, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is better than all the philosophy of the Schools to teach us how to endure it!

Speaking of the manly character of the Germans, I was surprised at now and then observing the adoption of ear-rings in men's ears. At Dobberan there was a fine young man, and I was told "a most excellent fellow," thus adorned. I would leave these ornaments for the women, and I would never mix the character if I could help it; for I know not which is worse, a masculine woman or an effeminate man. This leads me to an anecdote of one of our English Noblemen, who some years back espoused a lady with a good deal of the *gentleman* about her. On being congratulated on the happy event, he replied, "I have no reason to repent; I have married a d—d good sort of a fellow, but there is not much of the woman about her."

I must not omit a little description of the general character of German women, as one of my readers especially warned me on this head:—"Give us," says he, "the whole thing, not only the racing, but the sports of the people, the *ladies*, the betting ring, the ordinary, the *chasse*, the theatre, society, &c. &c."

I think the German women in general are well formed, and not wanting in graceful demeanour. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair, and their complexions are clear and natural. I did not see one lady who had recourse to *rouge*, but perhaps I might be deceived; and I thought the generality of those I saw very well dressed. Add to this, they

are good dancers, which greatly sets off all personal charms. Speaking seriously, however, there is certainly a squareness about the mouth which is very evident to a stranger; but whether it can be traced to the pipe I do not pretend to determine.

The lower orders of German women are not only very plain but very dirty. As King Lear says, "Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrible as in woman;"

and, God knows, there is nothing tempting about a German peasant-woman. In the first place, the elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under the clothes she wears; and the slovenly slippers she makes use of give her a very unsightly appearance. Women in general are aware of the power of attraction which has always belonged to a good leg and foot; at least a young lady of my acquaintance was awake to it, when she made the following answer to this remark:—"You have a beautiful head-dress to-night," said her partner in a quadrille. "I think but little of *that*," said she; "if I am a coxcomb about any thing, *it is about my shoes and stockings.*" The red stockings the German women wear are any thing but captivating in my eye. As was the case with the broth, we should be dipped in the Danube to relish them. Let me not be supposed to detract from woman's charms, because they are unadorned. On the contrary, in my own country, some of the finest specimens of female form are to be seen among the humble classes of life.

When Phidias the sculptor was asked how he could conceive that air of divinity which he had given

to the face of his statue of Jupiter Olympus? he answered, that *he had copied it from the celebrated description of that God in Homer.* Now, were I to make the attempt, I should never succeed in conveying to my readers a just idea of the "young, amiable, and beautiful Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh," as Baron Biel so justly described her: but, as the star of the German women, I cannot let Her Royal Highness pass with the slight notice I have given of her. There is a winning suavity and a graceful ease about this Princess that add lustre to beauty, beyond what the most costly gems can bestow; and, when found as an accompaniment to the exalted rank which it is her lot to sustain, nothing can resist their power. Juno put on the cestus of Venus, but she still continued Juno: and it was not till she laid aside her jealousy, her pride, her ill-nature, and her scolding, and put on sweetness and good-humour in their stead, that old Jupiter looked kindly on her again. I have reason to believe a happier couple than this Royal Duke and Duchess are not to be found upon earth: and long may they continue to enjoy its comforts, and see their children as happy as themselves!

I brought over with me prints of the Grand Duke, and of the Hereditary Duke and Duchess of whom I am now speaking. They are excellent likenesses; and in the countenance of the latter the artist has been happy in diffusing that softness of expression and prettiness of features which are its distinguishing character in life. I have already mentioned that Her Royal Highness is a daughter of the late King of Prussia\*.

\* I have been as good as my word. Her Royal Highness's portrait, handsomely framed, hangs up in my dining room, opposite that of the great Mr. Ward.

The Duchess of Lucca, a daughter of the King of Sardinia, is a singularly beautiful, and still more singularly elegant woman. With a very regular set of features, she possesses the rare combination of fine eyes, beautiful teeth, delicate complexion, and fine hair—add to which she is in the flower of her youth. But, as Juba says to Marcia:—

“ ’Tis not a set of features or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire:”

no—I like to see such a woman as this with a cheerful countenance, as if thankful for the lavish hand with which Nature has bestowed her gifts. However, I must not bear too hard here. I have reason to believe this lovely, and, according to report, very amiable personage has split upon a rock which has extinguished the happiness of thousands, and often made life insupportable, and death a welcome visitor. She has mistaken the means, if not the end, of Religion; and instead of looking upon it, as all sensible persons must, as the foundation of cheerfulness and good humour, she regards it as an object of terror, a cause for gloominess and reserve, and a distaste of all earthly pleasures. What a curse, instead of a blessing, would it entail upon us if such were its real attributes! Add to this, I hate fanaticism; for it has been very justly observed, that hypocrisy is never free from fanaticism, nor fanaticism from hypocrisy.

The Duchess of Lucca is a Roman Catholic, and was attended at Dobberan by her ghostly adviser and faithful father-confessor. He is an Irishman, and I am told a man of talent and good

conduct. Can he not offer the healing balm to a wounded spirit, and smooth the brow of this otherwise angelic woman? It is not in my power to give her absolution; but if she would listen to me for five minutes, I would address her thus: “ Fear not, lovely creature; God never made mortals for the purpose of tormenting them either in this world or the next. Look up then, and let no evil forebodings dim the lustre of those heavenly charms. *You must be saved; for*

— “ Were you ’whelm’d in sin!  
Stand but at Heaven’s gate awhile,  
You would so like an angel smile,  
They can’t but let you in.”

The Duke of Lucca is of a very opposite temperature to his handsome Duchess. As I have just observed,

“ There is a speaking sadness in her air,  
A hue of languor o’er her features fair,  
Born of no common grief; as though  
Despair  
Had wrestled with her spirit:”

but there is nothing of this about her Royal Consort. With an income of half a million of florins, and a good disposition to spend it\*, he appears at present to have no notion of baulking his fancy in this world to secure a good berth in the next. His Highness’s personal appearance is also in his favour; for, although I did not much fancy him in his shooting dress the first time I saw him, he is an elegant young man in a ball room, and has quite the air of the highest fashion. His good nature is also strongly impressed on his countenance; and the following little trait will corroborate what I have said. Mistaking him one night for another person, I went familiarly up to him and offered him my hand. He was

\* His Highness has a large stud in training, and is a formidable competitor on the turf, having had more than his share of success.

aware of the mistake, but gave it a very hearty shake.

The Prince I am speaking of is a descendant of the proud Porsenna, who had the boldness to dictate to the Roman Empire; but is, I understand, a Bourbon. His father was made King of Etruria, but dethroned by Bonaparte when the present Duke was an infant. At his mother's death he will succeed to the Duchy of Parma, which will produce an immense addition to his income.

The Duke of Lucca has not only not the appearance of being priest-ridden, but I think the following anecdote will shew he is a little inclined to be facetious on a subject which some people say will not admit of a joke. This, however, it must be admitted, was a harmless one. Being at Berlin, a short time after we were in that capital, His Highness went to the shop at which I mentioned Mr. Tattersall having purchased the iron bracelets, and, seeing a small statue, purchased it, and sent it to his Duchess. The next morning, when her confessor attended her, this statue was on her table, and his Reverence's consternation may easily be conceived when he recognised in it the countenance of Martin Luther, the Reformer! What penance the poor Princess had to perform for having harboured this arch-heretic a whole night in her chamber is not for me to calculate upon.

It occurs to me that I have omitted any mention of the Grand Duke's Palace. It is situated at Ludewigshut, about sixty-five miles from Dobberan, where I was given to understand great state is kept up at Court. The income of His Royal Highness is said to exceed 300,000*l.* per annum of our money

—a vast revenue in so cheap a country, and equal, I should imagine, to the utmost extent of Imperial magnificence. No Potentate, however, better deserves it, if the good name of his subjects be a certain test of his worth, for they speak of him as if he were formed by nature with an innate desire to please and befriend. In his easy and very affable deportment he may bear a just comparison with Trajan; and in his government he may be called the father of his people—the "*pater atque princeps*," as Horace styles Augustus. His Royal Highness, indeed, bears one other resemblance to the latter great pride of antiquity:—*he has a strong penchant for the "cast of the die;"* but this is not considered a vice in our very tolerating days; and, according to Tacitus, the passion for play was ever inherent in the German people. Such little failings, however—nor could we wish it to be otherwise—are but obscurely seen through a long reign of popularity and splendour.

Genius is said to inhabit a world of its own; and some say *so should Royalty*. Mixing occasionally with all degrees of people, as must naturally be the case when the Royal party dine and sup at the *table d'hôte* in Dobberan, may be said to verify the old proverb, of too much familiarity breeding contempt. I am willing to admit, that it may abate the fervour of adoration; but I shall always think it generates esteem. For, as Shakspeare says—

"Oh, Ceremony, shew me thy worth:  
What is thy toll, O, Adoration!  
Art thou nought else but place, degree,  
and form.  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being  
fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft—instead of ho-  
mage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery?"

I much question then if the annual visit to Dobberan may not have produced some of the happiest hours in this good Monarch's life; for the sweets of retirement can be only duly appreciated by those who are obliged to live in a crowd.

"More true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

As an admirer of the works of Nature far above those of Art, I was pleased to reckon, amongst the customs of Germany, the respect paid to the bird called the Stork, which, although (on account of his food) reckoned among the unclean by Moses, is held almost sacred here. Indeed, in many parts of the world these birds are considered sacred; and the inhabitants of those houses on which they build their nests are supposed to be free from all misfortunes, and greatly favored by Heaven. Certain is it, that in Germany it would almost be considered a prophane act to offer violence to the stork. Perhaps the high antiquity of the opinion of its feeding its parents when they grow old has acquired this veneration; and we must not forget that the stork is accounted among the symbols of piety, and frequently alluded to in Holy Writ. Perceiving one of their nests on the top of a barn at Baron Biel's, I asked him if it were true that the same birds generally returned to the place where they had been hatched? He admitted the vulgar idea was in favour of their doing so; but it was not, he said, in his power to decide the point. That, they come to that part of the country from very distant regions is proved by one of them having been shot near Rostock, and now in the Museum there, which had part of an African's

arrow in its wing. They quit Germany in October.

There are hundreds of beautiful allusions to the stork; but when speaking of him as a bird of passage, and the wonderful instinct that leads him into unknown latitudes, none is more happily expressed than Pope's:—

"Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore  
Heavens not its own, and worlds unknown  
before?  
Who calls the council, states the certain  
day—  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points  
the way?"

There is also, upon record, a neat rebuke of Lucullus to Pompey, who jeered him for making his villa at Tusculum only fit for a summer residence. "What! (said Lucullus), do you think I have less sense than the stork? Shall *he* change his habitation with the season, and *Lucullus* remain in the same all the year round?"

THE COUNTRY.—Had I no local attachments, and wished to change my country for another, Germany should be the one I would fix upon, as being the most like my own—"a real Englishman's reason," I hear my reader observe. However, I like Germany for other reasons than this. I like it because it is a pastoral and not a manufacturing country; and I should wish to see three or four good packs of stag-hounds in it, for which it is pretty well qualified; but it will not do for fox-hounds. Game-preserving likewise has not been extended to the alarming pitch it has with us, and which has destroyed a great deal of that very good fellowship which seems to be in full force in Germany. Racing and all other manly sports are also on the increase; and I have no doubt but in

a few more years a great many of my countrymen will attend the meetings in Mecklenburgh, when they read my account of them, and the kind reception which English gentlemen meet with.

Associations of the past will present themselves to a mind not quite devoid of contemplation. As I travelled over great part of Germany, Ovid's typical allusion to her often came across me. He places her in two positions—sometimes as kneeling or sitting in a dejected manner at the foot of her conqueror; and, at others, recovering herself under the mildness of the Roman Government. The latter application is best suited to her now: but a foreigner, traversing some of the districts through which we passed, might be led to suspect either that an exterminating Angel had destroyed the first-born of the land; or, as is really the case, a great part of the population had been swallowed by the devouring jaws of War. You travel mile after mile without seeing a human face, or a cottage by the road side; but the absence of the latter is in a great measure accounted for: the German population prefer living in villages for security, having been so dreadfully pillaged in the various wars in which they have been engaged.

Agriculture appears to be held in high estimation by the Germans, as indeed it ever has been by all sensible persons. Being, as Columella observes, closely allied to true philosophy, it has been the resource to which eminent men of all ages have recurred, in order to amuse the leisure hours which are attendants of a life on retirement. The German landed pro-

prietors, however, have not that facility of getting tenants for their farms that we have in this country; so many of them are farmers from necessity.

COINS.—As coin is a common measure for regulating the price of the several kinds of merchandise, as also every article of life, and as it is a sure pledge which has an intrinsic value, what a pity it is that it cannot be the same in all nations! I had witnessed in Ireland the confusion created by the constant recurring to fractions in their money; but in Germany it appeared to be still greater, and the natives themselves are often puzzled in their most trifling reckonings. Throw a sovereign to an English shopkeeper, and tell him to take so many shillings, pence, and farthings out of it, and he hands you the change in the twinkling of an eye; but in Germany it is nearly five minutes' work. The *Louis d'or* and *Frederick d'or* (worth sixteen or seventeen of our shillings) are handsome pieces, but their small coins are miserable tokens, and scarcely worthy the name of money. However, from the Persian darick to the lowest mite, there has ever been a mystery in coins.

I must say a word or two respecting the Germans as sportsmen and horsemen. As sportsmen, their talent is, for the most part, directed to other channels than those to which Englishmen direct theirs. A Musters, a Cleveland, a Lambton, a Smith, an Anson, an Oxenden, a Wyndham, a King, a Kintore, a Foljambe, a Berkeley, a Sutton, or an Osbaldeston\*, would not be thought much of with them, as the nice points of breeding, feeding, and

\* All Gentlemen-huntsmen at this time in England.



hunting hounds are only secondary considerations. A Captain Ross, a George Anson, or a Kennedy, or an Osbaldeston with his gun in his hand, would be the men for Germany. He who could kill two roebucks, right and left, with a rifle, would reap the highest honours; and I am inclined to believe, dead shots as these four countrymen of mine are, they would find some stout competitors in Germany, in the woods. I cannot conceive a much more difficult shot than a roe leaping over the bushes at full speed in a thicket.

The seat of the Germans on their horses is somewhat different from ours, as it is more of the military than the hunting or jockey seat. The stirrup leather being long, the knee also is kept straighter, and the toe turned more outward than we see it in England. Most of the horses which I rode on the road had a kind of a run in their fast trot which is favorable to the German seat, as it does not require rising from the saddle, which I observed several of the German horsemen never practised. I had no opportunity of seeing their method of riding after hounds; but in the little specimen I witnessed at the steeple chase, I thought Counts Voss and Hahn, and Baron Biel, put their horses well at their fences, and looked as if they could ride over a country. The seat of the riding-masters is exactly that of a highly-drilled dragoon.

The racing-seat of the German gentlemen-jockeys is also different to ours. They do not rise from their saddles—at least in a very trifling degree; but they sit steadily, and have good hands. The best amongst them—Baron Malt-

shan—I did not see perform, in consequence of the death of his father, but I understand he is very good.

I found great fault with the general method of saddling the horses in Germany. I do not particularly allude to any of the gentlemen-sportsmen of whom I have been speaking, but to the people we met on the roads and saw on the race-course. The saddles are placed much too far back, quite on the loins of the horse, which is a great disadvantage to him. It should be placed as near as possible to the shoulder blade, without interfering with its action.

Speaking of horsemen, I observed a curious custom in Brandenburg, of servants riding after their masters without coats—only in a scarlet waistcoat, laced hat, leather breeches, and boots. This, I suppose, is “κατὰ τὰ παρὰ,” after the manner of their forefathers, and therefore considered right. To us, however, it had an odd appearance.

N. B. I wish to correct a misnomer in July Number 1829—for “*Lord Normanby* is a strict fox-preserver,” read “*Lord Norman-ton*.” The error was only lately pointed out, or I should have sooner corrected it.—Also, in last Number, p. 209, col. 1, line 26, for “out of a Landscape mare, by Rubens,” read “out of Landscape, by Rubens.” NIMROD.

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## CURLING.

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THE ARDOCH AND DUNBLANE CLUBS.

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SIR,

ON the 19th and 21st of December, the extensive curling-pond at Dunblane presented an appearance of more than ordi-

nary interest, from the numerous assemblage of persons of every age and grade to pursue the graceful amusements of curling and skating. So many seasons had elapsed in succession, affording but few opportunities of "beguiling the weary winter day" at these health-renovating exercises, that the severe setting in of the frost was hailed with pleasing anticipations, in which none but the admirers of curling can fully participate. During the very climax of the contest on the 21st, which was conducted with much spirit and skill on every *rink*—while the vociferating shouts of directors—the stentorian cries of "clear the rink"—"scoop him in"—"scoop him bye"—and similar phrases equally familiar among the craft—added to the monotonous rumbling of the stones, and the rattling noise of their repercurssion on coming in contact—an old and experienced curler, on whom the hopes of his colleagues mainly depended, was thrown down by the rebounding of a stone, by which his right arm was dislocated at the shoulder. This accident was most dispiriting to his friends; for although the displaced joint was speedily reduced by two medical gentlemen present, his partners could not avail themselves farther of his valuable assistance, and the game, in consequence, was decided in favour of their opponents—not a little to the chagrin of the doughty man himself, who awaited the result with the utmost anxiety, and could scarcely be persuaded from assuming his *stance* on the *grippers* when appearances were against his party.

Dunblane has been long celebrated for the superiority of many of her inhabitants at this favorite

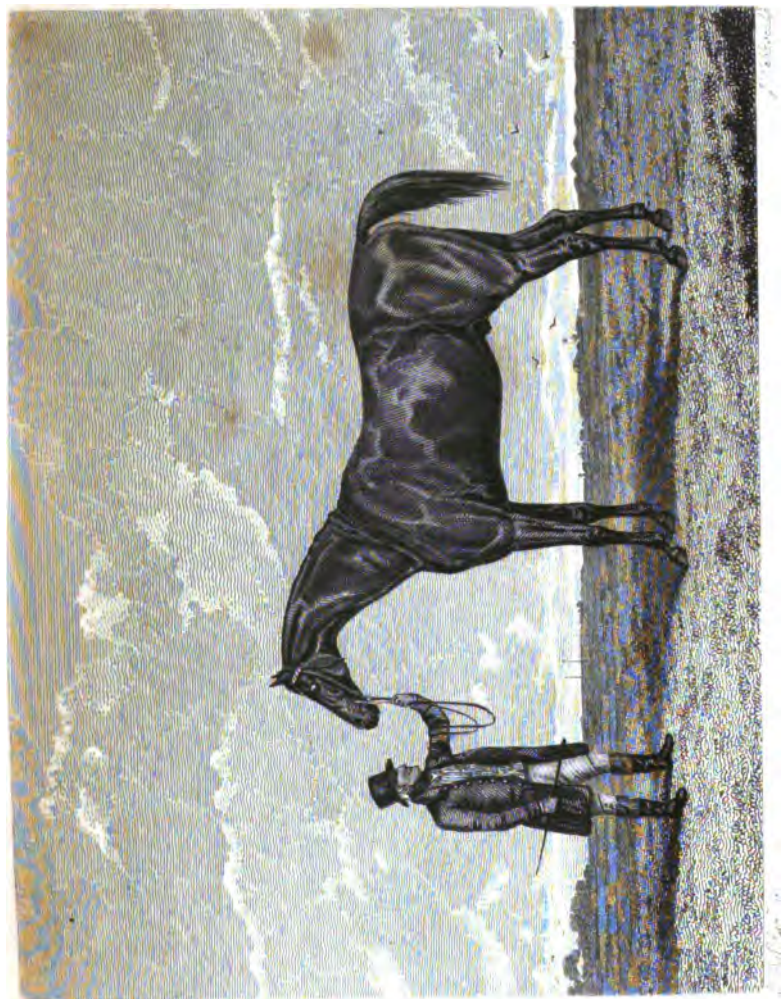
national game. The Dunblane curlers never having been defeated during the last twenty-five years, except by the redoubtable heroes of Ardoch; the former resolved once more to struggle for the mastery on the "frozen icy board;" and accordingly forwarded a challenge to the latter on Wednesday, December 30th, which, having been accepted, the parties agreed "to muster strengths" at Ardoch pond, on Monday, January 4th, 1830, thirty on each side. The litigants accordingly met, when this interesting match terminated in favour of the Ardoch Club—the Dunblanensians counting only 51, as their antagonists called out 84, being the number of the game.

R.

Stirling, Jan. 8, 1830.

#### PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of SPRINGKELL.

**SPRINGKELL** was bred by, and is the property of, Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart. He was got by Epperston, his dam by Stamford, grandam by Restless, great grandam (Viscount's dam) by Bordeaux—by Prophet, out of Saltram's dam, by Snap, &c. &c. His performances as a racer have been as follow:—In 1824, as a two-year-old, at Middleham, he won the 50l. for maiden horses, beating Mr. Ferguson's c. by Grey Middleham and Mr. Parkinson's Janette.—At Dumfries, in October, he walked over for the M.P.'s plate of 50l.—In 1825, he won the Carlisle Gold Cup, 100g., beating Mr. Brotherton's Sir Roger, and General Sharpe's Panthaea, by Blacklock, out of Manuella. The next day he won 50l., beating Mr. Hudson's Isabella, The Governess, and General Sharpe's P. P. C.—



SPRINGBELL.

WINDING RIVER, NEW YORK, 1850.



At Dumfries, in October, he won 50l., beating Glenlivet, by Ardrosan.—In 1826, at Edinburgh, he won, easily, first heat for the King's 100gs. beating Mr. Baird's Robin Hood by Walton, but met with an accident between the heats, and was drawn.—In 1827, September, at Carlisle, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., beating Canteen and others.—Next day he won His Majesty's Plate, 100 gs., beating Young Corrector, Sir Calton, Stickler, &c.—At Dumfries, in October, he won His Majesty's Plate, 100gs., beating Glenlivet and Tremaine.—Next day he won the Caledonian Cup, value 100gs., beating Mr. Alexander's c. by Viscount, out of Albueria, and Mr. Baird's Domine Skelp.—In 1828, at Newcastle, he won His Majesty's Plate, 100gs., beating Lady Easby and two others.—At Carlisle, in September, he won the Gold Cup, 100gs., beating the Young Duchess and others.

SPRINGKELL continues in Sir John Heron Maxwell's stud, at Springkell by Ecclefechan, where he has covered this season, at 10gs. for thorough-bred mares. He is of a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, and of unusual strength and symmetry.

#### FOX-HUNTING—EXTRAORDINARY RUN IN FORFARSHIRE.

SIR,

ON Thursday, 10th December, Mr. Chalmers's fox-hounds having killed their first fox behind *Duntrune*, after a sharp burst, found another at Mr. Guthrie's new plantation to the eastward of *Calais*; went away directly, the hounds at their best pace,

in a straight line for Linlathen-house; threaded the upper plantations of Balmsfrie; crossed by the Grange to Ethiebeaton and Ardounie Hills, through which he went in a direct line to Kingenny farm-house, where he was headed, which caused a short check; was hit off again behind the hillock, through the bottoms of the Cadgerston, on to Pitkerro, then to Westhall; crossed the farm of Munroes, tried the drain, and skirted the covert he was found in; pointing for Cudmont Hill—this point he forsook, pointing towards Buckler Head, through the fields, and past the house of Wellbank, through part of Mr. Allison's plantation, and on to Gagie; through the new back plantation there, up the Dod Hill, skirted Carrot Hill, and through the upper inclosures of Middle Brightly, in a line for Patten Den, where he was again headed, and turned short to the right, nearly to Colonel Fotheringham's lodge, through New Jersey, making for the earths in Tealing Wood, which he gallantly scorned; crossing the bottoms for Finlary, up to Farm House, over the hill, and on for Kinealdrum, which point he also forsook, and crossing the bottoms below Kilmundy, to the Milton of the Glen of Ogilvy, over the hill opposite Kilmundy, pointing for Craig end and Ballathern; but the hounds now pressing him hard, he was obliged to sink the wind in a line back to Tealing Wood; but this he could not reach, being run in to in high style in a quarry at the west end of Lumley Den.

The run lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes: extreme distance from point to point—viz. the east end of the Grange to nearly the Milton of the Glen of Ogilvy—

being at least fourteen miles ; and thus ended one of the most brilliant day's sport ever seen in Forfarshire, or any other county. Too much praise cannot be given to the hounds, horses, and riders ; among the foremost of whom were, Mr. Chalmers, on his favorite horse Caleb ; Mr. Hay, of Letham, on his well-known horse Saracen ; Mr. Hay, of Mugdrum, on his famous horse Corny ; Messrs. Douglas, of Brighton ; Stewart, of St. Fort ; and D. Greenhill. A better fox never was unkenelled.

I am, Sir, &c.

A VETERAN FOX-HUNTER.

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#### USE OF MANGEL WURZEL FOR HOUNDS.

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SIR,

**T**HERE being at this moment a variety of opinions relative to the use of mangel wurzel for hounds, I beg to inform you that I have fed on it for two seasons. Having kept fox-hounds these last eighteen years, I ought to know something of kennel work ; and I must acknowledge, however prejudiced I was at first against it, that I never remember the condition of my hounds so good as since I have used it. I know many kennels that can say the same, and some that have condemned it—the latter, I am positive, arising only from an injudicious use of it at first. On my contemplating a trial of it, I wrote to Mr. Amyatt (the Master of the Conock pack), who has fed on it for many years, and I believe the first person who recommended it to the attention of the Sporting World through your columns ; and according to his directions, which he was so good as to favour me with, I have found it not

only an economical food, but most beneficial in every respect. Should you consider this information worth insertion, you are welcome to it.

Yours, &c.

A MASTER OF FOX-HOUNDS.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 14, 1830.

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#### DISEASES OF HORSES—WORK- ING MARES IN FOAL—BREAK- ING HORSES.

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SIR,

**I**N my Letter to you on the Diseases of Horses, page 192, in your January Number, I might have added, for strains of the back, sinews, and all other strains and bruises, it is far better than blistering, or any other method, if early enough applied (but much depends on the early application): at all events it has this advantage, that it never occasions a blemish, and cannot do the least harm (if unsuccessful); but, on the contrary, will rather assist any remedy that may afterwards be applied.

NIMROD says, in the same Number, page 203, "The Mecklenburgh mares are a very profitable species of stock, as they breed and work with very little interruption." Now, Sir, I think it is a query, whether all mares, whatever place or country they may belong to, will not breed with as little interruption. As in Scotland, even in the Lothians, where the horses are of some size, it is no uncommon thing for the farmer to contrive that his mares should foal at Christmas, or such time of the year as he is most likely not to have anything for them to do: but should the weather be so mild at the time of foaling, as to enable them to use the mares (as it often is), they frequently foal while at work, when the foal is put into

the cart, and they finish what they were going to do; then they return home with whatever they went for, as if nothing had happened. The mare is then rested the remainder of that day; but for any greater indulgence the mare is indebted to the weather. Mind, I do not mean to advocate this system, which I think exceedingly barbarous; nor do I mean to condemn it wholly on that account, or it would not be so generally attended to, as on another, which will be considered as a better reason, on account of its containing a pecuniary interest—and that is, may we not attribute the large heads, sore ears, long backs, and other marks of the worst of the Scotch horses, which render them of so little value, to this very cause?

If NIMROD means to assert the English riding-masters know nothing of the race-horse, or the breaking he requires, I think and hope, in saying all, he labours under a mistake; as I have ever imagined it is possible for a riding-master to have a knowledge of all. And this is what I have ever understood to be the principal difference in the breaking, as far as it can be conveyed in a few words; for as to length of hind legs, position of the shoulders, &c. I shall not, at all events now, enter into, as I should occupy too much of your work, which, perhaps, may be applied to more useful purposes. The charger should carry his head more erect, and the nose more in, and be more upon his haunches, than horses applied to any other purpose. Next come the hackney and hunter: these should be taught to carry their heads high, and their noses a little more out, to enable them to breathe with greater ease,

as they are intended to move quicker, and undergo more fatigue; yet they should also be light in the mouth, and capable of being rolled up in a ball, otherwise well on their haunches, when put on the curb: and however fast and near the ground they may go on the bradoon, they ought to be taught, when put on the curb, never to pull; but in proportion as they are worked on this bit, so should their action be high, even to piping. It is a mistake to suppose this makes any serious difference in the action of horses for either of the above purposes, but it makes them much more handy, safe, and active.

For racers I admit this breaking would not do, as they should be taught to carry the nose and wind-pipe in a straight line, to enable them to breathe with greater freedom—as air, like water, rushes easier through a straight pipe than a crooked one. Neither should they be taught to lift their legs high; as this would not only give the muscles extra exertion, but time would be lost in bending the leg; for the racer only need skim the ground, the course being smooth, as all impediments are removed with the greatest care. However, a light mouth will always be found of service to him; as it will enable his rider to save him a great deal, and make it much safer and pleasanter for both of them. The ground which the hackney and hunter have to go over is always uncertain and precarious; and that is partly the reason why I would have him broke to use his legs so handily, as he is then much safer and more manageable. Besides, when we only ride for exercise, without wishing to go to any particular place, we can give both

the horse and ourselves the labour necessary to the health of both, by curvetting, &c. without going any distance from home. Yet when required, with a horseman on his back (one that understands riding these high-broke horses), he will be found to travel full as many miles in the same number of hours, and that much pleasanter to the rider and himself, than one of the half-broke horses, usually rode under the denomination of regular-broke horses. Do not suppose I mean horses are to be made to twist their legs about; on the contrary, they are to be taught how to make the greatest use of their muscles when required. I do not think even the racer would be hurt by that.

By this time I have no doubt you consider we have been exercising long enough on the same spot; I will, therefore, pull up, by subscribing myself, Yours, &c.

P. H.

Jan. 13, 1830.

#### A FEW LINES TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

DEAR MEPHISTOPHELES,

IN setting your press for the production of my lucubrations, you are occasionally guilty of the greatest perversions of my meaning:—e. g. in your last Number, page 201, column 1, line 24, you have converted the word “notoriously” into “not seriously:” and I was for some time (while reading the article as it is now printed) racking my brains to discover what I could have meant by writing such an extraordinary sentence.

Although, to use an elegant expression, “it is no bread-and-butter of mine,” I must also remark, that in the note, page 207, you

have made the classical *Nimrod* while apologising for a false print in a former Number, speak of “exhameters” and “prosidy;” words which may defy all Oxford and Cambridge to find their derivation in “ἐξ and μετρον,” and in “προς and ᾄδῃ.”

SCARLET.

#### TWO LETTERS FROM VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

SIR,

PERHAPS I am only telling an old story; but it appears to me that the following extracts from two letters of a friend in Van Diemen's Land may be amusing; if so, they are at your service.

“The climate is much warmer than England: we have plenty of wild ducks, pigeon, and quail; but partridges, pheasants, and rabbits are wanting; game of all descriptions would do well here. The wattle bird is considered fine eating, also the white cockatoo; the ducks are uncommonly large, and the pigeon also: the plumage of the latter is most beautiful, being of a bright gold colour. The opossum we shoot in a moonlight evening as they sit in the trees: they are any thing but pretty. The kangaroo is delicious eating; some of the largest, when standing on their hind legs, are from six to seven feet high, and have been known to take up a man in their fore legs (who has attacked them without fire arms) and deposit him in the nearest water; the hind quarter only is eaten; it makes delightful soup, particularly the tail, which weighs 16 or 18 lbs. Small tigers are also in the island, but are not very ferocious; also an animal called a



devil\*, which is quite black and harmless. Parrots are very numerous and beautiful; our gardens and grounds around are covered with them as thick as sparrows. Cockatoos are very handsome, some all black except the top-knot and breast, which are of a most beautiful bright yellow; others are white with yellow. Magpies are handsome, much more so than in England. Some of the snakes are from five to seven feet long, and very large round—the bite is certain death: they are black, green, sandy, or speckled. I have killed two very large ones. It is dangerous to walk in the long grass in summer; but cultivation drives them away. Lizards, bandycoots, and kangaroo-rats are in plenty."

Thesecond letterstates, thatquail-shooting commenced last month (March): they are much larger than any I ever saw in England, and more like the partridge; in fact they are the partridge of this country: they are in great abundance; a good shot might in some situations shoot fifty brace in a day without much trouble. There are a great number of snipes, much larger than the largest in England. Wild fowl can be found in all the creeks and rivers in the greatest plenty: I have shot between twenty and thirty in a day. I have had some excellent quail and snipe-shooting with two gentlemen, and have killed more than forty brace in a day. I have but little time for shooting now, it is quite taken up with my situation. No quarreling about shooting here; every person who can raise a gun and ammunition is at liberty to shoot when he pleases."

I have now copied most of the

\* It appears to be the wombach of Bewick.—F.

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sporting part of my friend's letters. As I live in any thing but a good game country, I assure you his description makes my mouth water. If it was only a voyage to Madeira, I would pass a winter with him.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

FLINT.

January 16, 1830.

#### DECISIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

THE following are the decisions of the Stewards of the above honorable Body, of the disputed cases submitted to them during the past year, which, as regards racing, has unquestionably increased in interest and attraction in all parts of the country.

1. Nomination for a Produce Sweepstakes at Ascot First Meeting 1833, "Lord Tavistock's Sister to Benedick (horse untried), covered by Middleton."

According to the Rules and Orders, clause 17, the nomination was defective and imperfect, there being *two* sisters to Benedick. Lord Tavistock having ascertained that the other sister had been sent out of England some time previously to the closing of the stake, submitted that this fact rendered his nomination good. The Stewards, however, refused to enter into evidence of this nature, and decided the nomination to be invalid.

2. For the Dorsetshire Gold Cup, at Blandford, in August 1828, by subscribers of ten sovs. each, with a condition that the surplus be paid to the owner of the second horse in specie, Brownlock walked over. The opinion of the Stewards was solicited as to who was entitled to the surplus,

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there being no second horse; and they decided, that, under the circumstances, the surplus must be divided among the original subscribers. This opinion was grounded on an adjudged case, given in the *Racing Calendar* for 1806, where the winner of a Plate, whose horse had distanced all the others, applied for the stakes or entrance money. But, said the Stewards of that day, "the winning horse cannot be deemed the second horse, and therefore is not entitled to the stakes; to which the owners of the other horses (being distanced) have also no claim."—See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiii. N.S. p. 298.

3. After the race for the Somersetshire Stakes, at the Bath and Bristol Meeting, July 8, (p. 61, *Racing Calendar*, vol. xxiv.) it was ascertained that (Mr. Fitzgerald) the individual in whose name *Rasselas* was entered, died previously to the running of the race, and Mr. I. Day, the owner of *Liston*, who ran second, claimed the stakes. On reference to the Jockey Club, it was decided that *Liston* was entitled to the prize, because, of all the horses qualified to start, he was the first, *Rasselas* being disqualified by the death of the person in whose name he was entered. The Stewards, however, adjudged, that in this case, as in that of a horse disqualified to start from stakes not having been duly made, bets should stand according as the horses came in.

4. July 8, 1829, *Velocipede* was saddled, mounted, and brought out for the Stand Cup at Liverpool—6 to 4 upon him; but, on being cantered, it was discovered he was lame: in consequence he was not brought to the post. A question regarding the bets having arisen,

the Stewards of the Jockey Club, to whom the affair was referred, decided, that the case did not come within the provisions of the 32d clause of the Rules and Orders<sup>2</sup>, and that the bets about *Velocipede* were not to be deemed as play or pay.

5. At the Canterbury Meeting, August 1829, Mr. Pearce's *Guildford* (not *Landlord*, as stated in the *Calendar*) won the two first heats, for the One Hundred Pounds given by the Gentlemen of the county, for horses of all ages, two-mile heats; but Mr. Mattam, the owner of *Moor Buzzard*, claimed the Plate, on the ground of *Guildford*'s disqualification—his owner having run two horses for a prize for which heats were run. Mr. Pearce submitted—1st, that this was not a Plate; and 2d, that no objection was raised till after the jockeys were weighed, and the horses led away. The Stewards, however, determined, that *Moor Buzzard* was entitled to the prize, on the principle laid down in the Rules concerning Horse-racing, which expressly declare, that "no person shall start more than one horse of which he is the owner, either wholly or in part, and either in his own name or in that of any other person, for any race for which heats are run."

6. For a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting 1829, a filly by *Camillus*, the property of Mr. Thornhill, turned round at starting, and was left at the post. The start being disputed, the race was run over over again, subject to an inquiry into the circumstances. On an investigation by the Jockey Club, it was satisfactorily proved that the starter gave the word

<sup>2</sup> See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiii. p. 300.

"off," and did not call to the riders to come back. The *first* race was, therefore, determined to be decisive, which was won by Mr. Batson's Suffolk Punch. In the second, the Duke of Richmond's Aranda ran in first by a head.

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### THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

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SIR,  
ON looking over your present Number, I feel at a loss to say what part has afforded me the most pleasure; but I have not the same difficulty or hesitation in determining what pleased me the least. I allude to the very unjust and undue comments contained in the letter of AN OLD SUBSCRIBER on the management of His Majesty's Stag-hounds. He commences by saying, "that he is not aware if any of your Correspondents have hunted lately with these hounds;" and adds, "I think not, or I should have read in your Magazine some comments on the very tame and indifferent manner in which they are managed." Now, Mr. Editor, although it is no part of mine to defend the Nobleman—than whom none can be more efficient (barring that which makes us all "look before we leap")—appointed by our Most Gracious Monarch to the head of this brilliant pack; yet I cannot quietly allow the remarks of AN OLD SUBSCRIBER to pass, without making an effort to repel them, feeling, as I do very strongly, that they are wholly uncalled for: and I beg to tell your OLD SUBSCRIBER, that these hounds are managed in a manner and in a style that does credit even to Majesty: and I can tell him also, that just now delicacy ought to have operated

to bring him to a check; for it is well known that this venerable sportsman, at the very commencement of the present season, met with a most severe accident, which is sufficient, if any thing were wanting, to excuse any little irregularity that may possibly exist, but which, however, I deny as far as my experience guides me. That Lord Maryborough should have met with this accident no one can more sincerely lament than I do; and I am sure my feelings will be common to all true lovers of hunting, more particularly those who have often witnessed his condescension and kindness in the field, together with his sportsman-like conduct, which might do credit to many a Nimrod of half his standing. That he should at this time have fallen under the lash of AN OLD SUBSCRIBER is much to be regretted: but I trust his Lordship will very soon be able to return to his post, and convince us all by his presence, that, however the management may have gone on in his absence, nothing will then be wanting to please even the most fastidious.

Not content with condemning the management in the absence of the manager, your Correspondent goes on to belabour poor Davies, who, although he has not, like his superior, had an accident to interfere with his duties, yet every one knows he is still more unfortunate, and is suffering from a disease which would prevent nine out of every ten men from filling a less arduous and laborious situation than his: and I must do him the justice to say, that, notwithstanding this most distressing malady, he uniformly does all in his power to insure sport; and that all the

times I have been out, and these not a few, he has in no way shrunk from his duty: on the contrary, I have very frequently been surprised to see how perseveringly he has gone through a hard day, when it must have been evident to every one that he ought to have been in his bed, receiving those attentions which his "health, and not his humour," required. That your Correspondent keeps a number of horses for the purpose of hunting I cannot doubt; but it must be apparent also that he is not obliged to hunt with this particular pack: and as there are many hounds round London at easy distances, I would advise him in future to join some of them, and in future spare his censure in a quarter where there is so little fault to be found, and where every allowance ought to be made under existing circumstances: in fact, "*taking this appointment all in all, we shall very rarely look upon its like.*"

I wish with all my heart I could say as much for all the appointments connected with His Majesty's amusements: we should not then have heard so much of the treatment of his favorite race-horses. But it is not now my wish to enter upon that subject; nor is it necessary, after what has appeared in your pages, as well as in *Bell's Life in London* and other papers for the last two months, which has *satisfied every impartial reader, that of a truth there is something rotten in the State of Denmark.*" I shall therefore conclude by wishing reformation to this department, and good sport to the other!—Yours, &c.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

10th January, 1830.

P. S.—I had almost forgotten to

notice another letter on the same subject from A STAG-HUNTER, written, it appears, in the same spirit; and to his question, "Why His Majesty's Stag-hounds offer so little sport to what they used to do?" I answer, by asking him another—When did His Majesty's Stag-hounds offer more sport than at present?

SIR,

WHEN I see a brother sportsman unjustly censured, I cannot resist an humble effort on my part to defend his character. I allude to the remarks of AN OLD SUBSCRIBER and A STAG-HUNTER upon Charles Davies, the huntsman of the King's Stag-hounds, in your Number for this month. Having had the pleasure of hunting with him several seasons, I must affirm that I never saw a man more zealous in his profession, more anxious to shew sport, or more obliging in the field. Your Correspondents, allow me to say, Sir, have not put the saddle on the right horse—the fault lies with them, not with the huntsman. I do not mean them individually, but with the field in general who come out with the King's hounds, especially when they meet near London. Nobody thinks of looking at the hounds, or riding to them. The moment the deer is out of the cart, away goes part of the field after him; and those that for decency's sake wait till the hounds are laid on, think much more of riding races against one another than of the sport. Can any man who has the slightest pretensions to the name of sportsman wonder that a huntsman should be disgusted, or "shew a want of energy," as it is called, when on a late occasion (I think

the last day before the frost at Longford), before even the hounds were laid on, some fellow rode up to Davies, and with a self-complacent smile said, "*Well, Mr. Davies, we have taken the deer; I am happy to tell you he is all safe: we have got him in a barn four or five miles off; you may fetch him when you please?*" It surely requires no farther comment to answer the question proposed, "Why His Majesty's Stag-hounds offer so little sport to what they used to do?" And I merely offer this reply, in case no other of your valuable Correspondents, better qualified than myself, should have noticed the circumstance.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
yours, &c.

CHARLES.

London, Jan. 14, 1830.

#### EAST KENT HOUNDS.

SIR,

A Letter appeared in your last Number, signed FRANCIS VAUX, wherein the writer makes mention of the East Kent fox-hounds. As it is impossible to find any thing of argument in that letter, but merely downright assertion, it cannot be expected that I should wish to launch out in a very long epistle, when I attempt to answer a person, the main purport of whose observations is to give your readers a description of his hunting-box at Sandgate, and the adjacent country, and to tell us all that he is not so fresh and young as he was some few years ago. But to the point.—The hounds met at Waldershare November 10: he says, "he remarked a very few country gentlemen." I, however, must beg leave to observe that I recognised several;

and, what is of still greater consequence, most of those who do not hunt either from age, infirmity, or inclination, and are not destroyers of foxes. Again: there were "numbers of stiff-necked and bull-frog farmers." God knows what he means; for I have yet to learn that this character is in any way applicable to the Kentish yeoman—a good-hearted fellow, who is always ready with his glass of beer, cherry brandy, or any thing his house can afford. I pronounce your Correspondent no judge of horse-flesh, when he says three-and-thirty pounders were the order of the day at Waldershare. The garrulous old gentleman is quite mistaken—he must have completely forgotten himself; for I positively know the contrary to be the fact: otherwise God deliver us all out of our trouble when these hounds go best pace! As to the hounds, I am not surprised that one mounted upon a punchy bay hack should wish their music to be louder, and consequently their pace slower. Is it, Mr. Editor, fair to judge of an establishment from only one day's hunting? It does not appear, from his own shewing, that this FRANCIS VAUX ever met these hounds in the field but once. I will ask, can it be proved that the fox found in the wilderness at Waldershare was a bag-man? I consider the assertion as an insult to the Earl of Guildford, who is no destroyer of foxes.

Farther, unfortunately for your Correspondent—Mr. Oxenden, I should most decidedly say, has been the owner of more good horses, perhaps, than any man of his age in existence; and this season he is particularly well mounted (at least, the lot strikes me to be of the right stamp): and I have no doubt,

when the frost breaks, that the bitches will leave all punchy hacks far behind.

In proof that the horses Tom Arnold rides are not worthy the character this FRANCIS VAUX gives them, I can only observe that they have carried him, riding fifteen stone, for several seasons; and I will venture to assert, that he is, upon all occasions, with hardly any exception, in his proper place.

I should not have troubled you thus much; but when I see an attack of this kind, illiberal in the extreme, and void of the least particle of truth, directed towards a respectable and well-conducted establishment, I cannot refrain from conveying to yourself and the public an unqualified denial of the veracity of the assertions made in that attack. The real fact is this: these hounds have shewn most excellent sport these several seasons last past, and are hardly ever known to miss a fox without some ostensible reason. I have hunted with several packs of hounds in countries better formed by nature for the sport than Kent; but I never in my life saw hounds better managed in the field, or out of it, than this pack at the present time. They have great difficulties to contend with, and in some parts of their country are immense woodlands; but only let them have a scent, and Reynard must die.

I am, Sir, &c.

A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

Jan. 14, 1830.

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REPLY OF H. P. TO "P. H." ON  
SPAVINS, &c.

SIR,  
ALTHOUGH "P. H.'s" letter purports to be an answer to NIMRON, the subject being a very

important one, and of general interest, it seems open for remark to all or any of your Correspondents; not to forget the probability that NIMRON may be too much engaged to have leisure for a rejoinder. On such ground, and that of very long practical experience, I presume to offer the following observations, to those particularly who may be in danger of deception from plausible but superficial and inefficient attempts at cure. At the same time, I disown all intention of giving offence to the remarker on NIMRON, who, I trust, is fully aware that every public writer necessarily places himself in a situation to have his *dicta* thoroughly canvassed, or probably controverted.

To begin with the *bone spavin*. No doubt, as the writer says, it is an *unsoundness*; to which may be added, whether incipient or its causes renewed, it will certainly occasion lameness. As to the *blood spavin*, the term is merely one of use and convenience; the original cause of the lameness being a mucous capsule formed in the hollow of the hock, which neither moderate work, nor care and attention, nor simple remedies, will remove, although they may prove palliative, and retard the period of absolute lameness. Few of our worked horses, indeed, are without wind-galls (an improper and unmeaning term indeed) either on the fore-legs or hocks; and they go or are driven sound with them, however painful and stiff, until the latter stages of their career: but at any stage, this defect, to a considerable degree, forms a strong objection to the probability of a horse continuing sound. There have appeared in several late publications certain facetious methods, by pres-

sure, for the cure of wind-galls! Now, I apprehend, the man who could cure wind-galls would soon find the need of a dragsman, and a pair at least of handsome tits for his drag. When once the *bursæ* are enlarged, and filled with the gelatinous fluid, there is a perpetual deposition of it within them, which is increased by the pressure of laborious exertion: and although, by mechanical pressure and rest, they may appear reduced in size, and even scarcely palpable, renewed labour never fails to fill them, and that to the end of the animal's life. Indeed, there is a remedy, to a certain degree radical, as has been proved, though at a very distant period—namely, an incision into the wind-galls and a discharge of the contained fluid. But this will scarcely ever be practised, except in some very particular case, the subsequent rest required being long, and soundness then only to be obtained by the exemptions from all immoderate or unfair labour. With that proviso, however, the legs of a horse so managed might remain as fine and free from wind-galls, as when he was first put to work. It certainly, however, might be worth while to try the method of incision upon those excessive large bog spavins, which sometimes are found to render a horse totally incapable of labour, and in constant pain on every motion.

*Splints.*—The *exostoses* are seldom of any ill consequence unless posited too near a joint. Spavins are occasioned by strains; yet in some horses they appear to be constitutional; as colts have been known to throw out spavins in the field, previously to having been put to any labour. They seldom, if ever, I believe, arise from "kicking the

splinter-bar violently," which customarily terminates in "capped hocks."

If the old and cold bran poultice, a "week's rest," and so on, had proved "an effectual cure" for spavins and curbs, or even a preventive of them, we certainly should not have been troubled with those maladies in days of yore, when the aforesaid poultice was much more in use and repute than at present. It undoubtedly is a useful remedy to allay inflammation; but, with equal certainty, possesses no power to prevent the increase and completion of a spavin; the commencement of which may be detected by the fingers. I congratulate "P. H." on the circumstance, that he has not attempted to instruct us how to cure stringhalt.

H. P.

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#### MR. PRINCE AND ZINGANEE.

SIR,

IT was well observed by OBSERVATOR, in your Number for May last, page 7, that the Claret Stakes ended "to the amazement of all, to the mortification of many, and to the proof that Zinganeec is the best horse of his year, by beating Cadland, who beats the Colonel, who beats every thing in the North." The YOUNG FORESTER, in his Review of the Racing Season 1829, naturally enough asks, "with these extraordinary performances (winning the Newmarket Craven, the Claret, the Oatlands, and the Ascot Cup) before us, to what the sad falling off in the little horse's latter exploits is to be attributed;" and imputes the cause "to nothing but the change of hands." He adds, however, "in saying this, I do not for a moment

mean to impugn Mr. Prince's skill and judgment; but of this I am sure, that had Zingane remained with the Chifneys, nothing like a defeat by a fourth-rate horse\* would have taken place."

That "the change of hands" and, *par consequence*, a different system of treatment, may have occasioned "the sad falling off," will not be denied; but in justice to Mr. Prince, and that the saddle may be placed on the right horse, it ought to be stated, that Zingane was not consigned to him until after Doncaster. "The little horse's" running at the Houghton Meeting for the Audley End Stakes, compared with his Northern attempt, speaks volumes in favour of Mr. P.'s "skill and judgment," being beat only by a head by Cadland; nor do I believe that even Chifney, deservedly high as he ranks as a trainer, could have effected more in the time.

C. S.

January 15, 1830.

#### DEPTFORD COURSING MEETING.

SIR,

AS you gave in your last Number a mere outline of the excellent sport we had at this Meeting, I shall feel obliged, as well as most of the other Members of the Club, by your giving us the details, which I enclose.

I am, Sir, &c.

PHILO-LEASH.

Jan. 19, 1830.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.

*The Cup*.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa beat Mr. Astley's r. d. Ajax; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest (late Conquest by Boxer, out of Camilla) beat Mr. Knatchbull's bl. b. Kate, by Tra-

jan, out of Ringneck; Mr. Phelps's f. b. Rachel, by Dymoke, out of Regina, beat Mr. Cockburn's brin. and wh. d. Crusader, by Boxer, out of Camilla; Sir Hussey Vivian's bl. b. Vanish, by Beppo, out of Nettle, beat Mr. Gray's yel. d. Grasshopper, by Trajan, out of Ringneck; Mr. Helyer's blk. d. Hotspur, by Scipio, out of Rhoda, beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Juanna, by Jester, out of Old Juanna; Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Violet, by Voltigeur, out of Vanity, beat Mr. Heathcote's brin. and wh. b. Horsefly, by Vanguard's Son; Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina, by Woden, out of Bugle, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe, by Senator, out of Gondola; Mr. Everett's bl. b. Echo (late Rubbish), by Radical, out of Sister to Tippo, beat Mr. Dansey's wh. and bl. d. Delamere (late Cavalier), by Boxer, out of Camilla.

*Derby Stakes, for Dog Puppies*.—Mr. Capel's blk. d. Lignum, by Jacomo, beat Mr. Vivian's Viva Voce, by Trick, out of Blowing; Sir J. Hawkins's blk. d. Brigadier (pedigree unknown) beat Mr. Goodlake's bl. Gallopade, by Tippo, out of Delightful; Captain Wyndham's blk. and wh. Wansdyke, by Woden, out of Rose, beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. Lancer; Mr. Everett's red Rex, by Volunteer, out of Verity, beat Mr. Cripp's (no nomination); Mr. Knatchbull's blk. d. Kennet, by Guido, out of Truth, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. Haggengbach, by Hannibal, out of Honor; Mr. Gray's red Guardsman, by Guido, out of Truth, beat Mr. Dansey's blk. Darius, bred by a Dorset farmer; Mr. Phelps's bl. and wh. Right, by Watchman, out of daughter of Harebell, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. Hamlet, by Hosein, out of Harpy. Mr. Cockburn (no nomination), Mr. Brown (no nomination).

*Oaks Stakes, for Bitch Puppies*.—Mr. E. Cripp's bl. and wh. Ruse, bred by Colonel Newport, beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. Baffle, by Hippolytus, out of Blast; Mr. Browne's blk. Gabrielle, by Grandison, out of a daughter of Camilla, beat Mr. Dansey's blk. Dormouse, by Scipio, out of Rhoda; Mr. Everett's bl. and wh. Rara, by Watchman, out of daughter of Harebell, beat Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rarity, by (Cockburn's) Champion, out of Epitome; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette, by Lucifer, out of Camilla, beat Mr. Knatchbull's bl. and wh. b. Keziah, by Richmond, out of Ringneck; Mr. Vivian's r. and wh. Brighteyes, bred by a butcher at Poole, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. Geggaw, by Galloway, out of Goldenlocks; Mr. Biggs's wh. Bird's-eye, Sister to Venom, beat Mr. Cockburn's f. Discord, by Invincible, out of Honeymoon; Mr. Heathcote's f. Hazelgrove, by Venator, out of Volage, beat Mr. Gray's blk.

\* Tyke, for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, at Doncaster.



Witchery, by Woden, out of Spell; Mr. Wyndham's blk. White Rose, by Woden, out of Rose, beat Mr. Capel's brin. Hyacinth, by Hareach, out of Doe.

Wednesday being frosty, there was no coursing.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Vanish beat Violet.  
Louisa — Rachel.  
Echo — Hotspur.  
Bequest — Willhelmina.

FIRST TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Right beat Brigadier.  
Guardaman — Lignum.  
Kennet — Rex.  
Wansdyke — ———.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Bird's-eye beat Ruse.  
Gabrielle — Bright-eyes.  
White Rose — Hazelgrove.  
Rara — Lisette.

*Fisherton Stakes, for All Ages.*—Captain Wyndham's blk. d. Wansbeck, by Woden, out of Wallentina's Sister, beat Mr. Dansey's f. and wh. b. Dora, by Bergami, out of Quill; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Blonde, by Nivelon, out of Bijou, beat Mr. Knatchbull's r. b. Keepsake, by Trajan, out of Truth; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust (late Beetle) beat Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakim, by Hannibal, out of Harebell; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouze, out of Rattlesnake, beat Mr. Capel's bl. d. Ivanhoe, by Jester, out of Josephine.

*The Tilthead Stakes, for All Ages.*—Mr. Heathcote's brin. and wh. b. Horsefly beat Captain Wyndham's Wamba; Mr. Knatchbull's blk. d. Kingston beat Mr. Dansey's f. b. Discord; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe beat Mr. Heathcote's brin. b. Hyacinth; Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lancer beat Mr. Gray's blk. d. Genseric.

Friday and Saturday being frosty, the Coursing was suspended until Monday.

MONDAY, DEC. 14.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Louisa beat Bequest.  
Vanish — Echo.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa beat Sir Hussey Vivian's Vanish, and won the Cup; Vanish the Sovereigns.

SECOND TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Right beat Wansdyke.  
Guardaman — Kennet.

*Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.*—Right beat Guardaman, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Gabrielle beat Rara.  
Bird's-eye — White Rose.

*Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.*—Bird's-eye beat Gabrielle, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE FISHERTON STAKES.

Blackbird beat Wansbeck.  
Locust — Blonde.

Locust and Blackbird divided Stakes.

TIES FOR THE TILSHEAD STAKES.

Lancer beat Giraffe.  
Horsefly — Kingston.

Lancer and Horsefly divided the Stakes.

*Codford Stakes.*—Mr. Phelps's Rachel beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blowing; Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakim beat Mr. Knatchbull's r. b. Keepsake.

Rachel and Hakim divided the Stakes.

*Stockton Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. Knatchbull's bl. and wh. b. Keziah beat Mr. Goodlake's Geggaw; Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rarity agst Mr. Heathcote's Hazelgrove—undecided.

*The Stakes divided.*

SALE OF THE CONOCK HARRIERS--A LAMENTABLE POEM.

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away."—Byron.

Let the lovers of Sporting perfection look blue,  
At the news just confirm'd, alike dismal and true—  
How the "Harriers of Conock," whose fame is notorious,  
No longer shall stir us to rapture uproarious;  
Or o'er our broad downs, in magnificent show,  
Astonish the world by the pace they can go!  
For this pack so complete, with their feeder and all,  
Are sold (never doubt it) to young Mr. Hall;

And we have thus lost ('tis a blue-devil story)  
 "The Pride of our Plain" in its zenith of glory!  
 Not much of a Stoic, and less of a hero,  
 My spirits are sunk to the regions of Zero;  
 In truth (*entre nous*) I am just after wiping  
 A pair of good eyes overclouded by piping;  
 For the loss of our hounds, so proverbially good,  
 Disposes us all to the Niobè mood.  
 But, oh! what a change passes over my spirit,  
 When rapture propels the fond theme of their merit!  
 Retrospection depicts them on each hunting mission,  
 Confirming the fame of their tip-top condition:  
 The well-covered loin, with the rib half obtrusive,  
 Render hope of escape from their clutches delusive;  
 Whilst their model-like forms and even selection,  
 Complete the *coup d'œil* of their kennel perfection.  
 Then, give them a scent, and it baffles all credence  
 What sticklers they prove for the rights of precedence;  
 Each hound does his best to brush by the hound leading,  
 Where forwardness only demonstrates high breeding!  
 With a stoop that knells forth the demise of their prey,  
 Unbaffled by sheep-stains they pick out their way.  
 How futile now prove all the mazes of cunning,  
 Since nothing can foil their true notions of running.  
 But hark! they are mute! and each Sportsman discerns  
 An exact *vice versa* of noses and sterns;  
 The former breast-high, and the last carried pendent,  
 Denote in the scent a portentous amendment.  
 Ye Gods! what a burst! as old Cooper's view halloo  
 Loud preludes the death which is fated to follow!  
 With the swiftness of light they triumphantly race  
 At the very tip-top of "their devil's own pace;"  
 But who-whoop rings around, and those muzzles all gory  
 Proclaim the last act of their blood-thirsty story!

Having versified thus the tools of our pleasure,  
 Their craftsman, in turn, claims a niche in our measure.  
 Long as merit exists, or tradition hands down,  
 Amyatt's name shall be coupled with sporting renown:  
 For what can surpass his new system of feeding,  
 Or who go beyond *ne plus ultra* in breeding?  
 In the field, his deportment (so suited to please)  
 Is courtesy blended with frankness and ease:  
 But, nature decrees that this world which we range  
 (Though a very snug place) must be subject to change;  
 And, sad though the truth, there's none can deny it,  
 Perfection first yields to the mutable fiat.  
 Thus these nonpareil hounds ('tis a doleful disaster)  
 Have found a new kennel and lost their old master.

My spirits are "kilt" by the fact just indited;  
 But grief cannot cure the heart it has blighted!  
 So as Paddy his feelings would quaintly deliver,  
 "Long life to the days that are clean gone for ever!"

CURFEW.

Salisbury Plain, January 12, 1830.

DEATH OF JONAS MORGAN,  
ESQ.[FROM A MEMBER OF THE BURTON  
HUNT.]

SO poor old Morgan, of Wood-  
ovis, is gone to earth, I find!  
Peace to his manes! The last  
time I saw him was at the Tavis-  
tock Races, when he was full of  
life and spirit, and boasted to me  
of his having outlived the famous  
old Squire Kelly, of hunting no-  
toriety. "When I am gone,"  
said Jonas, "the race of true,  
fox-hunting, thorough-bred Eng-  
lish 'Squires will be extinct: but  
one consolation will accompany me  
to my grave, that another will,  
like the phoenix, arise from our  
ashes, and perhaps outvie their  
ancestors in the glorious cause.—  
"There are many, Sir," continued

he, "on this course, who I am  
sure will prove of the *right sort*;  
and it gladdens my heart to think,  
that the halls of old *Hayne* (where  
you and I, with many others who  
are now forgotten, have feasted and  
revelled after the merry fox chase)  
will again resound with those enli-  
vening tones, caught from the in-  
spiring spirit of the *DEVONIAN*." Thus  
spoke my early, and now, alas!  
*lost*, friend—a *friend*, not  
only to me, but to his neighbour-  
hood, who will deeply feel the loss  
of so good a man and clever a  
Magistrate: but this subject makes  
me melancholy, and my readers  
perhaps weary; so I will put an  
end to my tale, and hope to have  
something more interesting the  
next time I greet my trusty and  
well-beloved fellow sportsmen.

Looe Down, Jan. 12, 1830.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## The Turf.

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

THE following are the Nomina-  
tions for the Great St. Leger  
Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-  
olds:—colts, 8at. 6lb.; and fillies, 8at.  
3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Sixty-eight  
subscribers.—(Those to which a *D* is  
prefixed are in the Derby, and an *O*  
in the Oaks.)

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Carolan, by Cat-  
ton, dam by Dick Andrews  
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Brother to Tar-  
rare, by Catton—Henrietta  
Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out  
of Lisette

Mr. W. Duncombe's b. c. Barleycorn, by  
Figaro, dam by Amadis

Mr. Arnold's b. f. by Figaro, dam by  
Filho da Puta, grandam by Dick An-  
drews

Mr. Elleray's b. c. General Honeywood,  
by Swiss, dam by Walton

Colonel Cradock's ch. c. The Barber, by  
Figaro, out of Violet

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. Lady Emmeline,  
by Young Phantom, out of Miss  
Fanny's dam, by Orville

Mr. Riddell's b. c. Emancipation, by  
Whisker, out of Hartpur's dam

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Brien, by Blacklock,  
out of Princess

D—Mr. Petre's br. c. Brunswick, by Fi-  
garo, out of Maniac, by Shuttle

Mr. Petre's ch. f. Laura, by Figaro, out of  
Juliana

Mr. J. Scott's ch. c. Reynardo, by Parti-  
san, dam by Popinjay

D—Lord Hawke's ch. c. The Major, Bro-  
ther to The Colonel, by Whisker

Mr. W. Scott's br. c. Reginald, by Figaro,  
dam by Filho da Puta

Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Pedestrian, by Tramp,  
dam by Prime Minister, out of Consul's  
dam

Mr. Walker's ch. c. Splendour, by Sove-  
reign, dam by Deceiver

Mr. W. Richardson's br. f. Hermione, by  
Figaro, out of Sister to Dupont

Mr. Armitage's b. f. Bartolozzi, by Tramp

Mr. Foljambe's br. f. by Whisker, dam  
by Walton, out of Marmion's dam

Mr. Norton's b. f. Catalani, by Tiger, dam  
by Smolensko

Mr. M. Foulis's br. f. Lady Frances, by  
Figaro, out of Fleur de Lis's dam

Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Mimic, by Wanton,  
dam by Sir Andrew

*D*—Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine, by Waxy Pope, out of Bigottina  
*D*—Lord Sligo's b. c. Canker, Brother to Cant, by Waxy Pope  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Clinkerina  
 Lord Milton's ch. c. by Middleton, out of Nanine, by Selim  
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Raby (late Bud), by Tiresias, out of Pomona  
 Lord Cleveland's ch. c. Wat Tyler, by Wrangler, out of Medora  
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of Emilia  
*D*—Sir D. Baird's b. c. Snooks, by Champion, out of White Cockade, by Stamford  
 Mr. Wright's gr. c. Idas, by Figaro or Senator, out of Sir Walton's dam  
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Oiseau, dam by Cerberus, out of Brownlock's dam  
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Redstart, by Whisker, out of Rhodacantha  
 Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, by Blacklock  
 Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Whisker, out of Bluebeard's dam  
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Apantador, by Blacklock, dam by Walton  
 Mr. R. Shepherd's b. c. The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope  
 Mr. Newell's b. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Rantipole  
*O*—Mr. Newell's f. by Orville, out of Rosanne, by Dick Andrews  
 Lord Queensberry's br. c. Hassan, by Whisker, out of Panthea  
 Lord Queensberry's b. f. Maria, Sister to Emma, by Whisker  
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Cora, by Waxy  
 Mr. J. Gill's b. c. by Bonassus, dam by Master Jacky  
 Mr. Shepherd's ch. c. by Oiseau, dam by Don Cossack, out of Vesta  
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. St. Nicholas, by Emilius, out of Seamew, by Scud  
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Landrail, by Bustard, out of Erin Lass  
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Jay, by Shuffler, out of a Sister to Shuttle Pope  
 Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, by Figaro, out of Alhara  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle, by Whalebone, out of Auburn  
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Christina, Sister to Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta  
*D*—Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Brother to Lancastrian, by Merlin  
 Mr. Blakelock's b. f. by Osmond, dam by Hambletonian  
 Mr. Grant's ch. f. The Balkan, by Blacklock, dam by Walton  
 Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Emily, by Stamford

*D*—Sir Mark Wood's ch. c. The Mummer, by Reveller, out of Matilda  
*D*—Sir Mark Wood's b. c. Cetus, by Whalebone, out of Lamia  
 Mr. Theakston names br. c. Sketchbook, by Rubens, dam by Caleb Quot'em  
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie, by Camillus  
 Colonel Yates's b. f. by Whisker, out of the Dick Andrews' Mare, dam by Bonassus  
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Whisker, out of the Maid of Lorn, by Castrel  
 Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Mess Rose, Sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock  
*D*—Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Zuchardell, by Tiresias, out of Landscape, by Rubens  
*D*—Mr. Shard's br. c. De Vere, by Reveller, out of Vale Royal, by Sorcerer  
*D*—Lord Anson's ch. c. Pertrait, by Morisco, out of Miniature, by Rubens  
*O*—Lord Anson's b. f. by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Orville  
*D*—Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Snarl, by Wrangler or Smolensko, out of Charlotte, by Orville  
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by Emilius, out of Cressida, by Whisker

#### EPSOM GRAND STAND.

The affairs of this Association, we understand, are now put in a train to give satisfaction to the numerous subscribers. It has received an accession of many respectable names in the county of Surrey, and the management of its affairs has devolved upon Gentlemen of the first respectability, who have appointed Mr. Weatherby, of Oxenden-street, (publisher of the *Racing Calendar*,) their Secretary. A half-yearly meeting has been recently held at the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street, the proceedings at which will best explain the present state of the Association—Mr. Weston, of the Borough Bank, in the chair.

By the Report, which was read by the Secretary, it appeared, that the building is nearly completed, there remaining only the staircase, the verandah, and the balustrade, to be finished. The painting and colouring will be done before the races in June next. The land-tax has been redeemed for 30*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*; the building has been assessed to the poor's rate at 500*l.* per annum\*. Mr.

\* Since reduced on appeal, by the Magistrates at the Surrey Epiphany Sessions, to 250*l.*

Lindsay the solicitor, and Mr. Trendall the architect, having agreed to take part of their bills in shares, the present debts of the Association were reduced to 516l. 10s. 8d. Mr. Lindsay's bill for law amounted to 577l. 12s. 8d., of which 300l. were to be taken in shares, 120l. in cash, and the balance (57l. 12s. 5d.) was to be abated. The architect's claim (700l.) has been disposed of, by his taking 200l. in shares, 300l. in cash previously paid, and 200l. to be hereafter paid. There is now in hand 130l. In order to meet the present liabilities, and the future disbursements necessary to complete the building, the Committee had sent a circular to the shareholders, requesting them to take more shares; in consequence of which 47 shares had been subscribed for. The Report recommended that the appointment of Messrs. Knight, Lovegrove, and Cockburn, to the Committee should be confirmed, and that, in the room of Messrs. Field, Godered, Crawford, and Pope, who left the Committee by rotation, Messrs. Field and Crawford should be re-elected, and Messrs. Percival and Weston be chosen to supply the places of Messrs. Godered and Pope.—(These measures were subsequently carried.)—The Report confidently anticipated the final success of the undertaking, and asserted that the Association was never in so flourishing a state; and it passed a high eulogium on the General Committee (who framed the present Report) for their services. The Report also stated that the establishment in Wellington-street had been broken up, the secretary and clerk discharged, and the business of the Association transferred to Mr. Weatherby's office in Oxenden-street.—The Report was agreed to; and Mr. Tombs, after paying some high compliments to Mr. Weston, proposed that that gentleman should be elected one of the Trustees, in the room of Sir James Alexander, deceased; which was unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Bucke, the deed of settlement was ordered to be printed for the use of the shareholders,

each of whom will be entitled to a copy *gratis*.

After the thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Weston for his conduct in the chair, the meeting was dissolved.

#### LORD EXETER'S STUD.

The above Nobleman's good fortune in his racing speculations last season is equal to the Duke of Grafton's in his best days. The following abstract of the winnings of his Lordship's horses will shew an enormous total:—

Green Mantle—250l. at the Newmarket Craven Meeting; the Oaks Stakes, at Epsom, of 2100l.; 750l. at Ascot Heath First Meeting; 250l. at Newmarket First October Meeting; and 50l. at the Second October Meeting—3400l.

Varna—400l. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; 100l. for being second for the Oaks; 225l. and 125l. at Ascot Heath First Meeting; the Drawing-Room Stakes of 925l. at Goodwood; and 450l. at Newmarket First October Meeting—2225l.

Patron—The Riddleworth Stakes of 1700l. at Newmarket Craven Meeting; 450l. and 350l. in the same Meeting; the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes of 600l. and the Newmarket Stakes of 650l. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; and 600l. at Ascot Heath First Meeting—4350l.

Ada Colt—At Newmarket Craven Meeting—200l.

Enamel—At Newmarket Houghton Meeting—110l.

Acacia—100l. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; 70l. at Stamford; 200l. and 300l. at Newmarket First October Meeting—670l.

Redgauntlet—200l. at Ascot, and 100l. at Newmarket July Meeting—300l.

Mahmoud—At Newmarket Second October Meeting, the Prendergast Stakes of—750l.

Filly out of Phantom—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting—70l.

Pera—At Newmarket Second October Meeting—100l.

Father Long Legs—100l. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; 50l. at the Second Spring Meeting; and 100l. at the Second October Meeting—250l. Grand total—12,425l.

Taking also into consideration his Lordship's bets on the various races in which the above horses were engaged, it is not too much to estimate his winnings at 26,000l.

#### Stud Sale.

The racing stud of the Hon. General Grosvenor, brought to the ham-

mer at Tattersall's, realised as follows:—

Bay Colt, by Truffle, out of Blue Stockings, engaged in the Craven Meeting, 200 sovs. h. ft. D.M. (9 subs.); match against Mr. Nevill's ch. c. 8st. 7lb. each, 200 sovs. h. ft. D.M.; and at Ascot, 100 sovs. h. ft. Old Mile (14 subs.), 1832—300gs.

Bay Filly, by Truffle, out of John de Bart's dam, engaged in a match against Mr. S. Stoney's, by Middleton, out of Wings, 300 sovs. h. ft. Ab. M., receiving 4lb.; 1832, in a match against Sir M. Wood's f. by Truffle, dam by Blacklock, out of Musidora, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C., 200 sovs. h. ft.—145gs.

Brown Filly, by Truffle, out of Icaria, engaged in the Craven Meeting, 100 sovs. h. ft. R.M. (16 subs.), allowed 3lb.—130gs.

Colt, by Middleton, out of John de Bart's dam, engaged at Epsom and Ascot, 50 sovs. each; 30 forfeit, two-year-olds (16 subs.), 1830. The Derby, Egham, Knutsford, and Bibury, 1831—290gs.

Sarpedon, by Emilius, out of Icaria, engaged in the Craven Meeting, 100 sovs. h. ft. R.M. (5 subs.); in the Billesdon Dinner Stakes, 100, h. ft. R.M.; in the 2000 Guineas; in the Derby; Ascot, 100 sovs. h. ft. New Mile (11 subs.); at Stockbridge and Warwick—200gs.

Green Bag, 2 yrs old, by Nicolo, out of Barbara Allen, by Camillus, out of Offa Dyke's dam, engaged in the Craven Meeting against Mr. Ramsbottom's Phrynia, 8st. 4lb. each, 100 sovs. h. ft. D.M.; First Spring Stakes, 50 sovs. each (fillies only), 5 subs.—150gs.

Other horses were sold for lower prices.

#### HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

In consequence of the badness of the weather, few horses are now sent from England. The only one recently exported is Teneriffe, 4 yrs old, by Thunderbolt, out of Delta, bred by Lord Grosvenor, in foal to Filho da Puta—to Mr. Cremieux, of Paris.

Messrs. Tattersall have purchased Moses of the Duke of Richmond, for His Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein Augustenburgh, at the large price of 900 guineas; but he will cover until April at Shirley, and stint his mares.

Godolphin is arrived safe, and gone to Prestbury, near Cheltenham, to cover this season.

#### The Chase.

SIR—It is rumoured, and we fear with some truth, that His Grace of Beaufort is about giving up his hounds, as good, if not the best pack in England; the establishment altogether of the most superior kind; the men civil and obliging; and the whole thing, under the management of this good man, conducted in so quiet and pleasing a manner in the field, as well as out of it, that His Grace is beloved by every one, and it would be heart-breaking indeed to lose them. The sport that Long has shewn us this season, and still continues to do, is good in the extreme, particularly a run from Ifford and some others; and few, if any hounds, have had better sport up to Christmas than the Duke's. Every thing is harmony and good fellowship. No fox-destroyers exist, and game is as plenty as we can possibly wish.—Before I conclude I must beg to be excused giving a certain gentleman a friendly hint—viz. that it is by no means a proof of good breeding to call His Grace of Beaufort "Duke," or the Marquis of Worcester "Worcester;" for, however condescending these great men may be, it cannot be pleasing to them to be addressed by the familiar names of "Duke," and "Worcester;" and it ought to be recollected that there is as wide a difference between a Duke and a miller, as between a man of sense and an idiot.—*Oxford, Jan. 6, 1830.*

SIR—It is painful to say, that a certain little Major, not far from this place, who himself hunts nothing but *heireses*, has set the example of killing foxes, shooting gentlemen's hounds, &c. &c.—practices hitherto unknown in this our peaceable country, and which are as selfish as they are unsportsmanlike: but, to the credit of Welshmen be it said, his example is not followed, and himself and his amusements (if such they can be called) are execrated by everyone; and we hope he may soon go to ground in his wine-vaults, which will suit him much better than Cumrw.—*Llandovery, Jan. 10, 1830.*

A Correspondent writes us—"It is currently reported in the hunting circles, that Mr. George Templer, that most finished gentleman, as well as first-rate sportsman, is about returning immediately amongst us, and will take the first good country that is offered him; and we hope to see him in the field ere this season closes, to the terror of all foxes, and the delight of every one who may be fortunate enough to hunt with him."

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Masters intends giving up his hounds after this season, he being one of the keenest and best sportsmen we know, and his hounds as near perfection as possible.

#### COURSING.

A friendly match was made on Monday the 16th of November last, between Mr. W. Batt, of West Drayton, and Mr. Evans of Ealing, the former to produce fifteen greyhounds to run against fifteen, the property of Messrs. Evans, Turton, Pouchée, and Halford, all old and well-known lovers of the leash. Saturday, Dec. 12, was the day fixed for the match to come off, when it terminated as follows:—Mr. De Burgh's Bluebell beat Mr. Halford's Jessy; Mr. De Burgh's Nymph beat Mr. Halford's Bell; Mr. Evans's Spectre beat Mr. De Burgh's Northstar; Mr. Perkins's Larry beat Mr. Halford's Artful; Mr. Evans's Merry beat Mr. Treherne's Lancer; Mr. Turton's Latimer beat Mr. De Burgh's Newmarket; Mr. W. Batt's Nimble beat Mr. Pouchée's Pasta; Mr. De Burgh's Nimrod beat Mr. Pouchée's Patron; Mr. Treherne's Sultan beat Mr. Pouchée's Pilgarlic; Mr. Curnock's Skip beat Mr. Turton's Bess; Mr. Weedden's Spring beat Mr. Pouchée's Primrose; Mr. Payne's Vivid agst Mr. Turton's Quiz—no course; Mr. Halford's Gypsy beat Mr. Payne's Fly; Mr. Payne's Spring beat Mr. Pouchée's Pekin; Mr. Payne's Roxey beat Mr. Pouchée's Priestess—Mr. W. Batt winning ten out of fifteen courses. It was admitted on all hands, that no dogs were ever brought into the field in finer condition, that a better con-

tested match was never witnessed, nor a more interesting day's sport provided for the lovers of the leash.

#### CURLING.

In addition to the letter inserted in a former page (*see p. 275*), we have received the following:—"Another grand attempt was made on Monday, January 11, by a party of the very 'Flower of Dunblane,' to wrest the standard of victory from the dexterous and scientific lads of Ardoch, who had resolved to maintain the honour of their flag unsullied against the hostile attacks of all daring foemen. The several divisions came in collision, nothing loth, about ten o'clock, when the 'grounds' were reconnoitred, and laid off for the several combatants, who immediately took their respective stations. In a twinkling every battery was unmasked, and the artillery in full play. For a considerable space of time the eagle-wing of victory hovered mid-way in dread suspense; but the gigantic efforts of a genuine scion of 'the auld laird o' Bathaldie' at last turned the scale in favour of the 'lads.' Not a single shot did this 'good man and true' miss throughout the fray, and at last laid his opponents dead 'thirty to ten.'

"On Tuesday the 12th, the Kilsyth and Kirkintilloch Curling Clubs met upon the Grand Canal Company's reservoir at Townhead, near Kilsyth, forty players on each side. The game terminated in favour of the former; 125 shots being called for them, when their opponents stood 85."

#### CRIB-BITERS.

SIR—Having learnt from your valuable publication that Mr. T. R. Yare, of Gray's Inn-lane, has successfully acquired a method for the effectual prevention of crib-biting, I was induced to consult him, some months ago, about a grey gelding of mine, who had long evinced the most inveterate propensity for that pernicious vice. At Mr. Yare's recommendation the use of his Anti Crib-biter was resorted to; and since its application my horse has been entirely broken of the destructive habit of crib-biting, has most rapidly improved in condition, and does not appear to have suf-

ferred the slightest inconvenience from its use. As I obtained from the pages of your estimable work the benefit of these advantages, permit me through the same medium to acknowledge the merit and usefulness of Mr. Yare's highly-valuable and excellent discovery.—FREDERICK HALE THOMSON.  
—15, New Cavendish-street, Portland Place.

## FINE ARTS.

Messrs. Ackermann and Co. have just published a beautifully-coloured Engraving, of "the Fox-hunter," from a Painting by Mr. S. E. Jones, to which are appended the following original lines by a Fox-hunter:—

Hark forward! hark forward! the bold hunter cries;  
At the known cheering sound his gallant steed flies,  
And clearing the banks of a low winding rill,  
The breeze wafts the voices of hunters less shrill.

A five hours' chase, yet thou'rt fresh, my brave mare;  
The fox is run down, but no huntsman is there:  
Now put forth thy strength, 'tis a fifty to nine  
We're first at the death, and the brush it is mine.

Henry Alken's celebrated views of the Grand Steeple-Chase in Leicestershire, in March last, are now in a course of delivery to subscribers by Mr. Ackermann, jun.; and, from the spirit and truth with which they are drawn, they have obtained, as they deserve, the patronage of all the sporting men connected with the principal Hunts in the country; but more especially those of the Quorn Hunt, to whom (with Capt. Ross) they are dedicated. There are eight Plates, in which the

position of the competitors during the race, with their casualties and "hair-breadth escapes," are admirably portrayed.

## STALLION TO COVER.

A pure Arabian, the property of F. Dugdale Astley, Esq.—dark grey, with black tail, mane, and legs, and powerful muscle—at Harewood Lodge, near Newbury, Berks: half-bred mares, Sgs.; thorough-bred, 4gs.—A portrait of this very beautiful animal is now taking, and will shortly embellish our Magazine.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

Hollyhock, at Mount Loftus, county Kilkenny, aged 24. He was the best race-horse of his day in Ireland.

That valuable and well-known horse, Challenger, the property of Mr. I. Sadler, of Oxford—from inflammation, occasioned by an operation which took place a week previously.

## FACETIE.

As Doctors Benjamin and George Heath were walking one evening in the neighbourhood of Eton, Dr. George unfortunately fell into a ditch, and called to his brother to assist him; who exclaimed immediately, "Why do you not ar-ti-cu-late?"—"So I do," instantly retorted Dr. G.—"No, you don't," replied Dr. B., "or you would have said, instead of Benjamin, *Ben-I-am-in!*"

When Iulus and his friends through famine consumed the tables which were composed of solid biscuit—

*Heus etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus—*

what was the sole necessity of their doing so?—D'ye give it up?—Because it was the only *eat-tables* (eat-ables) they had.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Though the letter of "Humanitas" does credit both to his head and heart, it is not quite calculated for our pages.

Communications from "Alpinus" will always be most acceptable—he may use his own discretion on the purport of his Postscript—we certainly like to *know* our friends. His second letter next month.

We can only answer A. B.'s query *viva voce*.

"Fiat Justitia" may be right in his conjecture; but, according to the old French adage, *il n'a pas inventé la poudre—Anglicè*, he is no conjuror.

"Juvenilis" is no doubt good—in his own estimation; but we confess we see no point in his lucubrations: "old birds are not to be caught with chaff."

The "Eccentric Traveller" has but one fault—it has appeared before, though under another signature.

"Sibthorpe's Shooting after the Manner of Gambado" appeared in our Magazine for May 1863.







# HEPPO.

Painted by J. H. Jones, Boston, Mass., March 1881.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## Embellished with,

I. Portrait of BEPPO.—II. Portrait of REVELLER.

### BEPPO.

(Engraved by WEBB, from a Painting by LAPORTE.)

**BEPPO** is a Setter, bred by A. Legun, Esq., and one of the most perfect dogs, both in and out of covert, that ever was shot to. From his extreme beauty he was sold to Count de Leon for 50l., who took him abroad as a stallion, and is as fresh on his legs as a young dog, though he is now twelve years old.

### ON PLATING, AND COUNTRY RACING GENERALLY.

"Let the Country Gentlemen look to it!"

SIR,

**I** HAVE in former articles mentioned with regret the declining support of Gentlemen to country Plating, which has gradually taken place for some years past; whereby the respectability of provincial meetings has greatly suffered, and the sport itself been

O o

deeply injured. It requires but very little argument to show how vitally the whole of our system of racing is connected with the prosperity of country meetings: since it is evident that Newmarket, York, and the other places where Produce Stakes are run for, are not in these days any thing like sufficient to employ and maintain our extensive breed of thoroughbred horses. It is, in fact, our system of country racing which has brought our blood stock to the commercial value it has attained; and so long as that system is properly supported, we need be under no fear of losing our superiority over other countries for our breed of race-horses. It is the knowledge of this that has of late years induced our Continental neighbours to establish something like our plan of racing: and though, in France, they have not hitherto succeeded to any extent, yet in Germany matters have been infinitely better, as, indeed, your readers may gather from the interesting account NIMROD has lately gratified us with of his trip to that country. It is now nearly ten years ago, too, since the Editor of the Stud Book remarked that "if any proof were wanting of the superiority of the English breed of horses over that of every other country, it might be found in the avidity with which they are sought by Foreigners. . . . But this advantage, some of our Continental neighbours are of opinion will not long remain with us: they are fully aware of the source whence we derive this superiority, and are in consequence endeavouring to establish races on the English plan, which, together with a more careful selection of

stallions and mares than they observe in England, will very soon, they say, enable them to excel us: and they anticipate a day (not very distant,) when the English must send to the Continent, if not for speedy, at least for *sound*, horses. This hint about soundness may be worth attending to; but for the rest, with the advantages this country already possesses, and so long as horse-racing continues to be followed up with spirit by her men of rank and opulence, there can be little to apprehend."

The whole of this sensible passage is well worth considering; for it is certain that foreigners are much more particular as to hereditary blemishes and defects in their stallions and mares than we are: it is, however, with the latter part only of the passage, that at present, I have any thing to do.

Since then it is so apparent how important it is to uphold country racing "with spirit by men of rank and opulence," should not every endeavour be made to restore it to something like the station it ought to hold? To attain this, and to induce Gentlemen to give their support to Plating, I propose to point out some of the matters which I conceive militate against it; but which, with a little perseverance and attention, may easily be remedied.

In the first place I shall begin by stating that Gentlemen cannot, in these days, be expected to send horses for Fifty Pound Plates: and I will give my reasons for such an assertion. When, to prevent petty and low gambling, the Legislature, now three parts of a century ago, enacted that it should be illegal to race for less than fifty pounds, they

no doubt conceived that in fixing that *minimum* they were creating a prize which would be worth contending for, and, when won, would leave a fair remuneration to the owner of the race-horse after all expenses were paid: but since then things have materially changed, and there is more than the difference of one half between the fifty-pounds of those days and that of the present period. It is in fact a mere truism to say that at present no one can get money at what is termed Plating. Even those petty trainers who poke about the provinces with a horse or two of their own, such as no one else would keep in training, and who are ready to take every advantage, and resort to all sorts of dodges to keep straight, do not, after all, at the end of the season, find their pockets much increased in weight. I have paid for a little experience as to Plating myself, and I always found that, on an average, it required from four to five fifties to bear me harmless: and it must be a pretty good nag to bring home that. And then what is to be said as to wear and tear; for nothing finds out "the screw" sooner than a dose of "stubble-cutting," as the Gentlemen trainers call the Plating in Kent, where the races are usually run in ploughed fields. The truth is, the infernal expenses eat the poor master's earnings up. It is not, however, so much as to the trainer's charge that I allude, but to the impositions that are laid on by the Clerks of the Course, who are generally also the owners of the stables where the race-horses go to at provincial places. It is so much in the power of Stewards and Managers of races to put a

stop to these speculations, and by so doing add materially to the support and credit of the Turf, that I shall make no apology for briefly stating what I conceive ought to be done. It is now usual to advertise to give a Plate of Fifty Pounds—and, if more cannot be afforded, better that than none—with two or three guineas to be paid by each horse as entrance money, which can always be claimed by the second horse; but to evade which, it has in many places latterly become the practice to endeavour to make a quibble out of this, at the expense of the poor plater, and advertise what should be "entrance money," as so much to be paid "towards the expense of the races." Now it should be known that no mean and despicable equivocation of this kind, *be it worded how it may*, can get rid of the responsibility of Stewards to pay to the owner of the second horse which runs for a Plate, the full amount of the entrance money. The truth is, that in the majority of cases, nothing is more likely to create sport and give people satisfaction, than holding out the entrance money to the second horse, for the race must then be run out; whereas it is frequently the case that a compromise takes place between two or three horses, just to get enough to start to make a race, and one heat and a walk over does the business. Besides, people are always glad to run for the entrance money, be it even trifling, as it helps to pay expenses: and really if places are not rich enough to afford 50l. without calling upon the owners of horses to pay part of it, they had better at once curb their vanity, and keep their money in their pockets. It is but just to

add, that in the North, and many other parts, where good sport and honorable racing is an object, they are quite aware of these objections, and have not only liberally increased the amount of their Plates, but make it a rule to hold out the entrance money (which is in some cases nearly two-thirds of the value of the Plate itself,) to the owner of the second horse. Besides these drawbacks, winners are called upon to pay two or three guineas "for weights and scales," and half-a-guinea for the jockey weighing—which half-guinea, in course, comes out of the employer's pocket, as his jock charges him with it; add to which, in my opinion "the unkindest cut of all," the charge, besides the horse's eatables, of a guinea or two for the stall he stands in; and if you should be lucky enough to win, "another guinea for liquor to boys!" Add also the expenses of your animal's eating, boy's wages, trainer's attendance, tolls, and bait on the road, and "tho' last, not least," your jock's winning fee; and then ask the question of what will remain out of a Fifty-Pound Plate to carry you through till you are fortunate enough to pull through another?

With these drawbacks and objections before them, it cannot be expected that Gentlemen will keep horses entirely at their own expense, for other people's amusement only. And to encourage men of respectability to send horses for Plates, something, at least, ought to be done to secure them against certain loss (which cannot be otherwise than the result under the present system): gain is neither asked nor expected. To accomplish this, either increase the

amount of the sum (as a Plate) to be given, or at least do away with the scandalous imposition of compelling owners of horses to pay for getting up races, which should, undoubtedly, fall on any one's shoulders but their's. To Managers of races I say, always make an entrance of two or three sovereigns, and give it invariably to the second horse; and to owners and trainers, I say *insist* on having the same. I have a word or two to say respecting trainers: many of them are, no doubt, very honest men in their way; but it also behoves masters of horses not to trust entirely to their management. One trainer is in the habit, perhaps, of going a particular circuit, and consequently possesses, after a time, a kind of local connexion and influence: and as the Steward or Judge, in the majority of country places, knows little or nothing about the matter, and is altogether ignorant of the laws of racing, the trainer's interest then comes into play, and his word or hint will decide the matter—and it may be easily understood how far his own interest is compromised in such a case. Such a man, too, is willing to put up with all sorts of impositions, as far as they do not affect his own interest. It was but last year at one of the "stubble-cutting" places in Kent, when a friend of mine remonstrated at not being paid the entrance money, to which he was entitled for being second in some Plate; one of the "caste" of trainers that I have been mentioning, begged of him not to urge his claim, as the people could not afford to give a Plate without the help of the said entrance money; and if he compelled them to pay that over to him they would in

future be obliged to discontinue the races!\* Then, say I, if these are to be the conditions, the sooner they give up the better. But not so with our Gentleman-trainer: he was looking at what *he* should lose, not at what his employer would be likely to be *minus*. Indeed the former may in the majority of cases, sing the old distich:—

“Here’s a shell for thee, and thee—  
The oyster is the trainer’s fee!”

There is, however, one matter in which the “hand-in-hand” of the trainer and the Steward may improve Plating very much: I allude to the weights at present fixed in the majority of country places. If you want to be as near to the proper weight as you can for a three-years-old, you must put up a child, for what can you do more with 6st. 7lb. on a colt (and 3lb. less on a filly)?—and we well know the advantages of turns and corners old jocks will take of pretty good sized boys, much less such weights as the above; besides, with an awkward, or a hard-pulling horse (and all young ones are in some degree so), it is impossible to have them under command by such mere urchins as the weights compel you to put up: the consequence of this is, you are both ways obliged to give away weight, as even boys light enough cannot be easily provided, and perhaps, even the object of a stone in weight may be saved by putting up a lad able to hold your horse together. To obviate this, and so put an end to these

difficulties, and also prevent numberless disputes and wrangling, a higher scale of weights for Plates throughout the country should be adopted:—say, colts, three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four-year-olds, 8st. 5lb.; five-year-olds, 8st. 12lb.; six-year-olds, 9st. 2lb.; and aged 9st. 4lb.—mares, as usual, allowed 3lb. These weights are on the scale of the Newmarket Trial Stakes, only beginning a little lower for the sake of the old horses. These would, at most times, enable good sized lads to be put upon young horses, and prevent so much difficulty in getting boys to the proper weight, when required to be a stone less; and, in fact, I may venture to say, that even as it is, three-year-olds very seldom carry less than 7st. I have reason to believe all, or nearly all, of provincial trainers will be glad of the change, for it is what I have continually heard them complain of, though it would appear none of them have ever taken much trouble to have the matter altered.

There is one other matter which every year brings fresh trouble and difficulty to Stewards of races, and that is the Hunter’s Stake. Each county, and nearly every hunt, has its Hunter’s Stakes, or at least some kind of local interest in one, in the shape of “Hunter’s Stakes for all horses which have been hunted with such and such hounds:” with, perhaps, the additional article, that the horses shall have been bred in such a county. Others (and they form

\* I have heard with astonishment, but can scarcely credit it, that at Canterbury, where a Hundred Pounds Subscribed Plate was to be given, they absolutely attempted to withhold some paltry eight or ten pounds from the winner, on the plea of giving it back to the Gentleman who had named the horse!—Why all plates nearly are subscribed; and as well might any person who had given a guinea or two towards one, go to the winner after the race and demand his share back again. Pretty encouragement this toward country racing!

Germany rather than to America or elsewhere?

If, Mr. Editor, you will be kind enough to give place to the foregoing lines in your valuable pages, you will greatly oblige a constant subscriber, and

A MAN OF KENT.

### BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Feb. 22, 1850.  
**N**OTWITHSTANDING the severe weather at the early part of the month, business has been tolerably brisk.

On the 8th the betting was solely confined to the four leading favorites. The Mouse and Cressida party were very numerous and influential, and, after repeated fluctuations, they were brought parallel with the other two. The Mummer and Brunswicker gave way a trifle, and at one time had every appearance of being deserted: at the very juncture a Mr. C. entered the room, and immediately backed Brunswicker at 6 to 5 against Mouse, and before the close he got up a full point.

The 11th was highly interesting, several of the outsiders having been backed to an enormous amount, particularly Brine and Mr. Rush's lot. Brunswicker still kept the lead, and was freely supported. The Mummer was a shade better, but not much doing upon him.

The 15th, the room was very select and betting dull. Cressida was all the rage, the Chifney party backing him with much spirit; and long before the close he became second favorite. Brunswicker was in slight demand, and with difficulty maintained his station. The Mummer was backed at the opening, but his friends were not in sufficient force to keep him in his

old place. Mouse was literally laid on the shelf, nobody wishing to back him, and he is evidently on the decline. With the exception of Mouche for the OAKS, and Raby for the St. LEGER, these Stakes are both quiescent.

The 22d was very flat and unimportant. A Noble Marquis laid 900 to 100 against Cressida, and subsequently took 1300 to 100 about Wat Tyler—both in the same stable—but was unwilling to go on. The Mouse partly rallied, a Mr. J. offering to take 6 to 5 he beat any thing. Sir Mark's two were not in much request, and the finish was very spiritless. Brunswicker and Cressida were in the greatest favour, the majority of the speculators freely taking the odds. Nothing was done upon the OAKS or St. LEGER.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. Z. B.

### DERBY.

- 17 to 2 agst Cressida (taken).
- 9 to 1 agst Brunswicker.
- 9 to 1 agst The Mummer.
- 10 to 1 agst Mouse (freely taken).
- 13 to 1 agst Wat Tyler (taken).
- 14 to 1 agst Cetus.
- 17 to 1 agst Mahmoud.
- 30 to 1 agst Brine.
- 40 to 1 agst Lord Verulam's lot (taken).
- 40 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's lot (taken).
- 50 to 1 agst The Major (taken).
- 50 to 1 agst Subaltern (taken).
- 11 to 2 agst Sir Mark's two.
- 8 to 1 agst Brunswicker and The Major (taken).

### OAKS.

- 11 to 2 agst Mouche.
- 8 to 1 agst Maria.
- 10 to 1 agst Leeway.
- 22 to 1 agst Frederica (taken).
- 22 to 1 agst Corca (taken).

### ST. LEGER.

- 83 to 1 agst Raby.
- 11 to 1 agst Brunswicker.
- 15 to 1 agst St. Nicholas.
- 15 to 1 agst Cressida and Wat Tyler.
- 33 to 1 agst Birmingham.
- 35 to 1 agst Lady Emmeline.

### RIDDLESWORTH.

- 7 to 2 agst Mahmoud.
- 4 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 6 to 5 the field agst two.



## SKETCHES OF BENGAL, No. III.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

Swamping of Boat—Plovers—Singular  
Attack of Jackals—Berhampore—Un-  
fortunate Duel—Landing, and Losing  
Budjrow—Pleasures of Snipe Shooting—  
Green Pigeons—Peacock Shooting—  
Anecdotes of a Hog—Alligators in the  
Ganges—Anecdote of Ditto—Ele-  
phants, &c.

SIR,

**T**UESDAY, 18th Sept.—This morning we had a tremendous gale of wind from the S.W. The Hoogly is here more than a mile and a half across, and the waves ran as high as in the open sea, which made our situation by no means comfortable, for the budjrows are round-bottomed, without any keel, and top-heavy as a camel: and the Manjees, making a point of hoisting every inch of their huge square sails, it was a mercy that the whole fleet was not capsized. The boatmen swim like fish; but it is contrary to their religion to save a drowning man, especially a Christian; therefore they care as little about an upset as they do about the eating of a curry.

I shall never forget the cry of dismay uttered by an unlucky little Ensign of the detachment, when he perceived a catastrophe which befel his baggage-boat: she was a dull sailer, and with some difficulty kept up with the rest; so the Manjee loaded her with canvas; and, just as she was sweeping majestically round a bend of the Hoogly, a gust took her on the broad-side, and down she went, flat upon the water, dousing her sails under the waves, like a Nautilus in a storm. Men, women, and children were seen kicking and squalling in the water; geese

and ducks rejoiced in their native element; and the old patriarchal cock, with his whole seraglio of hens, floated in their coops down the river! Poor Ensign W—e could have resigned himself to fate, had this been the extent of his misfortune; but his despair amounted almost to phrenzy, when he described his stores of coffee, tea, and sugar, performing a voyage back to Calcutta; two dozen of genuine Cognac brandy being mixed with water before its time; and every shirt he possessed covering the waves like snow-flakes; whilst in the midst of them might be seen the unhappy *dhoby*, or washerman, half choked by the shoals of linen, yet making a desperate grasp at his goose in the height of his agony.

One poor wretch was bitten in half by an alligator; but by swimming or clinging to the wreck all the others were rescued, except a few dozen of shirts, fowls, and children. Like Pious Aeneas, we were a little startled at the fate of our companion's brandy; and thinking that Carthage was as good a port as Italy, we made our Manjee *lugon* under the first sheltered bank at hand, till the gale blew over. And the place was not a bad one; for I bagged three couple of snipes and a black diver, a bird very similar to a small cormorant, and a great devourer of fish, which it as readily seizes as the pelican, by means of a sharp hook at the extremity of the upper mandible.

In the evening I shot eight golden plovers, and two other species of the same *ordo*—viz. 1. not unlike our pce-wit or lapwing, black under the throat, on the shoulder, tips of the wings, tail, and top-knot; back and neck

of a dingy pink; belly white:—2. a taller and longer plover, with red head like a pheasant, pie-bald plumage, and yellow legs.

Started at least forty jackals on the margin of a chain of small lakes, or rather jeels. By-the-by, I recollect promising an anecdote of a friend on this head. Doctor S— was on board a Company's ship lying at or near Diamond Harbour; and being short of amusement, and feeling the bump of *destructiveness* more strongly developed than usual on the surface of his pericranium, he took up his gun, and went on shore to lay wait for the jackals. In his walk along the beach he encountered the carcass of a dead buffalo—and, thinking himself sure of sport, lay down behind some bushes, and waited till the moon rose. Jackals poured down from the woods by dozens, and began to pick the buffalo's bones: the Doctor cocked his percussion, and thought to himself, "The de'il, my coveys! boot I ha' thee noo! here goes for wha's the best mon, a Scot or a jackal!"—No sooner said than done—the Doctor blazed away right and left, and rushing through the cloud of his own smoke, dashed down the beach to bag his game. Alas! not a jackal's brush was singed! and, to the Doctor's consternation, instead of running away, the animals stood looking at him with much coolness; and, though frightened by the report at first, they now began to collect round him in great numbers, as if unwilling to be choused of their booty. Dr. S— thought they might relish a bonny Scotsman more than a carrion buffalo, and fumbled for his ammunition; but, unlike a wise general, he had left his powder-flask under the bushes; and the

gaunt bony forms of the jackals were now stealing down towards him from that quarter. "The de'il! the de'il! but my retreat is cut ooff!" wailed the Doctor; "and the varminths look as if they would na mind a bit o' Christian flesh!"

Strange and almost unparalleled as the incident may appear—and I had it from the Doctor himself—the hungry jackals, when a cloud passed over the moon, began to encompass him around, and yelping and grinning with their long fangs, forced the Doctor to back as they advanced.

Dr. S— brandished his firelock, and shouted "Hoot awa'! Hoot awa'!" with all his vigour; but the cunning animals seemed aware of his being out of powder, and, as the buffalo lay at the edge of the water, they fairly drove him into the river up to his chin, shrieking, "Hoot awa'! hoot awa'! the de'il damn your mither's sons!" and being unwilling to lose his powder-horn, and yet afraid to attack such a host of "hoongry beasts," he waited shivering in the limpid element for many hours, till the grey of morning induced his conquerors to retire.

Nothing annoys the Doctor so much as the question, "Which is the best mon, Doctor, a Scot or a jackal?" I believe it was S—'s first and last sporting excursion.

He left off shooting on the wise principle of a celebrated tiger-shot, who having killed nine, and narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the tenth, relinquished the sport for ever: and, when jeered for his timidity, he coolly replied, "Tiger-hunting is a delightful recreation while you hunt the *tiger*, but not quite so agreeable when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt you."

Discretion is acknowledged to be the better part of valour; and I am not ashamed to say, gentle reader, that I have also run away from a tiger as fast as my horse's legs could carry me, though he paid for his impertinence afterwards; and my old flint-lock still glories in the deed.

Till Friday, the 21st, we had excellent sport, killing great quantities of snipes, ducks, and teal; and in a few days expected to come up with nobler game.

This evening we reached Berhampore, a large military station a few miles below Moorshedabad, the celebrated capital of the Bengal Nuwabs, where Suraja Dowla, of Black-Hole notoriety, lost his kingdom and his life.

Here I met with a *doriya* taking three couples of fine healthy fox-hound puppies to Cawnpore, from my friends Messrs. Mackintosh, of Calcutta: when I saw them some time afterwards they were reduced almost to anatomies from sickness and want of care: only one, I believe, reached Cawnpore.

After spending a pleasant day or two at Berhampore, on the second morning of which we had a little affair of honour—attended by a lamentable catastrophe—one of the parties, after an exchange of shots, being carried off dead—*drunk!*—(many begin drinking brandy-pounce before they are out of bed)—we proceeded on our voyage, and on Monday, the 24th, began to feel ourselves arrived in the land of sport. I landed with a friend, like rational creatures, just before noon, when the day was beginning to get *comfortably warm*, when the natives retire to their cool cottages, and wiser Englishmen sally forth into the blaze. The

place seemed too likely for us to regard such trifles as a *coup-de-soleil*, or brain fever; and first of all we beat diligently through a belt of tall dry rushes, which bordered the river; and, before we had walked two miles, managed to kill between us five hares, eight couple of snipes, two wild geese of a red-rusty plumage and white, besides more than a dozen quails; this being the first day that a quail had been seen or killed.

The Indian hares are considerably smaller than ours, and more of a wild-rabbit colour than the rich brown which ours can boast; they are very good eating with mango jelly, but afford no sport to coursers.

I never remember having been out in a much hotter day than this. Often did I stand still, and feel my skull, to ascertain if the brains were not oozing out—feeling as apprehensive, when the bubbling streams of perspiration poured down my face like red-hot lava, as was Don Quixote, when he clapped the helmet full of curds upon his head.

After a short period those who were not laid on their backs by death in the seasoning, became as dry and sapless as a mummy or a drum-head, whilst their livers rattled like parched peas in a porridge-pot.

By landing in the middle of the day, whilst the budjrow is tracking, sailing, or rowing on its voyage, we frequently got into a dilemma, and on this day especially; for after penetrating into the interior till 4 P.M., and getting more than eight miles from the river, we had to tramp away in search of the confounded vessel, through swamps, bogs, and jungles, wading up to our necks in the numerous *nullas*, or streams, which crossed

our path; and getting much puzzled by the darkness of the night, which now set in at seven; and by the continual windings of the Hoogly, we at last arrived on the bank of a broad *nulla*, full of water from the rains, and impassable to all but boats, swimmers, and fishes.

My companion, being a dab, plunged in with his gun above head; but I, having found that the specific gravity of my body always centres to the *bottom*, entertain an especial dislike for cold water; and, going a little farther up the bank, I found a small canoe, formed of a long and hollowed-out palm-tree, and, balancing myself exactly in the middle, pushed with a bamboo across the stream. The canoe was barely a foot in breadth, whilst its length was at least eighteen, and it required no little difficulty to preserve one's equilibrium. The palm trunk tilted from starboard to larboard in an awful manner. "If I'm ducked, I shall be drowned! if I'm drowned I shall be—diddled!"—The other shore was almost reached, when my cursed dog put his paw upon the side of the canoe, which my utmost caution could scarcely keep from capsizing, and tilted me into the water, like Gulliver into the bowl of cream. I never could swim in any direction but downwards; yet, somehow or another, after splashing and spluttering for a few minutes, I found myself high, though not dry, ashore, giving the dog as sound a thrashing as his luckless carcase ever experienced before or after.

Wet and hungry, I and my comrade trudged onward; and when we reached the river's bank, some miles from the place where we went ashore, to our infinite mortification, the budjrows had anchored

on the other side of the Hoogly, full a mile and a half across that broad sheet of water. We fired minute-guns of distress; they dispatched a *dingee* (canoe) for us—and we were lucky in getting aboard by midnight.

I mention this as a hint to other *griffins*. If they land at noon, and beat till dark, this will be an occurrence three days out of six; and I advise them never to stray more than a mile from the banks, whilst the budjrow is going on, but to move in a parallel direction with the river; and, if they catch now and then a distant glimpse of their bark, it will save them much vexation of spirit and body, and many attacks of fever and dysentery, which the night-air and fatigue will not fail sooner or later to produce.—*Experientia docet!*

This evening I shot a beautiful little hawk, not much bigger than a quail; its plumage was blue and white, legs yellow, and the inside of its beak and throat of the brightest vermilion—the most beautiful I ever saw of the hawk tribe.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—A hard day—fine snipey country—rice-fields still under water—heat perfectly grilling—water up to our waists all day—could not stand still for a second, from fear of being *boiled alive*; of which fate we, being *lobsters*, entertained considerable apprehensions. To all appearance the country was quite dry—the green and luxuriant rice rising several feet above the surface of the inundation—and, as our party waded through these verdant masses, every now and then one of us would step into a concealed trench or buffalo-hole, and disappear; so that we enjoyed the recreation of fishing for lobsters as well as shooting. Here and there were rising

patches of ground and elevated spots, from which the waters had drained off, and from which clouds of snipes would fly lazily away. It was perfectly captivating; but they were so numerous and tame that we shot many on the ground, like barbarous pot-hunters, and reached the fleet, laden with spoil, and in raptures with snipe-shooting.

One man died of *cholera morbus*, and three had *puckah* fevers before morning!—"But then, the sport! my dear Sir, d—n it! the sport!"

*Wednesday, 26th.*—"Last night he was as merry as I am," thought I to myself, as poor M—e's coffin was sunk in the deep waters of the Hoogly. His late budjrow kept close to mine all day, and haunted me like a spectre: the open venetians—the red jacket hung upon astring—the double gun in the corner—and leather writing desk upon the camp-table were all as usual: but the desk was locked up, the arm chair of saul-wood was vacant, and the chintz-covered sofa was occupied by the deceased's old spaniel, which whined most dolefully, and kept looking wistfully out of the window as if in want of something that was gone.

I landed by myself at 2 P.M. and shot my way through the inundated paddy-flats to the next halting place, a very considerable commercial town called Jungeepore; having bagged five couple of snipes, three ducks, and a great many wild-pigeons, which, when grilled, make an uncommonly good side-dish on the supper or breakfast table.

Two species of these pigeons deserve remark:—The first is much like our domesticated pigeon in shape, but of a deep *grass green*: the second is a short and thick

bird, with a beak and head more like the partridge; the back, tail, wings, and head, are of a lightish green; the neck and breast inclining to pink; and the belly, sides, and long tufts of feathers on the thighs are of a primrose-colour. At a distance they are often mistaken for parrots; and so much resemble the foliage of trees in hue, that I have frequently passed through a *tope* (grove) where hundreds have been collected, without discovering them.

The first person I met, on entering Jungeepore, was the sole relative of Lieut. M—e in India, going out in his palanquin to meet the budjrow of his nephew. Without being aware of the poor fellow's death, he said to me, "I expect Edward here immediately—as his letter of yesterday tells me your fleet is coming up to Jungeepore this evening—you will meet us at dinner at seven precisely!"

It was painful to deceive him.

*Thursday, 27th.*—Got stuck in a morass—could move neither backwards nor forwards—was hauled out at last by the united efforts of my *doriya* and *mihtur*, with the loss of my shoes and stockings.

Went into the grass jungles bare-foot, having heard of some pea-fowl in that direction; saw a herd of gazelles in the plain, but could not get near them.

Lacerated my feet awfully amongst the brambles; but my labours were repaid, when, lo! up rose a fine old peacock, whizzing through the bushes like a huge cock pheasant. He had scarcely cleared the top of the jungle before his stern-quarters were peppered with both barrels, and down he came *flump* amongst

the grass. 'Twas the first peacock I ever killed; and just as he was making off for the thickets I seized his fine purple neck, and immolated him on the spot, as a first offering to the fair huntress of the silver bow. A hen got up soon after, and down she came also, as did a young cock besides. I winged another, which ran into the heavy jungle.

The wild pea-fowl of India are exactly similar to our tame ones in every respect; they are the greatest ornament of Eastern preserves. Near Midnapore, and amongst the hills of Orissa and Berar, I have seen more than a hundred of them in one flock strutting on the borders of the jungles at day-break.

It may be taken as a certain token, that, where there are heavy coverts bordered with grass and plenty of water, there are peacocks—where there are peacocks, there are deer—and where there are deer, there are tigers also.

Many in India carry shot in one barrel and ball in the other; but I gave up this plan; after I had three successive times fired the bullet at a snipe, and powdered a wild boar with a volley of dust-shot.

Wild boars are clean feeding animals, and their hams are eaten; but the tame pigs that frequent villages are held in as much abomination, by Europeans, as ever was pork by a Jew or Moslem. They feed on the foulest ordure they can pick up. I have seen them rioting on human carrion on the banks of rivers—and few will venture to taste of pig-meat which has not been *educated* in known sties.

A few days afterwards a ridiculous incident occurred.—My friend S— and another Officer were beating a field of sugar-canes, hoping to meet with a jungle-hog, when out bolted an old *su'or*\*, and ran grunting before them across the next field. S— was a good shot, and put a brace of balls through the hog's body in as many seconds; and B—e rolled poor piggy upon its back by a well-placed bullet behind the ear.

They jumped for joy: they had never floored a *su'or* before; and, hiring some outcast *Pariahs* to carry the beast on a pole, they returned in triumph to the fleet. Æneas and Achates did not feel more pleasure in slaughtering a herd of stags for the Trojan navy, than did my worthy friends in inviting every officer of our armada to partake of the delicious wild hog. The pig was scalded and cut up; spare-ribs and plantain-sauce were smoking on the table; B—e had devoured one plate-full with exquisite relish; and S—, as master of the dainty feast, was revelling in all his glory, when an old woman rushed into the budjrow, weeping lamentably. "Ah, Sahab! Sahab! she's gone—she's gone! the hope of my family! the pride of my house is gone! is gone! Ah, Sahab! Sahab! Sahab!" and the old wretch wrung her hands so piteously that we thought she had lost her daughter at least. Only conceive our dismay on discovering that our host had killed the woman's *old sow-pig*!—a luxurious animal, which had devoured all the garbage of the village for the last ten years at least! The faces of the party turned to a cadaverous hue—and the entrance of

\* Pig.

a shell would not have sent the company out of the room in so desperate a hurry. The old hag received a rupee for her cursed pig; and a few Epsom salts soon relieved the guests from their horror of the unhallowed swine's flesh.

*Friday, 28th.* — Entered the great stream of the Ganges, a vast expanse of water, compared with which the Nile is but a rivulet. At noon we got into a canoe, and made a brace of dandies pull quietly up the shore, in order to catch our game, the alligators, asleep.

At a sudden turn of the broad Ganges, we came upon five enormous crocodiles basking on a sandbank—the length of the smallest must have been eighteen feet, and the largest was certainly thirty. As they lay flat upon their bellies, basking in the sun, and opening their long mouths to inhale the breeze of the monsoon, we let fly at the most vulnerable parts of the belly and throat which were exposed to us. One of the smallest was hit very hard, and flapped its long tail for some moments, before it could plunge into the water after its companions. We had several more shots in the course of the day, but without success.

The alligator is of the genus *lacerta*, being nothing more than an enormous lizard, and is of two kinds:—1. the koomer, or bull-headed alligator, seldom exceeding fourteen feet in length, but by far the most dangerous:—2. the crocodile, or long-nosed alligator, frequently exceeding thirty feet, but very indolent, and almost

harmless—proving a very useful devourer of the numberless dead Hindoos who contaminate the various rivers of India. This is the *χροκοδείλος*, *crocodilus*, of Herodotus; but I could never learn that there was any truth in his account of the bird which picked out leeches from the reptile's throat: still I by no means disbelieve it. The crocodile is certainly afflicted with leeches in the manner described; and may be seen daily with its mouth open to receive some contribution; but of what kind it is difficult to say, as it dives on the first alarm. One thing which militates against Herodotus is, that there are not, I believe, any leeches in Egypt: in Syria they abound; but *there* again one can find no crocodiles!

Alligator's fat is better than turtle's; and all know that this singular animal moves its upper jaw only, and has the power of spreading a filmy but transparent membrane over the eye, to enable it to see underneath the water.

A celebrated sportsman told me of a singular adventure with a koomer. Their ship had let go her anchor off Saugor\* Island, and he went ashore on that inhospitable coast, with a watering party of Lascars. As they were rowing up a beautiful creek of deep water, so narrow that the gun-wale of the boat touched the bank on either side, and the branches of the trees formed an arched canopy above their heads, a rustling was heard amongst the tall grass of the jungle, and the party feared lest a tiger might be lurking near them; and were not undeceived, till one of

\* Saugor, not Sangor, as the DEVIL mis-spelt it: also read *Bursaulty* for *Bursaulty*, and *Punkah* for *Nunkah*. There are some other murders of Hindoostanee orthography, which I forget, not having the first Number by me.

the Lascars, leaning towards the bank, was knocked out into the water by a violent blow on the head; and an alligator, shuffling down the bank, snapped up the unfortunate Indian, whilst he lay stunned, and dived with him to the bottom of the stream. The koomer had knocked him on the head WITH ITS TAIL; and held him under the water till suffocated, and the party had given up their search in despair; for so quickly was the business done, that they had scarcely time to utter an exclamation, before the savage reptile had dived to the bottom with its prey.

*Saturday, 29th.*—Killed between us nearly a bullock-load of snipes, quails, and hares; besides thirty-seven couples of wild-pigeons, green, blue, and yellow.

*Sunday, 30th.*—Arrived at Rajemaha; took a sentimental stroll amongst the old ruins of the palace; added my name to the list of fools, who had carved their's on the black marble; met a young elephant near the town, which had been lately caught; gave him the branch of a tree to masticate, in return for which he gave me a box on the ear with his trunk, and almost demolished my upper-works; thought he had not been used to the society of gentlemen, and walked away, the brute looking after me with the most sagacious impertinence. I did not venture to pull his nose in return, but, putting my hands and dignity in my pocket, stalked to the right about.

Elephants which have been lately caught, make capital tiger-hunters, if arrived at their full strength. When they have lived long in a domesticated state they lose much of their *moral* vigour, if I

may so call it. A small elephant may be purchased for from 600 to 800 rupees; the general price of a good one is from 1000 to 1200; but sometimes they reach to 3000. In Bengal they are very useful, performing the service of three stout cart-horses; but towards the hills they are inferior to camels, as opthalmia, dropsy, and tender feet, generally attack them in dry situations.

It is curious, as you sail on the Ganges, to see these black mountainous animals sitting up on their hams in the water like dark rocks; whilst their *mohouts*, or drivers, stand upon their extended trunks and wash them with the cooling element—the elephants sucking up the water in their trunks, and spouting it over their own bodies to forward the purification.

This evening we got all our artillery into order; for the wooded hills of Rajemahal were close at hand, and great sport was anticipated in the wild country which we were approaching. Nor were we disappointed: but I fear I must defer our excursions into the jungles till another time, as beginning a new era in our voyage, and affording sport of a more splendid description than any we had yet enjoyed.

I will fill up the remainder of my paper with a few scattered observations, which may prove of some service to those ambitious of Oriental honours in the field, as well as the drawing-room.

Let the shooting man, before he leaves England, provide himself with several pairs of London-built shoes, well nailed; grease them on the voyage out, and every time he uses them, and they will last him till he returns home on furlough in ten years' time. They



make *cheap*, but they cannot make *good shoes* in India. Let him also remember that powder and shot cannot always be procured at remote stations, and he should provide accordingly. At Calcutta even he will pay double the price he would give in England. I remember at Madras giving five shillings for a dog-chain, which in Europe could be bought almost for as many pence.

Percussion guns are best at home, where birds are wild, and caps always procurable; but in India, where every thing flies languidly, and caps, if obtained, can seldom be relied on, I prefer a flint-lock. Cards will suffice for wadding. The climate is so dry that powder is always (except in the S.W. monsoon) in a fine state, and the barrels never become so foul as in England. They make a neat hat of dry plantain leaves pasted together, in Bengal—which, being thick and spongy, I have found to be excellent for wadding. Three kinds of shot will be sufficient: dust for snipes; No. 5, for quails, partridges, &c.; and duck-shot for pea-fowl, bustards, wild-fowl, &c.; with ball for antelopes, deer, and wild beasts. The best dress for shooting is an entire suit of Nankin with a Manilla hat; which, being of the same buff colour as the withered grass and parched country, will best suit the dry season—none but madmen venture into the jungles in the wet season. Worsted socks are invaluable—flannel waistcoats indispensable, preventives of chills and cholera—and many take a phial of *eau de luce* as a healer of snake bites. But, as I devoutly believe that no human skill can heal the bite of a cobra or a whip-snake, I think it is best to leave physic at home, and trust to fortune. Ser.

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pents certainly swarm in all parts; but the sportsman, who sees one in every bush, may be assured that sporting is not *his vocation*; and unless he can carry a medicine chest on his back, or case himself in leather up to the chin, he will never enjoy the wild sports of the East.

Fly fruit as you would poison: live well, but not intemperately; drink brandy—paunce or sherry, and eschew claret and champagne; and the hot sun will not hurt you, after you have had a *seasoning*. A good many die in the seasoning, to be sure: but I have frequently rode from sun-rise to sun-set, in so broiling a tropical day, that the ground blistered the bare feet of my servants, and felt exhilarated at the close; whereas a glass of sour claret would have settled my business in two hours.

It is strange how much Europeans can endure in so trying a climate, whilst the natives sink by hundreds around them. I have killed two servants in three days by hard exercise and exposure to the sun, when myself in a bad state of health.

“Drink brandy, my boy, and a fig for the climate!” was Colonel L——d’s advice to me, as we drank to the prosperity of fox-hunting in his tent; and he had lived thirty-five successive years in India—had been drunk every night—and never had a head-ache!!!—He was one of a thousand.

SHIKARREE.

#### QUALIFICATIONS of the SETTER.

SIR,

I PERCEIVE in your entertaining Number for December a letter from a Correspondent on the qualities of that useful and in

my opinion, most beautiful of sporting dogs, the Setter, or more properly speaking, the old English Springer. I am induced to say a few words on this subject, apologizing at the same time to the gentleman in question, for being under the necessity of differing in opinion. He enlarges on the difficulty of breaking this species of dog, contra-distinguished from the Pointer; and dwells very much on the sagacity of a puppy in his possession, in taking his point the first time he came on game, without previously having passed through the fiery ordeal of being flogged to a point by the keeper. The inference to be drawn from this is, that *most dogs require the whip*. In this idea I conceive him to be in error. Let them possess the grand desideratum, good blood, and be taken into the fields about nine months, *n'importe* whether in Autumn or not; let a strict eye and moderate-toned dog-language be used, so as to prevent their breaking hedges, and an occasional twig by the ear be given them should they chase; it would be found, that even at this early period will be shown an instinctive knack in quartering, &c.; and I will venture to pledge my existence, the necessary quality of *point* will follow.

*Par exemple*.—Admitting that some dogs (as is the common lot of humanity) possess a *pain in their tempers*, and are consequently more difficult to teach the necessary formulæ for the field; all that is wanted to conquer this fault is, that his tutor have the spirit and patience to walk with him till he (the dog) is thoroughly wearied, and he will find more caution and attention paid in future both as to game and other rules given. In

point of fact, this is all that is required with the most hardy and resolute Setter. The use of the whip is unnecessary; it may do to hold in *terrorem*, but, beyond that, does harm. The dog is gifted by nature with sufficient sagacity and observation to become a proficient in his master's school by kind and gentle treatment, far more than coercion.

The same remarks are applicable to the Pointer. Let him come from a genuine stock, and *exercise* will give the point. I have bred from each sort, and never found the least difficulty in making them staunch. What are termed *bad 'uns*, or those given up as worthless, are, generally speaking, made so, I firmly believe, by having been brought out at first by young inexperienced or *unskilful* sportsmen; and to them is attributable the short existence of many a fine animal who *might* have been a *star* in the field.

As to the *superiority* of the Pointer over the Setter, it is a mere matter of opinion; and the country wherein they are respectively used must determine the point. In an *open* country, where covert is seldom seen, *there* give me the Pointer; *vice versa*, the Setter: *but*, were I confined to one sort, I should certainly prefer the latter, from his greater usefulness, being equally *au fait* in any country; and, although the want of water has been generally considered highly detrimental, yet I must honestly confess, I have never found it so much the case. Again, in a country where the woodcock abounds, the Setter stands your friend; for if hunted with Spaniels, he will do wonders\*. This may appear

\* I find I am unconsciously retracting my opinion, and giving the preference to the Setter.

strange, and doubtless your Correspondent will exclaim, "What! hunt Setters with Springers? A pretty way, indeed, to spoil them!" But, I answer, I have done so for many a year, and few men had finer-nosed, better ranging, or stauncher dogs than myself. In September they had all the dash of the Spaniel; and if birds got into covert, they would follow; by which I seldom lost a winged bird; and why? because the Setter went up to his game from the accustomed range with the Spaniel; when, doubtless, the Pointer, even if he entered covert, would have drawn as the bird ran, until he got into deeper covert, and the bird escaped. Frequently have I pressed my Pointer on in such an emergency, but in vain. The above are my reasons for considering the Setter the most useful.

Your Correspondent seems to dwell on *colour*; stating his *rara avis* to have been a *liver*. Now I consider, on this head, no particular colour can be a criterion. The liver, perhaps, may be the most genuine, because it is the original old English Springer garb: the *fashionable*, now-a-days, I fancy, is the curled jet black; beautiful in appearance certainly. Each colour, notwithstanding, has its excellencies. As to size, I always preferred a middle one as the best; though in this there are exceptions. I purchased once in the *Village* a most remarkably small Pointer, the smallest I or my brother sportsmen ever saw; and my reason for purchasing was, her blood-like symmetrical figure, more than the most distant idea of her becoming useful in the field. This idea fortunately was erroneous; for I found her staunch, possessing the rarest qualities as to speed and

durability, and realizing the words of the Poet, who says,

"Let not the want of stature raise a strife—  
The less of matter, there's the more of life;

So diamonds lessen'd, into brilliants rise,  
And gain in brightness what they want in size."

Again, your Correspondent reprobates the use of warm food, as likely to produce the mange. Food taken *too* hot must naturally be injurious to the stomach of a dog, as tea is to man; but for my own part I have always preferred giving it a little warm, and I have found that method answer. My plan is to feed but once a day, and that with regularity, and very little lap: in fact, I consider barley-meal with potatoes, moistened with broth or pot-liquor, kneaded into balls, the very best diet dogs, whose noses should be kept fine, can have, with a basin of spring-water for their occasional drink. A change now and then to other food may be requisite; but never let that food be *raw*.

As to bringing game, this is easy to be taught; but this branch properly belongs to the Retriever, though sometimes found useful in the Pointer or Setter: not that I prefer it, as young dogs are frequently made hard-mouthed, and break their game. If this point be thought desirable, teach it, always avoiding coercive measures;

I am, Sir, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT.  
Loce Down, January, 1830.

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### WEST KENT HOUNDS.

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SIR,  
NEVER having seen in your Numbers any notice of the hounds of Sir Thomas Dyke, of Lullingstone Castle, near Farn-

ingham, Kent, I presume a brief account of them may be acceptable to your readers. They are remarkably small for fox-hounds, but for their size are as remarkably fast when the scent holds well. They hunt over a good country, on the hills of West Kent, which joins that of the Surrey. It is very like the latter, being very hilly and rather flinty, but is on the whole considered better. They have likewise plenty of foxes, and some men in the hunt who would not disgrace any country—the Rev. Thomas Dyke (Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham,) and Mr. Wm. Andrus, of Ash, being amongst others good performers. As for Mr. Andrus, a better sportsman never went across a country. The huntsman, Richard, is brother to Tom, huntsman to the Surrey. He is rather slow, but is considered very good in covert, and their country abounds with large coverts. The worthy Baronet, the owner of the hounds, does not hunt himself (I believe from ill health), but his nephews are seldom absent, at least one or other is generally out. Having only one pack, they hunt but twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays. The late frost has stolen much of the season, but, it is to be hoped, is now going in earnest.

I herewith transmit you a "trifle," scribbled over after a good run with these hounds; and if you think my communication worthy a nook in your interesting miscellany, I may probably give you some farther information as to these hounds, and other matters connected with the noble sport of fox-hunting.—I am, &c. P. M.

Kingsdown, Kent, near Farningham,  
Jan. 27, 1836.

## A PARODY ON AN OLD SEA SONG

Ye Gentlemen of England  
Who follow not the chase,  
Ah, little do you think upon  
The quickness of the pace:  
Give ear unto the huntsmen,  
And they will quickly show  
All the joys and the fears  
When the hounds so merrily go.

All you that would be Fox-hunters  
Must bear a fearless heart;  
And when at *timber* you arrive,  
You must not think to start;  
Nor once to be faint-hearted  
If the fences they be high,  
Nor e'er from trifles shrink  
When the hounds so merrily fly.

In charging all the *rusters*,  
When Reynard runs afar,  
What tho' a fall should follow,  
He fears no wound nor scar!  
Our tuneful hounds shall teach him  
Their staunchness thus to know,  
While he steals through the fields  
From his unrelenting foe.

Then courage, fellow sportsmen,  
And never be dismay'd;  
While we have foxes plenty  
We ne'er shall want a trade.  
Our nags will prove they're British  
bred,  
Full gallantly, I know;  
So push for the brush,  
When the hounds so merrily go.

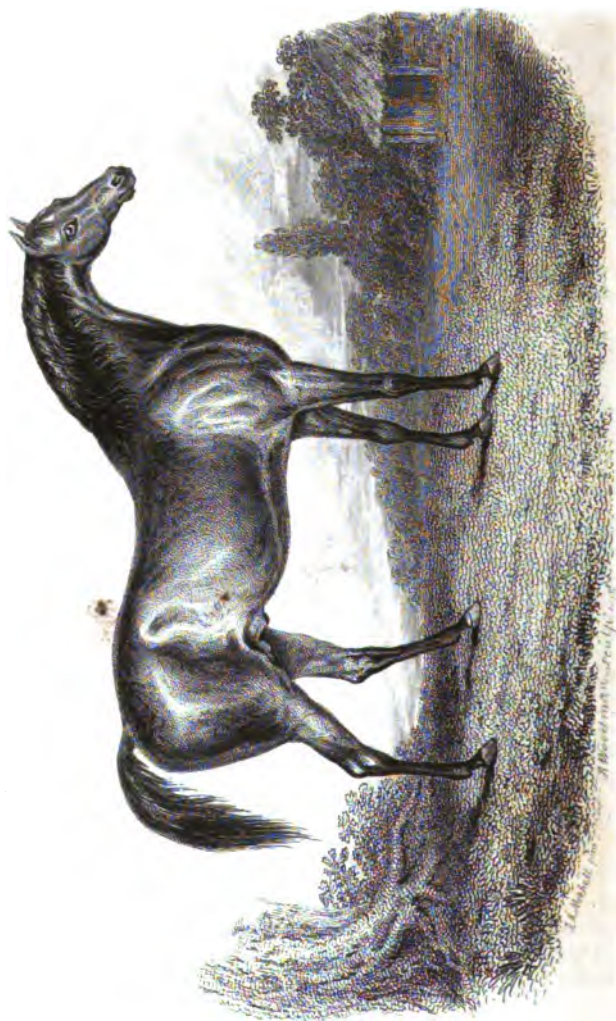
And when the day is ended,  
And Reynard is no more,  
The generous juice inspires us,  
As we libations pour.  
Old England's fare enlivens,  
And glows in many a face,  
As merrily we celebrate  
The pleasures of the chase.

## THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

SIR,  
I FIND in your Magazine of this month some letters complaining of the sport which His Majesty's Stag-hounds have shown these two last seasons.

I hunted with them during the last season; but, as I am at present residing in a distant part of the country, I have not seen them this season; I cannot, therefore, assign any reason for their not





REVELLER.

Engraved by W. J. Woodcut. Original from the collection of the Earl of Derby.

having good runs now, unless I attribute it to the cause which very palpably so often prevented them showing sport last year—namely, that of one portion of the field riding *after* the deer, and another *over* the hounds.

I have been a great deal with them in my time, and have often wondered how they could show a run at all: the deer (particularly within the last season or two) was no sooner uncarterd, than he was rode after by a multitude of people; consequently he could never make his point, and was frequently driven into the first place he could find for shelter. If it was a bad scenting day, the life of every hound was in danger; for they were no sooner laid on, than they were so pressed that there was no more chance of their hunting up to the deer than there is of my paying off the National Debt.

I am very much surprised to hear any complaint made against their huntsman: I never met with a more civil, obliging man, in my life, than Charles Davies; and have never known him flinch from his duty, although I have frequently been aware that he was suffering from a severe bodily affliction. Your "OLD SUBSCRIBER" is the only person I ever heard make a remark to his prejudice; and I think I may venture to say that if he knew him as well as I do, he would never attribute any bad sport that the hounds may have to his humour, as I have often wondered how he could keep his temper so well. I am not at all aware what either the Gentleman who resides in Upper Brook Street, or the STAG HUNTER may value a day's sport at; but this I know, calling to my recollection such runs as I have seen with these hounds, from Wexham to Cashio-

bury; from Maidenhead-field to Swallow-field, passing Strathfield-saye in the run; or from St. Leonard's to Ripley, I should not think it worth while to begin such a calculation: and I have no doubt if people will let the deer go his own way, and will let the hounds hunt him as they could do if left alone, there would be little reason to find fault with either them or their huntsman.—I remain, yours, &c.

RANSOM.

Jan. 25, 1830.

#### PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of REVELLER.

**R**EVELLER, the property of Charles Shard, Esq., was got by Comus; his dam Rosette, (Rosanne's dam), by Benningbrough, grandam Rosamond, (Ferguson, Delusion, Florivel, and Florette's dam), by Tandem; great grandam Tuberoze, (Rosina, Young Tuberoze, Piercer, Enchanter, Centesina, Tat, and Rosalie's dam), by King Herod; great great grandam Grey Starling, by Starling; great great great grandam Coughing Polly, by Bartlet's Childers; great great great great grandam, sister to Thunderbolt, by Counsellor, Snake, Luggs, Davil's Old Woodcock, &c.

#### PERFORMANCES.

At York August Meeting, 1818, REVELLER won easy the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, two miles (14 subs.), beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambysses, Duke of Leeds' Monitor, Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis, Mr. Gascoigne's Althea, and Duke of Hamilton's Bay Colt by Thunderbolt, out of Margaret—1400gs.

At Doncaster, Sept. 21, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, St. Leger Course (51 subs.),

beating Mr. Peirse's Ranter, Mr. Powlett's The Marshall, Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis, Lord Milton's Cardenio, Mr. Paulden's Wonder, Mr. Petre's Masker, Mr. Lambton's Lochinvar, Lord Surrey's Newton, Lord Derby's Corregio, Duke of Leeds' Octaviana, Lord Scarborough's Awful, Duke of Hamilton's Lord Lieutenant, Duke of Hamilton's Eleanor, Mr. Gascoigne's Trulla, Mr. Watt's Beggar Girl, Mr. Watt's Bay Colt by Cerberus out of Tambourine, Col. King's Master Beverly, Mr. Chilton's Lightning, Mr. Herrick's Sir William, and Mr. Bell's Oracle—2525gs.

In the same Meeting he walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft. St. Leger Course (nine subs.).—270gs.

At York August Meeting 1819, REVELLER won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, four miles (13 subs.), beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambyases and Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis—1300gs.

In the same Meeting he won one of the great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. four miles (18 subs.), beating Mr. Duncombe's Mozart, Mr. Houldsworth's Eleanor, and Mr. Watt's Bigottini.

At Doncaster, Sept. 20, he won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, four miles (16 subs.), beating Mr. Jones's Fanny, and Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambyases—1600gs.

In the same Meeting he won the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added for all ages, four miles (14 subs.), beating Mr. Powlett's The Marshal and Mr. Duncombe's Handel, afterwards Theodore Majocchi.—160gs.

At York August Meeting 1820, REVELLER won one of the great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. four miles (18 subs.), beating Mr. Chilton's Advance, 8 yrs old.

At Lancaster, July 3, 1821, REVELLER, 8st. 12lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles (11 subs.), beating Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax—5 to 2 on Doctor Syntax. 210gs.

At York, Aug. 22, he won one of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. four miles, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Palmerin, Mr. Powlett's The Juggler, and Lord Scarborough's The Black Prince. Run in 7 min. 48 sec.

At Lincoln, Sept. 28, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. for all ages, beating Mr. S. Reid's The Marshal.—100gs.

At Lancaster, July 3, 1822, REVELLER, 8st. 12lb. won the Corporation Gold Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles (10 subs.), beating Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax—200gs.

At Preston Guild Meeting, Sept. 5, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles and a distance (22 subs.), beating Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax, aged, 9st., and Mr. Powlett's Jack Spigott. REVELLER took the lead, was never headed, and won easy—320gs.

At Preston, July 9, 1823, REVELLER walked over for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages (21 subs.), three miles and a distance—310gs.—making a total of 9439l. 5s.

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#### SOUTH WOLDS, LINCOLNSHIRE.

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SIR,

I AM just returned from my favourite tour, the South Wolds of Lincolnshire, a short ac-



count of which will, I think, in some degree prove amusing to your readers. With unfeigned sorrow am I obliged to state the utter barrenness of every kind of sport that used to render that neighbourhood so congenial to all true lovers of such scenes. The far-famed supporters of them are, as it were, silently dropping off one by one, and no one rising up to supply their place. I visited the kennels, where I have been accustomed to be greeted by the pleasing sound of a well-trained pack of superior hounds; but, alas! all was silent as "the dead waste and middle of the night!" Their spirited owner, Mr. Wm. Hairby, alone remains, as the last leaf in autumn, to remind us of times that are gone by. May he live to see them again shine over that favorite spot!—again brighten the charming atmosphere! To show how truly barren that part of the country must be of every really interesting topic, it is only necessary to say that their undivided attention is taken up by a comparatively trifling incident—the late arrival of a stranger—that wherever I went the same undeviating subject still assailed my ears: "that a stranger *Long* desired to sojourn amongst them with continued disappointment!" Poor unlucky wight! all desired his society; but, strange to relate, none could be found who would grant him the desired asylum—not even a gay widow, to whom he applied with all the certainty of a speedy reception; as who would not?—but, alas! he was refused! and "this man was a soldier!" Mysterious certainly are the ways of men, but what are they compared with those of women? Great, you may suppose, was my surprise at finding

matters thus: but when I became fully initiated into the mystery of the affair, I found that the stranger had been recognised by an old friend and fellow-soldier of your Correspondent NIMRON, Mr. Thomas Sanders, who had known him *long*, and that, in consequence, Mr. Hairby had agreed to receive him. After this I naturally hoped to be gratified by meeting with this extraordinary person, who had excited such a wonderful curiosity; but, oh, my evil destiny! In this I had to undergo the mortification of being disappointed: he had left the place for a time uncertain, and is not yet returned.—Yours, &c. EQUUS.

Leicester, Jan. 26, 1830.

### ORNITHOLOGY.

Natural History—Snipe-Shooting—Wild Swan, and the Manner of its Capture in Iceland,

SIR,

I SELDOM read a Number of your interesting Miscellany without meeting a hint which suggests something else to my mind. Thus the notices and observations of one naturalist draw forth those of another, which, but for this circumstance, might never have been recorded. I have been led into these remarks by turning over the pages of your back Numbers, where I read some excellent instructions on Snipe-shooting. Being one of those sportsmen who are fond of ornithology, and keeping a calendar for several years of the return and departure of migratory birds, I find that the return of snipes to particular places is much regulated by the state of the atmospheric temperature, as with the flowering of certain wild plants, which is retarded as the Spring happens

to be cold or warm. For instance, in the latter end of February, the *Draba Verna* is seen to open its flowers on the top of old walls or banks in a Southern exposure: at that time I have observed that few snipes are to be found in the Norfolk marshes. Again, about the second week in March, when the *Ranunculus Fiarria* and the *Viola Odorata* send forth their perfume, snipes are found numerous: by attending to these co-incidents, the sportsman fond of this particular diversion will not be disappointed in his amusement at this season of the year, particularly if a West or South-west wind should prevail. Thus the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the appearance of insects, and the flowering of plants, will in each year be found to depend, in some degree, upon the weather; and a variation of at least a fortnight or more may be calculated upon, according to the forwardness or backwardness of the season. The bursting of the alder-buds denotes the period when the eels begin to stir, and reminds the fisherman to put down his leaps at the weirs and flood-gates. The angler is taught that tench bite most freely when the wheat blooms: and the first appearance of the mulberry-tree leaf instructs the gardener that he may safely bring forth his tender exotics to the open air. Such of my brother sportsmen as take the trouble to keep a calendar and note the affinity and connexion between the occurrences of Natural History, will find it a source of great amusement, and of infinite use to their pursuits, and the best criterion to insure success.

A wild swan was shot the last week in January, by a servant of — Gurby, Esq. at Woodford, in

Essex—as fine a specimen of this bird as ever came under the observation of the ornithologist. The plumage of this rare and beautiful bird was of a spotless white; the down covering the breast and back being of remarkable depth and fine texture. The quill feathers were of extraordinary size, and the feet presented a web of great expanse. The wings, when extended, measured from tip to tip eight feet: from the point of the bill to the extremity of the claws, five feet six inches; the weight of the bird was fifteen pounds. This bird, with three others, was observed in a brook for some days, but so extremely shy, that the anxious gunner could not get near them. Nothing daunted, the sportsman continued to persevere for four days, when he managed to wound one of them in the back. The bird finding itself deprived of the use of its enormous wings, betook itself to its legs, and led its pursuer over ditch, inclosure, and open ground, at his best pace, for near four miles, when it became exhausted, and was secured. There is no doubt that the pain from the shot wounds made it give in; for had it been only slightly wounded, it would have completely out-run its pursuer.

It may not be uninteresting to many of your readers to relate the manner adopted in Iceland, where the wild swan is somewhat an object of chase. These birds in August loose their feathers, so as to be unable to fly; when the natives, provided with dogs properly trained for the purpose, and some mounted on active horses capable of passing over the swampy soil, where they most resort, set off in pursuit. The dogs, as soon as they get sight, give chase, when, after some

sharp running, they seize them by the neck—causing them to lose their balance; and thus they become an easy prey to the hunters who follow.

We have a tradition that swans whistle or sing before they die; and elegant descriptions of this melancholy music have appeared in some of the Poets; but if this was the case formerly, we are certain it is not so now, as many birds of this tribe have been killed during this long and severe winter, and not one of them have favoured its murderer with this melodious music. The truth is, that in Iceland the inhabitants hear the swans' voice or cry near the termination of their long and gloomy winters, where no doubt that in a country like Iceland every note must be melodious that presages a speedy thaw.

I am, Sir, &c. T. F.

February 9th, 1830.

#### PREJUDICES AGAINST FOX-HUNTING.

SIR,

HAVING read a letter from SCARLET in the Magazine for January, "On the Prejudices against Fox-Hunting in Sussex," I must beg to observe that the enemies to it would soon cease if NIMROD, or any other person competent to the task, would state in the Magazine the supposed number of horses, hounds, and servants kept by the different establishments; and the fortunes expended in Old England, instead of the Continent, to the benefit of foreigners. If this noble sport be done away with, beans and oats would not be required, except in a few instances; horses for riding would

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nearly cease to be bred, as the price would be limited to 15 or 20l. for stage-coaches; and in case of war, horses could not be found.

A hundred other things might be added to the number of benefits derived to the country, and particularly farmers, why fox-hunting should be encouraged to the utmost; but I must leave it to abler hands than mine.

I trust this will meet the eye of a friend to the cause, who will state the millions expended—food consumed—servants kept from the parishes—saddlers, tailors, boot-makers, veterinary surgeons, and many others who live by the sport—and I have no doubt fox-hunting would lose its enemies, and am confident that the present race of farmers could not hold their land, should the manly sport be done away with.—I am, Sir, &c.

*A Farmer and Reader of the Sporting Magazine, but no Fox-hunter.*

Shropshire, Jan. 27, 1830.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON COURSING.

SIR,

HAVING on one or two former occasions experienced your indulgence in permitting me to offer a few remarks to the public through your excellent Magazine, I am once more induced to presume upon your kindness, premising, however, that you will either insert this letter or not as your better judgment may determine upon its merits. In these days of the March of Intellect there is no field sport which is more progressively, or, indeed, I might say rapidly advancing, than Coursing; and while such distinguished amateurs as Sir B. R. Graham, Messrs. Best, Hos-

R r

kins, and Chaplain, &c. display their judgment and experience in breeding greyhounds, and their urbanity of manners in the field, it will always have a numerous train of admirers. There is no earthly pleasure, however, without alloy; and those who have been engaged in the anxiety attendant upon running for a Cup, know full well that Coursing is not the exception to this rule.

In the hope that I may throw out a hint which, when improved upon by some much more competent person, may in some measure obviate this evil, allow me, in the first place, to make a few observations upon decisions of Courses in general. It strikes me as being very desirable, to establish one common principle of action for the umpires of all the Coursing Clubs in the kingdom; for which purpose I would have a new code of Coursing Laws, and let them be like those of the Medes and Persians—viz. let them alter not. This would greatly simplify the matter: for upon the present uncertain method of judging, you neither know how to breed nor train young greyhounds. Some umpires decide against what they call a lurching greyhound: others suffer this defect to have no weight at all in their decisions: a third class decide for the greyhound which does the most work at the first part of the course: and a fourth for the dog which does most at last—or, in other words, one decides in favour of speed, the other of bottom. Though a lurching greyhound is very hateful to see, and always conveys mortification to its owner, it is the height of absurdity to decide against him merely on that account, because he has already punished himself by losing a certain number of points, which of

course his opponent has gained; and after all, it may be only matter of opinion whether he has been lurching or not, as a fast or a close turning greyhound will often make a slow or wide turner appear to run cunning, when he is absolutely doing his best; and if the course be long, he may by his stoutness win. It is equally absurd to decide upon the first or last part of a course abstractedly, but by the number of points gained by each dog throughout the course, counting two for the first turn, if it is got by superior speed, and adding one or taking one off as the points may occur throughout the course. But what public courser has not heard the observation—and even from the umpire himself—that such a dog would have won, if the course had gone on? This is a looking into futurity, which no man has it in his power to do; and if he had, he ought not to exercise it on this occasion. It is quite enough for him to know, and indeed more than he often does know, what has already happened. Unquestionably the dog which does most towards killing the hare, or in other words gets the greatest number of points from the time the hare is started up to the time of its being killed or lost, must, upon every principle of justice, be entitled to the course—a proper distinction being made between those obtained by merit and those by chance. The dog which does the work at first is, after a few turns (in which he has been exerting himself to the uttermost), probably upon dead wind; when, as a matter of course, the slower dog shows himself; and it very often happens that at this particular juncture the hare is either killed or lost, and the inference is, *though often*

*erroneous*, that one dog is soft, the other stout; whereas we have often seen the speedy greyhound come again, and win as much at last as he did first. If the hare can live, then away with the system of judging a course upon any other principle except what has actually transpired in it.

For Cups and Sweepstakes every course ought to be decided from the first slip, whether it be long or short, if it produces a point in favour of either greyhound; and this would generally be the case, if the slipper would give the hare good law. The umpire having the power to put dogs in the slips a second, or even a third time, is very unsatisfactory to all parties, as every one who loses a short course thinks he ought to have this indulgence; while, on the other hand, the person who wins it thinks himself hardly used. There is another strong objection to this; which is, that a dog which has been dusting the hare about, even in a short course, does not go into the slips again upon equal terms with his opponent, which has not been doing so much, and which in a tight fit might determine a second course against him.

I will mention one instance of extreme hardship which occurred at Louth upon this principle some years ago. Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. Harebell, afterwards Desdemona, after winning a short course very decisively, but which the judge thought too short, was put into the slips again. She ran her opponent out of sight, and killed her hare after a course of three miles; the consequence was, she was so dreadfully smashed up, as not to be able to start again. I feel, Mr. Editor, quite incompetent to undertake this subject myself, but should feel

highly gratified if some of your readers would do so, and either revise the existing coursing laws—which, by the by, are nearly become obsolete—or give us an entire new code; for I assure you this has much more to do with breeding and training greyhounds than many persons are aware of. For instance, if I knew under *what particular act of parliament or law my dog's merits* were about to be tried, of course I would try both in breeding and training to put him so far upon his defence as to enable him to escape condemnation. I have no doubt there has been many an excellent greyhound very innocently condemned and executed—himself and his master being totally ignorant of the law against which he has offended.—I am, yours, &c.

A WINNER OF CUPS.

#### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

TO write a song which combines the requisite proportions of wit, vigour, euphony, and compressiveness, has ever been considered difficult, and as it is achieved so rarely, it must be so. Whether the one in your Number for January 1830, under the title of "Toasts of a Fox-hunter," comes up to the standard of excellence, I am not disposed to inquire. However much we may admire a classic turn of expression, playfulness of wit, and smoothness of metre, the fair genuine ebullition of the joyous heart should disarm criticism. But it is indispensable that there should be no outrage on common decency. The second stanza of that song I consider to be rather more than verging upon this objection. There is an extreme case taken as cha-

racteristic of a body of men, to whom it is the interest of society at least to show the external tokens of respect, and who do not deserve the outrageous colouring of the caricature, the more offensive, as the non-juring yeoman and the other are in better keeping. However, the fox-hunter's is a passing jest, and intended, as I believe, for nothing more.

Without a disposition to be oversensitive, I take the present to be no unfit opportunity to suggest to others who have favored us with the results of their leisure hours, and in whose compositions the Scholar and Gentleman are apparent, that there has been a levity, nay, a slur, thrown upon matters pertaining to religion, which was uncalled for, and which I have witnessed to occasion pain to many good friends of your work. I will only ask, Mr. Editor, if these rude jokes on the Clergy and their sacred calling be in good taste? I will not pretend to deny that there may exist instances among them, where an undue sacrifice of time is made to amusements. Very few are within the reach of many of the parochial Clergy, the great mass of whom, believe me, are too conscientious to suffer any species of diversion to trench upon that time which the most awful of all responsibilities requires to be devoted to far weightier matters. Where such instances do in reality occur, I think we should spare them for their work's sake, as well as for the sake of those others of the Cloth, who, with the same feeling of good fellowship and love of the field and flood, can put the curb on inclination, and prepare for their duty in a far different manner. To the friends of our Established Church,

who are disposed to indulge a little in these flights of fancy, I would observe, that these are not times for any thing like sarcasm or ridicule to be bandied about either on her or her Ministers; both because it is very difficult to make the man ridiculous without subtracting from the dignity and usefulness of his work, as that there is a rancorous spirit afloat in the present day, but too ready to interpret literally any thing which is calculated to place either in a ridiculous light.

I am tempted to believe that in this letter I have not only given my own sentiments on this subject, but those also of a very numerous class of your readers; and I trust that the manly sense, liberality, and right feeling with which criticism or remonstrance is received by your numerous friends, and the urbanity so prevalent in their composition, will exonerate these trifling remarks from the formidable charge of being either prosy or impertinent. And in the hope that *φίλος ἱππῶν* may demean himself as *φίλος ἀνθρώπων*, and take my remarks in good part, and neither lose a scintillation of wit, nor a particle of his good nature, I subscribe myself his and your obedient servant,

ALPINUS.

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### THE SETTER.

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SIR,  
**A**LLOW me to give you an account of a breed of Setters, which have been in mine and my father's possession for these last thirty years. The mother of the race became my father's property in rather an odd sort of way. A lad, groom to a Yorkshire Squire, having got into disgrace with his master, took

French leave of his place, and came down to Scotland, bringing along with him a bitch Setter pup, which he had taken the liberty of carrying off from his master's kennel. The pup was only three weeks old when taken from its mother; yet, notwithstanding its age, it survived, owing to the extreme care bestowed on it by the boy. The lad got into the service of a gentleman, on a visit to whom my father saw the pup, then two months old; taking a fancy to it, he bought it from the boy, whom nothing but a long price could tempt to part with it, being attached to it for the sake of its mother (the favourite of his late master). The two first years my father had the bitch, she was utterly useless: she had, in fact, no sense of smelling whatever, but at the same time was extremely handsome, and possessed of the best temper and qualities that a dog could possibly have. He had made up his mind to shoot her, when, happening to recollect having once heard of a bitch that had the same fault, but after having pups was cured, he resolved to try the experiment, although despairing of success. It however did succeed—she brought up her pups, and became almost, if not the very best dog he ever had. Her descendants have all inherited her good qualities, and been first-rate dogs—the defect of their ancestor never occurring, once excepted, which was got rid of in the same manner.

During so long a period, many anecdotes might be told of their behaviour in the field: I shall, however, only trespass farther on your time by relating rather an amusing scene that occurred in the kennel between a young bitch I at present have, and her grandam.

They had been both put to the same dog at the same time; but the old one, having become barren, had no pups: the young bitch had a litter of eight, three of which were given to the old one to bring up, the mother retaining the other five. Both were in the same kennel; and the moment the old one saw the other leave her pups, she immediately stole them from her, the young one doing the same if the old one left hers. They continued stealing in this manner, one from the other, until separated; but, after eight or ten days, when brought together, they did not interfere with each other's charge.

I observed in the January Number of your useful and valuable work, a paragraph mentioning the circumstance of a young dog having carried its game, although not taught to do so. I may just observe that my young bitch did the same thing in August last: I killed a grouse on the side of one of the very steep Tweeddale hills—the bird fell at the bottom, several hundred yards from me; the bitch, who had never been taught to carry her game, nor seen *any other dog do so*, made a circuit so as to avoid disturbing the covey, and brought me the bird. There is not the slightest difference in colour between the young bitch and her Yorkshire ancestor. I perfectly agree with the writer of the paragraph on the Setter, in thinking that that race of dogs are by far too little esteemed, and am certain that any little extra trouble that they may cost in breaking, is amply repaid by their superiority in many respects over the Pointer.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HIE-AWAY.

January, 1830.

## LEGITIMACY OF SAMPSON.

SIR,

IN a short note which appeared in your Magazine for last July, your Correspondent, Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, is pleased to suppose "that the Amateurs of the Turf have made themselves merry with my warranty of the legitimacy of Sampson, and the virgin purity of all pedigrees."

Now it happens, unfortunately for your Correspondent, that I never warranted either the one or the other. In the letter which you did me the favour to insert in your Number for June, I expressed my *belief* that Sampson was thorough-bred, and mentioned some of the grounds upon which that opinion was founded; but this, I submit, is very different from *warranting* him to have been thorough-bred. I farther stated, that it is of vital importance to our system of horse-racing, that the faith of pedigree should be preserved inviolate: but still less can the assertion of this truism (for such in fact it is) be construed into a warranty of the truth and correctness of all pedigrees whatever. So much for the accuracy of Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE; of whom, as I wish to speak with respect, both on account of his advanced age, and of the entertaining and instructive works with which he has favoured the Sporting World—works conducive alike to the interests of science and humanity—I would earnestly recommend him in future, before he attacks a letter, to make himself master of its contents. To return to Robinson's Sampson, and his son Bay Malton—it is, I believe, the general opinion amongst those best informed on the subject, that the

turf was as flourishing in the days of Bay Malton as it is at present; and that the coursers who then won gold for their owners, honour for their trainers and riders, and glory for themselves on the plains of Newmarket, were not inferior in speed, and probably were superior in stoutness, to the most distinguished racers of our own time: but Bay Malton defeated the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and Mr. LAWRENCE would persuade us to believe that Bay Malton was not thorough-bred! Can Mr. LAWRENCE (it will be fair to ask) bring forward a cocktail (I do not mean a *made* cocktail, but a horse honestly and *bona fide* not thorough-bred,) capable of running Ditch-In with Cadland, or Zinganee, or with Lucetta, when in her best form—such as when she defeated Green Mantle in October last? Yet the Ditch-In Course is but two miles and ninety-seven yards, and Bay Malton's races were, I believe, mostly four miles and upwards, and the difference of distance would tell most severely against the horse of impure blood.

Since, to use the words of a talented and learned writer, "a half-bred horse, with a light weight, may run home half a mile with a thorough-bred one, that over the course with a heavy weight would, no doubt, leave him that distance behind:" (*Smith's Observations on Breeding for the Turf*, p. 90). Can Mr. LAWRENCE point out a single instance, from the days of Bay Malton downwards, of a *bona fide* cocktail beating a good four-mile bred racer over a four-mile course at even weights, the bred horse being in his best form at the time of the race? Eclipse and Highflyer, unconquered and pro-



bably unconquerable, are out of the question; but Goldfinder, Shark, Dorimant, Pot8o's, Woodpecker, Anvil, Bourdeaux, Mercury, Rockingham, Skyscraper, Sir Peter Teazle, Coriander, Waxy, Gohanna, Hambletonian, Diamond, Dick Andrews—when were these, or any of these, or the like of these, so beat? But we shall be told that Sampson carried about with him internal (*quære* external) and indubitable marks of illegitimacy in certain coarsenesses of shape. To this it may be replied, that blood-horses do not all show blood alike—Sir Peter Teazle and Dick Andrews had large coarse heads: are they likewise to be set down as illegitimate? Blacklock has an exceedingly large and ill-shaped head, rather resembling that of a coach-horse than a racer; but will Mr. LAWRENCE, therefore, take upon him to assert that the sire of Velocipede is the offspring of a three-parts-bred hunting mare?

I have been always taught that one of the surest proofs of tho-

## PRO.

1st. That the authority of the Stud Book, that Sampson was got by Blaze; his dam by Hip; her dam by Spark (Son of Honeycomb Punch); grandam by Snake, out of Lord D'Arcy's Queen.

2d. Sampson was a good racer, and could run long lengths—at least what would in our days be deemed such. He was likewise a good stallion, getting one horse in very high, and several in good form.

And here, I am afraid, the question must rest. It is now too late to obtain the highest and most satisfactory species of direct evidence. The oaths of competent witnesses—all who had any personal knowledge of the transaction

rough blood in a horse, is his immediate produce being in high racing form. If we apply this test to Robinson's Sampson, the result will be clearly, decisively, and triumphantly in his favour. Bay Malton, if not the best, was unquestionably one of the best, racers of his day; and Engineer, and others of Sampson's get, were respectable runners. It is true that Bay Malton never distinguished himself as a stallion; but he covered very few mares, therefore had but little chance: besides, his constitution might have been impaired by his frequent running, and the severe preparation to which race-horses in his time were subjected. But Engineer was a good stallion, and Engineer mares were at one period in great request amongst breeders for the turf.

The heads of the evidence for and against the legitimacy of Robinson's Sampson may thus be ranged in opposition to each other:—

## CONTRA.

1st. A report that the man who led Sampson's dam to be covered by Blaze, and who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, might be a raw, fresh-caught countryman, ignorant of the distinguishing characteristics of blood stock, told *somebody* that the mare was not thorough-bred.

2d. Sampson was a great coarse hunting-like horse—in which particular one or two of his descendants have resembled him, as appears by their portraits.

—have probably long ere this been summoned to pass their accounts before that Tribunal where Truth and Honesty will be rewarded, and Falsehood and Injustice, however carefully and artfully concealed, brought to light and punished.

Before taking leave of this subject, I would beg to submit to the consideration of the patrons of the turf the propriety of procuring a legislative enactment for the registration of thorough-bred stock, requiring all breeders of such stock to send in annual returns, certified by the oaths of themselves or their stud grooms, of the foals bred by them, their marks, &c., and the sales and deaths of stallions and brood mares. Such a measure, besides preventing disputes like this, on the subject of Sampson's legitimacy, and enabling purchasers with greater facility to ascertain the identity of the animals of which they may become possessed, would mainly tend to prevent the recurrence of such impositions, as that practised in the case of Hylas (see *Racing Calendar* for 1810, p. 143). The additional trouble which would thereby be imposed upon breeders must surely, in the opinion of every honourable man who loves and respects the turf, be considered as amply compensated by these advantages.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

MORETON E. FREWEN.

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#### EAST KENT FOX-HOUNDS.

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SIR,

I have no wish, I assure you, to enter into any controversy upon the merits and demerits of the East Kent Fox-hounds; but in justice to myself I feel it incumbent upon me to reply to the letter of a FRIEND TO TRUTH, in which he has the good taste to say, that the letter of FRANCIS VAUX is void of the *least particle of truth*. Now, I am perfectly ready to stand by what I said in my last letter, which

has so much excited the wrath of your correspondent. He seems to consider it as little less than a high crime and misdemeanour to mention the East Kent Fox-hounds in your long-established, respectable, interesting, and valuable Magazine. My humble remarks were written in all the spirit of good humour, candour, and liberality; and the idea of giving any offence was far and distant from my mind. I am not at all surprised that your correspondent—who, to judge from his language, appears to be of a rough, coarse, and vulgar *stamp*—should despise and have a contempt for all beautiful and picturesque scenery; all bold, romantic, and striking landscapes; all lovely glens, and all rich and delicious valleys. That such a man should have no pleasure in looking upon the mighty ocean is quite natural; that his dull feelings should not permit him to admire the sea, as I now behold it—the spray of whose waves and billows are washing over an apparently small fishing craft, which is struggling to make the beach—does not astonish me. Nor do I wonder, or am I hurt, that this would-be “*parlous boy*,” should have the politeness to taunt me with the garrulity of old age, as it is quite in accordance with the angry tone and hostile spirit of his letter; but to feel annoyed at this attempted piece of witticism, would be undignified in him, who has descended into the twilight of searage. This FRIEND TO TRUTH says, that he remarked *several country gentlemen* in the field, the day we met at Waldershare. Indeed!! Now, I will again boldly affirm, that there were but *very few*; and I challenge this cavilling correspondent to point out more than *ten names*, even includ-

ing two strangers, who have taken up their temporary residence in the county. This candid and liberal critic, and great stickler for truth, charges me with having said that Lord Guildford is a destroyer of foxes. I said no such thing. But I understand that the hounds met at Waldershare once afterwards, and drew blank.

Ingenious, acute, shrewd, and adroit as he may be, I defy him to prove, twist and twist my letter as he may, that it contains any sentence, which will bear such a construction. What did I say? why—that the Noble Lord “could only produce to us a miserable bag-fox.”

Whether it was one or not, I am not prepared to say; but I again repeat, that it had all the appearance of one. Nor is it true, as he states, that in my letter I accused the country gentlemen generally of destroying foxes: the only person whom I designated as a destroyer of them, was Morrice of Bets-hanger. This rigid adherent to truth says, that, upon my own shewing, I was not capable of forming a fair and accurate opinion and judgment of the qualities, good or bad, of these hounds, as it was the first time that I had ever hunted with them. But I most distinctly stated (I wish to Heaven that I had another pen, as this is the vilest one I ever wrote with), that I recognised again in the field many a pleased and jolly face: by which any person less captious and less obtuse than this *amiable* Correspondent, would have inferred that I had hunted with the hounds *last season*. Did it not occur to this would-be *sarcastic writer*, when he calls my letter all downright assertion without any argument, that others might say and consider his letter to be nothing

more than *contradiction*, unsupported by *any proofs*, which are supplied by ill-tempered and hasty remarks? But it is gratifying to think that this dull and carping, and confusedly written, defence of the East Kent Fox-hounds does not come from the pen of Mr. Oxenden, or any of his friends, although it may from Tom Arnold, by one sentence alone. As I am old (yes, old! and this avowal may make A FRIEND TO TRUTH wax merry over his gin and water, with or without, and heavy wet, but I am certain not witty and profound,) and my eyes are weak, my wife Albertine, born and bred in the vale of B——, is in the habit of reading aloud the monthly periodicals to me, and she began reading the letter of this stern-truth-of-duty man and sapient writer; but when she came to the following drollery, she was convulsed with laughter—“*that Mr. Oxenden has been the owner of more good horses, perhaps, than any man of his age in existence!*” Hold down your heads, ye Meltonians!—the splendid and magnificent studs of a Plymouth, an Anson, an Alvanley, a Southampton, a Goodricke, a Ross, a White, and a Forrester, are mere foils to that of the great Kentish Nimrod! But my eyes, I suppose, are as blind in the field as they are weak in my study, as I have not yet been able to discover in Mr. O.’s hunters the same beautifully-moulded, noble, and spirited animals, which we meet with in the great studs of the Midland and Northern counties. After such an opinion as this, it would be wondrous strange indeed, if A FRIEND TO TRUTH did not pronounce me to be no judge of horse-flesh!

With regard to the horses upon  
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which Tom Arnold, the huntsman, is mounted, it is quite clear by what your correspondent has said, that I have reason on my side. Tom rides fifteen stone and upwards, and yet has hunted the same horses for more than four seasons. I will appeal to any impartial man, whether a horse, after having been hunted four seasons, rode by a weight of fifteen stone, is capable of well following the hounds the fifth—and especially that of a huntsman's, which has to undergo more work than any horse

in the field? This argument of your correspondent proves too much. Your fair and liberal defender of the East Kent Fox-hounds seems to be much offended at my expression "bull-frog farmers"—from which I infer, that he belongs to that useful, but yet churlish class himself.—I am called away to attend to more important affairs, and therefore must conclude my more than dull letter.

Your obedient and humble servant and constant reader,

FRANCIS VAUX.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1820.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of prizes won: but we have not deemed it necessary to detail the performances, the INDEX TO THE RACING CALENDAR superseding the necessity of repeating the races actually won.]

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| By ABJER, Son of Truffle.          | By ANTAR, Son of Haphazard.                 |
| 2. A MORET ..... 1                 | 5. Maresfield ..... 7                       |
| 3. Durham ..... 4                  | By ANTICIPATION, Son of Hambletonian.       |
| 6. Upas ..... 4                    | 4. Dabchick ..... 1                         |
| By ACASTUS, Son of Smuggler.       | 3. Dolly Spicer ..... 2                     |
| 4. Smuggler ..... 1                | a. Presentiment ..... 4                     |
| By ALADDIN, Son of Giles.          | By ANTONIO, Son of Octavian.                |
| 6. Linkboy ..... 5                 | 5. Fylde ..... 1                            |
| 4. Zobeida ..... 1                 | By an ARABIAN.                              |
| By ALADDIN, Son of Orlando.        | 3. Scheik ..... 2                           |
| a. Guy Fawkes.. ..... 1            | By ARDROSSAN, Son of John Bull.             |
| By ALEXANDER.                      | 6. Gazebo ..... 2                           |
| 5. Lady Louisa ..... 1             | 6. Sir Malachi Malagrowther ..... 2         |
| By AMADIS, Son of Don Quixote.     | 4. Taurus ..... 2                           |
| 5. Demon ..... 2                   | By BANKER, Son of Smolensko.                |
| By AMBO, Son of Meteor or Diamond. | 2. Bay Colt ..... 1                         |
| a. Fanny ..... 1                   | 3. Barabbas ..... 2                         |
| a. Liston ..... 5                  | 4. Halston ..... 5                          |
| 3. Pluralist ..... 1               | By BELLEROPHON, Son of Orville.             |
| 5. Sampson ..... 3                 | 6. Eighteen-Hundred-and-Twenty-nine ..... 1 |
| 3. Sir Walter ..... 2              | a. Jemmy ..... 1                            |
| 4. Stapley ..... 1                 | By BLACKLOCK, Son of Whitelock.             |
| By ANACREON, Son of Walton.        | 2. Acia ..... 1                             |
| a. My Lady ..... 1                 | 6. Belzoni ..... 1                          |
| By ANDREW, Son of Orville.         |   |
| 4. Cadland ..... 4                 |   |

4. Black Hedden .....	1
3. Bolivar .....	2
2. Versatility .....	2
a. Brownlock .....	3
2. Brunette .....	1
4. Clinton .....	6
4. Deposit .....	1
4. Emmelina .....	2
3. Flirt .....	1
2. Lady Mowbray .....	2
5. Laurel .....	3
4. Locket .....	2
5. Malek .....	3
3. Mirabel .....	1
4. Navarino .....	1
3. Navarino .....	3
3. Niger .....	1
4. Olympus .....	2
4. Pelion .....	8
4. Poor Fellow .....	1
5. Robin Hood .....	3
3. Robin Redbreast .....	1
3. Tamboff .....	1
5. The Deer .....	2
4. Velocipede .....	3
3. Voltaire .....	3
3. Wodenblock .....	1

## By BLUCHER, Son of Waxy.

5. Burlesque .....	3
5. Gros de Naples .....	1
5. Mavrocardato .....	1

## By BOBADIL, Son of Rubens.

4. Bobadilla .....	2
2. The Little Duchess .....	1

## By BOURBON, Son of Sorcerer.

a. Fleur de Lis .....	4
a. The Alderman .....	6

## By BRADBURY, Son of Delpini.

a. Bay Horse .....	1
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## By BUSTARD, Son of Castrel.

4. Barnado .....	3
3. Bistarda .....	1
3. Melody .....	3
4. Villager .....	2

## By BUSTLER, Son of Camillus.

a. The Major .....	5
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## By CACAMBO, Son of Cerberus.

5. Jessy .....	3
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## By CANDIDATE, Son of Teddy.

6. Sailor .....	10
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## By CANNON BALL, Son of Sancho.

5. Blaze .....	1
3. Brown Colt .....	1
3. Cadwal .....	1
5. Camillus .....	1
3. Flora .....	1
5. Granby .....	2
5. Grey Mare .....	2

## By CAPSICUM, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Huntsman .....	2
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## By CARBON, Son of Waxy.

4. John de Bart .....	5
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## By CARDINAL WOLSEY, Son of Cardinal York.

4. Mitre .....	1
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## By CARLTON.

6. Hercules .....	1
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## By CASTREL, Son of Buzzard.

5. Moor Buzzard .....	1
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## By CATTON, Son of Golumpus.

0. Bay Mare .....	1
5. Brenda .....	3
4. Cambridge .....	3
2. Caroline .....	1
4. Coronet .....	5
3. Cistercian .....	2
6. Cromarty .....	2
5. Effie .....	3
5. Joceline .....	3
6. Judy Nicholson .....	2
4. Milkmaid .....	1
6. Mulatto .....	1

## By CENTAUR, Son of Orville.

3. Bungay Lass .....	1
3. Caradori .....	2
3. Chestnut Colt .....	2
3. Chiron .....	1
3. Nessus .....	2
3. Ronald .....	1
3. Little-go .....	1
3. Zodiac .....	2

## By CERVANTES, Son of Don Quixote.

2. Bay Filly .....	1
3. Grandee .....	1
3. Dora .....	5
4. Harlequin .....	5
5. Medoro .....	4
3. Netherby .....	1
3. Sandoval .....	2

## By CHAMPIGNON, Son of Truffle.

2. Bay Filly .....	1
3. Bay Filly .....	1
3. Brown Colt .....	2
2. Grey Colt .....	1
4. Harpoener .....	1
4. Queen Elizabeth .....	2
2. Snooks .....	2

## By CHAMPION, Son of Selim.

5. Chestnut Mare .....	1
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## By CHANCE, Son of Cavendish.

5. Tom Moody .....	3
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## By CLASHER.

6. Don Juan .....	2
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## By COMUS, Son of Sorcerer.

2. Dwarf .....	1
5. Brunswick .....	6
5. Carthusian .....	2
2. Envoy .....	1
2. Slander .....	1
3. Watchman .....	2

By **CONSTABLE**, Son of Comus.

- 2. Moll-in-the-Wad ..... 1
- 5. Young Duchess ..... 3

By **CONSTITUTION**.

- a. Old Dasher ..... 1

By **CORINTHIAN**, Son of Comus.

- 3. Madame de Chevena ... 4
- 3. Wellington ..... 4

By **DINMONT**, Son of Orville.

- a. King George the Fourth 1
- 6. Peter Pindar ..... 1

By **DOCTOR SYNTAX**, Son of Paynator.

- 3. Godfrey ..... 1
- 3. Lawn Sleeves ..... 2
- 3. Silk Sleeves ..... 4

By **DON COSSACK**, Son of Haphazard.

- a. The Tartar ..... 6

By **DON JUAN**, Son of Orville.

- 3. Arrow ..... 1
- 5. Trouncer (since dead), 1
- 4. Warrior ..... 1

By **DUPLICATE**, Son of Williamson's Ditto.

- 4. Mimosa ..... 1

By **EMILIUS**, Son of Orville.

- 2. Bay Filly ..... 1
- 2. Esprit ..... 1
- 2. Emerald ..... 1
- 3. Emilina ..... 2
- 3. Lady Emily ..... 3
- 2. Mouche ..... 1
- 2. The Fairy ..... 2
- 3. Vortigern ..... 1

By **ERYX**, Son of Milo.

- 3. Brown Filly ..... 1

By **EUSTON**.

- 5. Grecian ..... 1

By **FIGARO**, Son of Haphazard.

- 2. Aranda ..... 3
- 2. Barleycorn ..... 1
- 2. Bay Colt ..... 1
- 2. Convert ..... 1
- 2. Hermione ..... 1
- 2. Laura ..... 2
- 2. Reginald ..... 1
- 2. The Barber ..... 2

By **FILHO DA PUTA**, Son of Haphazard.

- 3. Abel ..... 2
- 4. Alcaston ..... 3
- a. Arachne ..... 4
- 4. Bessy Bedlam ..... 1
- 5. Billingsgate ..... 2
- 2. Birmingham ..... 4
- 3. Brown Colt ..... 1
- 3. Brown Filly ..... 1
- a. Doctor Faustus ..... 3
- 3. Douglas ..... 3

- 5. Elegance ..... 1

- 4. Father Long-Legs ..... 3

- a. Forester Lass ..... 7

- a. Hajji Baba ..... 3

- 5. Hesperus ..... 1

- a. Hexgrave ..... 1

- 4. His Highness ..... 2

- 6. Jocko ..... 4

- 4. Lambtonian ..... 1

- 5. Leda ..... 2

- a. Maid of Mansfield .... 4

- 4. Mansfield Lass ..... 3

- 5. Meshach ..... 1

- 4. Murphy ..... 6

- a. Orthodox ..... 2

- 4. Scipio ..... 1

- 4. Sir Thomas ..... 1

- 5. Talma ..... 1

By **YOUNG FILHO DA PUTA**.

- 4. Brown Filly ..... 1

By **FITZ-JAMES**, Son of Delpini.

- a. Fitzwilliam ..... 1

By **FITZ-ORVILLE**, Son of Orville.

- a. Blue Bonnet ..... 1

- 3. Gondolier ..... 3

- 3. Newton Don ..... 2

By **FLIBBERTIGIBBET**, Son of Comus.

- 3. Hohenlohe ..... 1

By **FOXBURY**.

- 5. Fadladeen ..... 2

By **FRIDAY**, Son of Washington.

- 5. Conrad ..... 1

By **FRIEND NED**, Son of Camillus.

- 4. Courtier ..... 5

By **FROLIC**, Son of Hedley.

- 3. Bay Colt ..... 2

- 3. Bay Colt ..... 1

By **GAMBLER**, Son of Haphazard.

- 4. Gay Lass ..... 1

By **GODOLPHIN**, Son of Partisan.

- 3. Bay Colt ..... 4

- 3. Bay Filly ..... 4

- 3. Blinker ..... 3

By **GOLUMPUS**, Son of Gohanna.

- a. Gamecock ..... 4

By **GRAND-DUKE**, Son of Arch-Duke.

- 5. Ches. Mare ..... 1

By **GREY MALTON**, Son of Knowsley.

- 3. Flambeau ..... 1

By **GREY MIDDLEHAM**, Son of Walton.

- 5. Moonshine ..... 1

By **GREY WALTON**, Son of Walton.

- 5. Jeannie Deane ..... 1

- 5. The Weaver ..... 4

- By GRIMALDI, Son of Delpini.  
a. Chelstrey Lass ..... 4
- By GULLIVER, Son of Orville.  
3. Lilliputian ..... 1
- By GUSTAVUS, Son of Election.  
3. Dabs ..... 2  
3. Grey Colt ..... 1
- By YOUNG HAMBLETONIAN.  
4. First Flight ..... 1
- By HAMPDEN, Son of Rubens.  
3. Guildford ..... 3
- By HOLLYHOCK, Son of Master Bagot.  
a. Hesperus ..... 6
- By INTERPRETER, Son of Soothsayer.  
5. Spondee ..... 1
- By JACK SPIGOT, Son of Ardrossan or Marmion.  
3. Brown Colt ..... 1
- By JUNIPER, Son of Whiskey.  
6. Hallatte ..... 2
- By KING OF DIAMONDS, Son of Diamond.  
4. Golconda ..... 1  
3. Jack of Clubs ..... 2  
a. The Deuce ..... 1
- By THE LAIRD, Son of Stamford.  
5. Mr. Fry ..... 6
- By LANGAR, Son of Selim.  
3. Felt ..... 4  
4. Hardbargain ..... 1  
3. Tib ..... 3
- By LITTLE JOHN, Son of Octavius.  
6. Farmer ..... 1  
3. Frederick ..... 1
- By M'ORVILLE, Son of Orville.  
5. Brown Gelding ..... 1
- By MAGISTRATE, Son of Camillus.  
5. Bhurtpore ..... 1  
4. Big Ben ..... 2  
3. Ches. Colt ..... 1  
3. Ches. Filly ..... 1  
4. Coroner ..... 5  
4. Iris ..... 1  
4. Terror ..... 2  
6. The Justice ..... 1
- By MANFRED, Son of Election.  
0. Brown Filly ..... 1  
5. Brown Horse ..... 1  
3. Falconbridge ..... 1  
3. Harold ..... 4
- By MANGO, Brother to Truffie.  
5. Revenge ..... 1  
a. Susan ..... 1
- By MASTER HENRY, Son of Orville.  
3. Ambuscade ..... 1
3. Banter ..... 2  
2. Blue Bonnet ..... 2  
3. Christine ..... 1  
4. Defford ..... 2  
3. Fag ..... 1  
3. Garlic ..... 1  
3. Genius ..... 1  
4. Musquito ..... 3  
3. Parnassus ..... 4
- By MERLIN, Son of Castrel.  
4. Chew Bacon ..... 2  
6. Goahawk ..... 3  
5. Hawk's Eye ..... 2  
4. Jenkins ..... 2  
6. Lamplighter ..... 3  
4. Lancastrian ..... 3  
4. Mariner ..... 2  
4. Merchant ..... 1  
4. Mufti ..... 2  
2. Paradox ..... 1
- By MILO, Son of Sir Peter.  
3. Della ..... 1  
3. Grimbald ..... 1
- By MINOS, Son of Camillus.  
4. Brenda ..... 4
- By MONREITH, Son of Haphazard.  
4. Spadassin ..... 4
- By MORISCO, Son of Muley.  
3. Morris Dancer ..... 3
- By MORTIMER.  
0. Bay Mare ..... 1  
3. Bay Filly ..... 1
- By MOSES, Son of Whalebone or Seymour.  
3. Glenfinlas ..... 3  
3. Benefit ..... 1  
3. Lazarus ..... 2  
3. Pauline ..... 6  
3. Xarifa ..... 1
- By Mr. LOWE, Son of Walton.  
5. Miss Craven ..... 3
- By MULEY, Son of Orville.  
3. Gazelle ..... 1  
3. Lucy ..... 4  
5. Sweepstakes ..... 1  
4. Vicar ..... 2  
4. Wonder ..... 1
- By NARCISSUS.  
0. Winkelbreed ..... 1
- By NICOLO, Son of Selim.  
3. Jack Junk ..... 1  
3. Wilhelmina ..... 2  
3. Gambol ..... 2  
3. Nilo ..... 1  
2. The Hare ..... 1
- By NORTON, Son of Hyacinthus.  
6. Alphus ..... 1

6. Mystery ..... 1  
 a. Nimrod ..... 1  
 By OCTAVIAN, Son of Stripling.  
 5. Duchess of Lancaster... 1  
 4. Gameboy ..... 8  
 a. Purity ..... 2  
 By OCTAVIUS, Son of Orville.  
 5. Vulcan ..... 1  
 By OFFA'S DYKE, Son of Paynator.  
 a. Conquerant ..... 1  
 0. Offa ..... 1  
 6. Telegraph ..... 1  
 By OISEAU, Son of Camillus.  
 3. Benefit ..... 7  
 3. Rowton ..... 2  
 3. Wandering Boy ..... 2  
 By ORVILLE, Son of Beningbrough.  
 3. Bay Colt ..... 1  
 2. Bay Colt ..... 2  
 4. Varro ..... 1  
 5. Caribert ..... 2  
 0. Clipper ..... 1  
 3. Dicky Dolus ..... 1  
 4. Omen ..... 5  
 5. Souvenir ..... 1  
 By OUTCRY, Son of Camillus.  
 4. Highland Mary ..... 1  
 By PACHA, Son of Selim.  
 6. Cherry Ripe ..... 1  
 By PALMERIN, Son of Amadis.  
 4. Rufus ..... 5  
 By PARTISAN, Son of Walton.  
 5. Amphion ..... 2  
 3. Burman ..... 1  
 5. Mameluke ..... 3  
 3. Patron ..... 6  
 5. Rapid Rhone ..... 2  
 By PAULOWITZ, Son of Sir Paul.  
 3. Cicely ..... 3  
 6. Little Bo-peep ..... 2  
 4. Little Boy-Blue ..... 5  
 4. Minera ..... 1  
 5. Miss Witz ..... 1  
 By PAUL POTTER, Son of Milo.  
 5. Miss Sutton ..... 1  
 By PERCY, Son of Walton.  
 5. Charley ..... 6  
 4. The Earl ..... 10  
 By PETER LELY, Son of Rubens.  
 3. Guido ..... 4  
 3. Lely ..... 2  
 By PETRONIUS, Son of Sir Peter.  
 5. Ancient ..... 1  
 By PHANTOM, Son of Walton.  
 3. Bettle Inup ..... 1  
 3. Bay Colt ..... 1  
 5. Bay Mare ..... 1  
 3. Acacia ..... 4  
 3. Ches. Filly ..... 2  
 5. Day Star ..... 4  
 a. Egyptian ..... 2  
 a. Enamel ..... 1  
 5. Glenartney ..... 1  
 4. Masaniello ..... 5  
 4. Parson Harvey ..... 3  
 3. Seraph ..... 5  
 4. Vanish ..... 5  
 3. Violante ..... 1  
 3. Will-o'-the-Wisp ..... 1  
 By YOUNG PHANTOM.  
 2. Lady Emmeadine ..... 1  
 By PILGARLIC, Son of Woful.  
 3. Chestnut Filly ..... 1  
 By PISCATOR, Son of Walton.  
 6. Mayfly ..... 5  
 By POULTON, Son of Sir Peter.  
 a. Chestnut Mare ..... 2  
 By PRESIDENT, Son of Sancho.  
 6. President ..... 1  
 By PRIME MINISTER, Son of Sancho.  
 0. All-Heart-and-no-Peel 1  
 3. Bay Filly ..... 1  
 By QUIZ, Son of Buzzard.  
 a. Euphrates ..... 3  
 By RABY, Son of Sorcerer.  
 5. Jonathan Martin ..... 1  
 By RAINBOW, Son of Walton.  
 5. Toso ..... 4  
 By RAJAH.  
 3. Wrangler ..... 5  
 By RASPING, Son of Brown Bread.  
 6. Kean ..... 1  
 By REGENT, Son of Election.  
 4. Kildare ..... 5  
 3. Meynalta ..... 1  
 By REVELLER, Son of Cornus.  
 3. Gallopade ..... 4  
 3. Lucetta ..... 5  
 2. De Vere ..... 1  
 4. Souter Johnny ..... 3  
 3. Lusher ..... 2  
 3. Negress ..... 4  
 4. Sally Sutton ..... 1  
 2. The Mummer ..... 2  
 3. Teaster ..... 1  
 By REVENUE.  
 4. Young Revenue ..... 1  
 6. Grey Mare ..... 1  
 By RINALDO, Son of Milo.  
 a. Cheahire Cheese ..... 2  
 6. Euxton ..... 3



By ROBIN ADAIR, Son of Walton.

3. Chestnut Colt ..... 3

By ROBIN HOOD, Son of Octavius.

4. Bay Gelding ..... 1

By RUBENS, Son of Buzzard.

4. Challenger ..... 2

3. Chestnut Filly ..... 1

3. Cornelian ..... 3

6. Lawrence ..... 10

4. Oppidan ..... 4

6. Profile ..... 1

3. Red Mantle ..... 1

2. Sketch Book ..... 1

4. Smilax ..... 3

4. Zelinda ..... 4

3. Zeuxis ..... 1

By SAM, Son of Scud.

3. Chestnut Filly ..... 1

By YOUNG SANCHE.

6. Brunette ..... 1

By SCUD, Son of Beningbrough.

a. Redgauntlet ..... 2

By SELIM, Son of Buzzard.

4. Turquoise ..... 5

By SENATOR, Son of Prime Minister.

6. Lebeck ... ..... 1

By SHERWOOD, Son of Filho da Puta.

3. Bay Filly ..... 1

2. Theresby ... ..... 1

By SHUTTLE POPE.

4. Brown Colt ..... 1

By SIR ANDREW.

a. Rockingham ..... 1

By SIR CHRISTOPHER, Son of Sir David.

a. Doctor Russell ..... 2

By SIR MALAGIGI, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Othello ..... 1

By SIR OLIVER, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Herbert Lacy ..... 3

2. Lucretia ..... 1

By SKIM, Son of Gohanna.

4. Goblet ..... 1

3. Jungfrau ..... 2

By SMOLENSKO, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Brown Colt ..... 2

6. Gulbare ..... 1

4. Juryman ..... 1

a. Naughty Tommy ..... 3

By SOBER ROBIN, Son of Orville.

4. Rough Robin ..... 1

By SOOTHSAYER, Son of Sorcerer.

6. Chestnut Mare ..... 1

a. Hecemus ..... 4

By SOVEREIGN, Son of Bigot.

2. Splendour ..... 1

By STAMFORD, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Brown Gelding ..... 1

By SPECTRE, Son of Phantom.

5. Ariel ..... 1

2. Bundler ..... 1

5. Forester ..... 2

6. Granby ..... 3

5. Job ..... 2

2. Mrs. Brown ..... 1

By ST. PATRICK, Son of Walton.

2. Bay Filly ..... 1

3. Hibernian ..... 1

3. Young Patrick ..... 1

By STREPHON, Son of Rubens.

3. Bay Filly ..... 1

By SULTAN, Son of Selim.

2. Mahmoud ..... 1

3. Bay Filly ..... 1

3. Pera ..... 1

2. Green Mantle ..... 5

3. Varna ..... 6

By SWAP, Son of Catton.

3. Beatrice ..... 1

4. Menia Grey ..... 1

By TAM O'SHANTER.

6. Butterfly ..... 1

By TENIERS, Son of Rubens.

2. Bay Filly ..... 1

3. Mona's Pride ..... 4

4. Ultimatum ..... 3

By THESIS.

4. Agnes ..... 5

By TIRESIAS, Son of Soothsayer.

2. Augur ..... 3

3. Bay Colt ..... 2

3. Bay Colt ..... 1

2. Bud (new Baby) ..... 2

3. Chestnut Colt ..... 2

3. Chestnut Filly ..... 1

6. Chestnut Gelding ..... 2

5. Conjuror ..... 1

3. Discovery ..... 2

4. Ephesus ..... 2

3. Impudence ..... 1

2. Jonathan ..... 1

3. Pegasus ..... 1

3. Semiramis ..... 1

3. St. Lawrence ..... 1

3. The Lion ..... 1

3. Verderer ..... 2

By TOPSY TURVY, Son of St. George.

a. Nimrod ..... 3

By TRAMP, Son of Dick Andrews.

4. Ballad Singer ..... 3

5. Bay Mare.....	1
4. Brown Filly.....	1
3. Bunter.....	4
2. Design.....	2
2. Chesnut Filly.....	2
2. Chesnut Filly.....	1
2. Clotilde.....	2
3. Cobbler Will.....	1
5. Constance.....	4
3. Device.....	3
5. Jupiter.....	1
3. Lady Sarah.....	1
3. Lucy.....	4
3. Mendicant.....	1
4. Trampina.....	1
4. Trample.....	3
3. Tyke.....	1
4. Zingancee.....	4

## By TRISSY, Son of Remembrancer.

6. Miss Fanny.....	1
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## By TRISTRAM, Son of Teddy the Grinder.

a. Tristram.....	4
6. Bay Gelding.....	1

## By USQUEBAUGH, Son of Young Whiskey.

a. Pepinjay.....	3
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## By YOUNG VESPASIAN.

a. Miss Fanny.....	1
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## By VISCOUNT, Son of Stamford.

3. Bay Colt.....	1
5. Billy.....	1
3. Brown Colt.....	1

## By VIVALDI.

a. Chesnut Mare.....	1
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## By WALTHAMSTOW, Son of Soother.

a. Moses.....	2
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## By WALTON, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Bay Colt.....	1
4. Chesnut Colt.....	4
3. Gas.....	1
4. Grampian.....	1

## By WANDERER, Son of Gohanna.

4. Rasselas.....	3
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## By WANTON, Son of Woful.

3. Giglet.....	2
3. The Captain.....	2

## By WATERLOO, Son of Walton.

5. Maria.....	1
5. Pilot.....	2
4. Victory.....	6

## By WAVERLEY, Son of Whalebone.

4. Black Filly.....	3
3. Hazard.....	4
4. Deoch an Dorais.....	1
3. Elastic.....	1

## By WHALEBONE, Son of Waxy.

4. Beldine.....	2
3. Bay Colt.....	1
3. Benedict.....	2
2. Fay Filly.....	1
2. Bay Filly.....	1
2. Bay Filly.....	1
2. Beagle.....	2
5. Brocard.....	2
5. Busk.....	4
2. Cetus.....	4
3. Gayhurst.....	1
4. Hindoo.....	4
4. Hindostan.....	6
3. Merman.....	3
5. Pandarus.....	1
3. Sir Hercules.....	2
3. The Crofts.....	2
3. The Exquisite.....	1
4. Theresa.....	1
5. Windermere.....	1
3. Windrush.....	4

## By WHISKER, Son of Waxy.

3. Appollonia.....	3
4. Architect.....	1
2. Maria.....	1
3. Butterfly.....	3
3. Caller.....	1
4. Chester Billy.....	1
2. Redstart.....	1
4. Delphine.....	2
4. Economist.....	4
3. Fortitude.....	4
4. Fox.....	1
4. Jenny Mills.....	4
3. Magawiska.....	4
5. Sarah.....	12
2. Sprig.....	1
4. Whisk.....	1

## By WHITWORTH, Son of Agonistes.

a. Sir Walter.....	1
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## By WOFUL, Son of Waxy.

3. Canary.....	2
3. Ches. Colt.....	1
6. Helas.....	1
6. Mantua.....	1
3. Mohican.....	3
4. Woodland.....	2
3. Worry.....	2

## By WOODMAN, Son of Lop.

4. Eastgrove.....	2
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## By WOKINGHAM, Son of Walton.

4. Fancy.....	3
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## By WORTHY.

3. Howard.....	1
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## By WOTHORPE.

3. Anti-Catholic.....	3
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## By WRANGLER, Son of Walton.

2. Suffolk Punch.....	1
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## By XYZ, Son of Haphazard.

a. Colwell.....	1
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6. Lady Mary ..... 4  
 8. Sawney ..... 1

By CANNON BALL or CHILDE  
 HAROLD.

2. The Counsellor ..... 2

By CENTAUR or SULTAN.

3. Scymetar ..... 4

By FILHO DA PUTA or MAGIS-  
 TRATE.

4. Hedgford ..... 1

3. Brielle ..... 1

By PILHO DA PUTA or SHER-  
 WOOD.

3. Independence ..... 4

By PHANTOM or MORISCO.

3. Taurus ..... 4

By WAVERLEY or TRAMP.

3. Rosary ..... 2

WINNING HORSES, &c. WHOSE GETS  
 ARE AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

4. Ady ..... 1

6. Bay Mare ..... 1

5. Bay Mare ..... 1

6. Bay Gelding ..... 1

4. Bay Gelding ..... 1

2. Bessy Bedlam ..... 2

6. Brown Mare ..... 1

6. Brown Mare ..... 1

2. Bumby ..... 1

3. Bungay Lass ..... 1

6. Carbineer ..... 1

5. Caroline ..... 1

2. Catchfly ..... 1

4. Ches. Filly ..... 1

6. Ches. Gelding ..... 1

2. Ches. Gelding ..... 3

6. Cocktail ..... 3

2. Collier ..... 2

2. Columbine ..... 1

2. Cygnus ..... 1

6. Deceiver ..... 1

5. Eliza ..... 1

2. Fair Helen ..... 1

6. Fanny ..... 1

6. Felix ..... 1

6. Fleur de Lis ..... 1

2. Ffrrt ..... 1

6. Friday ..... 1

6. Gipsy ..... 1

4. Gohanna ..... 1

2. Granby ..... 2

5. Grey Gelding ..... 1

2. Grey horse ..... 1

2. Guardsman ..... 1

6. Harriet ..... 1

2. Harriet ..... 2

2. Harlequin ..... 1

4. Jerry ..... 1

5. Jumping Jenny ..... 1

3. King Arthur ..... 1

5. Kitty Clover ..... 1

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6. Lady Bed ..... 1

4. Lady Louisa ..... 1

2. Levanter ..... 1

3. Little Ann ..... 1

2. Little Britain ..... 1

4. Little Harry ..... 1

6. Maid of Athens ..... 2

2. Miss Covertan ..... 1

6. Moonlight ..... 1

2. Mustapha ..... 2

6. Olive Branch ..... 1

2. Oxford Tom ..... 2

2. Pandora ..... 1

4. Prejudice ..... 1

5. Prudence ..... 1

2. Radical ..... 1

6. Rembrandt ..... 1

6. Scarecrow ..... 1

2. Silvertall ..... 1

6. The Baronet ..... 1

2. The Wonder ..... 1

2. Tom Thumb ..... 1

6. Tom ..... 1

2. Twist ..... 1

2. Wellington ..... 1

5. Young Briton ..... 1

### "PHILO-LEASH" UPON RED- MANGE, &c.

SIR,

IN Canine Pathology I believe that there exist few diseases so difficult to alleviate and so hopeless to overcome as genuine red mange; but lest others may not have found it the same hydra (hide-raw, a facetious journal has lately, and here appositely derived it) as myself, the mountain shall produce my treasure or my mouse as laconically as possible. A favorite spaniel who has been a prodigy of intellect and of devoted affection for nine years (and whom by unspoiling care I hope to preserve for at least a dozen more), had been through the greater part of that time subject to this disease. Blaine in book, and Youatt in person, and every other book and person had been exhausted in experiments, which my own eye saw properly applied—in many cases indeed with temporary relief; but a few weeks found the

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enemy, like Napoleon returned from Elba, enthroned in all his wonted power. The Waterloo, that seems for ever to have crushed the despot, was still un-found. In spite of all the usual means (including daily doses of cream of tartar or nitre, with food, though solid, consisting chiefly of vegetables, mixed with a "sentiment" of meat, to make them acceptable,) the enemy gained hourly strength, and the irritation had become almost insufferable, when female invention, ever merciful as fertile, suggested the decisive yet simple expedient of drowning the tyrant: not like Pharaoh in the Red Sea—though there too was a great profit (Prophet,) on one side—but in a simple bowl of skim-milk and bread—a diet which in a week scared away the enemy, like a cottage does the gout; has kept my favorite, though "a trifle thinner," in the highest health and beauty; and, though ten months have elapsed since the cure was effected, her former plague has shown no symptoms of return. Methinks I hear some fair one—perhaps, too, some bronzed brother of the field—exclaim, "How, even if so flinty-hearted as to wish it, could you force our daintily-fed favorites to accept such meagre fare?" The question may be best answered by the old but pithy story of the Esculapian blacksmith, who undertook to restore the lost appetite of a lady's asthmatic pet. He tied it up, unpampered, to his forge, and returned it after three days, unparticular as to sauce for its dinner. Moral:—If your favorite refuse your liberal offer of bread and skim-milk, for the first and second day, the chances are that it repents the third, and will accept it for the

future—at least when really necessary: and surely our regard for such deservedly dear, faithful, and valuable friends, will be shewn in the best manner by doing that, even against their wills, which we know will most increase their health, their comfort, and their length of years (ears)—the latter being particularly desirable in a spaniel's case. This hint, though certainly proved only upon a confidential companion, might, I imagine (at least to establish a cure), be practised with equal advantage upon our less refined, though sterling friends of the kennel. Upon a large scale, butter-milk or whey might be substituted for skim-milk.

I take this opportunity to return my best thanks to TANTARA for the polite and tender manner in which he has reviewed my bold attempt, touching the Laws of the Leash. (Copy him, ye Reviewers of Edina!) Much, however, I had better not say, until I can obtain a copy of the useful little book which he mentions, "The Courser's Companion," for which I have hitherto vainly searched. My spelling of "coat" is taken from a "Treatise on Greyhounds," printed by Valpy, and supposed to be written by Sir William Clayton. Thus much, however, I may venture now to say, that as yet TANTARA's idea of cote seems to me no more than a *fair first turn*, whilst the *circular* feature of a course remarked by me, still remains *without a name*, and, according to Qui Tam's observation upon Macbeth's exclamation of "a deed without a name!" is not worth a fig; which, as I cannot but think it of high merit, appears to me a pity. At first sight I much incline to agree with TANTARA as to the few objections

which he is so good as to make to the proposed rules, &c., particularly my adopted 11th.—“But more anon.”—*Shakespeare*—hem!

PHILO-LEASH.

# REFRESHER TO “VIATOR, JUN.”

SIR,

**W**HAT has become of VIATOR, JUN. as he has never yet fulfilled the promise he made in your July Number of sending an account of his Yorkshire travelling? His *bill* has been over-due a long time, and the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* are thereby deprived of a great deal of amusement. I do not mean exactly to corroborate all his opinions on the different dragsmen; but as far as my own views on the subject, and the *recorded judgments* of the worshipful Company of Dragsmen agree, he is decidedly wrong in many of the sentences passed by him on the artists on the Brighton Road. His description of Sam Goodman's and George Moseley's (who, poor fellow! has been booked by the *Down Mail*) performances decidedly ought to have been reversed; but “*de mortuis, &c.*”

One of the first artists on the bench out of London, or elsewhere, he forgot to book, possibly from not knowing him; but although he is a very rough diamond, and, like the Thames, wants cleaning out in the mouth, I have heard many dragsmen dispute about the superiority of Tom Bramble (for he it is,) and Harry Charlton; and it may be safely said that had Tom been born late enough to have had the benefit of the March of Intellect, his name would often have been recorded in your pages. He is now at work on the “In-

dependent Tallyho,” from the Golden Cross to Birmingham; and I look forward with pleasure to riding with him in the summer mornings to Redburn.

— hunc in annum,  
Vivat et plures *Age*.

May it so happen! A new worthy has risen to the bench, in the person of John Hayllar, of Brighton—one of the right sort, who is now horsing the *Age*, and, if not *now*, will very shortly be a regular working dragsman thereon; that is to say, provided he and Mr. Stevenson agree—a great difficulty unless one can give up to him in most points. Jack will still carry on his business of a horse-dealer at Brighton, and Bill Turner retires on half-pay with a good prospect of plenty of odd days. Miles's boy adds that Turner is trying to get Hayllar's ticket made out, and himself reinstated.—This is all my bill; and as no one can make up a long bill in these months I must not expect more than others. Hoping soon to see Mr. VIATOR, JUN.'s favours in your pages, I remain yours, &c. WHIPCORD.

# PEDIGREE OF BETSY.

BRED BY J. WARDE, ESQ.

**B**ETSY, whose Portrait we gave in our last Number, was got by Sapling, out of Beauty; Sapling by Searcher, out of Mr. Smith's Gracious; Searcher by Sentinel, out of Benefit; Sentinel by Selim, out of Lydia; Benefit by Bertram, out of Agate; Selim by Alfred, out of Sir Thomas Mostyn's Songstress; Bertram by Bragger, out of Decent; Bragger by Outlaw, out of Mr. Lee Anthony's Daphné; Decent by Lord Lonsdale's Ruler,

out of Decent; Lydia by New Forest Statesman, out of Sylvia, sister to Selim; Agate by Alfred, out of Jessica; Alfred by Lord Fitzwilliam's Archer; Jessica by Mr. Meynell's Sampson; Beauty by Guardian, out of Blissful; Guardian by Aimwell, out of Gertrude; Aimwell by the famous Charon, sire of many hounds in most kennels.

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### FOX-HUNTER'S SONG.

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SIR

**Y**OUR having deemed worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine* my last month's communication of some lines written by an old Sportsman in Surrey, I venture to hand you the inclosed, derived from the same source, which are at your disposal.—Yours, &c.

SURREY.

Come unkennel the hounds, and away to the field!  
 On a morning so fine, and with spirits so gay,  
 Ev'ry pastime and pleasure to hunting must yield—  
 To the rapture of fox-hunting others give way:  
 So staunch are our hounds and our horses full blood,  
 Of such mettle and speed, they all others defy;  
 Then at once throw them off, and draw thro' the wood,  
 Whence Reynard, unkennelled, for safety must fly.

As our earths are well stopp'd, there is little to fear  
 Of other misfortunes befalling our sport;  
 We are perfectly steady from riot and deer—  
 Nor have we a hound that will babble or skirt.  
 Whilst completely each copse and thick covert they draw,  
 Clap round them my lads, and with caution beware:  
 If a puppy by chance meet with paws in the shaw,  
 Smack your whip and halloo—"softly hounds, have a care!"

From covert to covert again put them over,  
 For news, or to chatter, we've no time to delay—  
 So cheerful they feather, then challenge together,  
 They will presently find him as sure as the day.  
 Drag on him! drag on him! high wind him, my boys!  
 Push him out from his kennel where snugly he lies!  
 He must steal away shortly, so don't make a noise—  
 To his brush when he breaks, we will stick till he dies.

Hark, hark to old Joiner—have at him my boy!  
 Here is fifty to one he will find:  
 How the rest gather round him with clamorous joy!  
 And in chorus they struggle to get from behind:  
 He has gone right away, where from covert he broke;  
 Only look how they race as they cross yonder lawn—  
 Come along, my brave lads, let us ride stroke for stroke,  
 As we joyfully follow the hounds and the horn.

Over hills and deep valleys still swiftly he flies,  
 As our gallant hounds follow—see how equal they run.  
 Whilst from covert to covert for life as he flies,  
 And in vain tries the earths, his pursuers to shun,  
 We forward still press, men, horses, and hounds—  
 All hazards and dangers thus hunters defy—  
 Gates and brooks, or park palings to us are not bounds,  
 When our fox keeps a-head, and the hounds in full cry.

To check they have come, where the sheep late have staid—  
 As a sky-rocket spreads, on all sides they cast ;  
 Your horses hold hard till the scent is regained ;  
 Give them time but an instant—this check cannot last :  
 See old Hotspur and Royster are at him again !  
 When they hit him off how the pack forward press,  
 Each strives for the scent—now to sink he is fain,  
 As his doubles and turnings betray his distress.

His dry tongue hanging out, and his brush drooping dead,  
 Evince plain enough that his speed and strength fail :  
 How ardently fly the old hounds to the head,  
 When his struggles for life will no longer avail.  
 What a crash in the covert !—how short he turns back !  
 With courage undaunted every art he still tries,  
 Whilst death close attends in the mouths of the pack—  
 Hard fighting a moment, in combat he dies.

To be tree'd by a whipper-in next is his fate :  
 Being fairly run down, and resign'd his last breath,  
 Peckham straight cuts his brush off, his pads, and his pate,  
 Whilst the hounds and the horn triumph loud at his death.  
 When at home, after dinner, the bumpers go round,  
 We drink, "may each in his station use his endeavour  
 That hounds, horses, and foxes in plenty abound ;  
 And fox-hunting flourish in Surrey for ever !"

## COCKNEY COURSING CLUB.

**T**HE Second Annual Cup and Goblet of the Cockney Coursing Club was run for at Hampton Court Park, on the 13th of February, 1830, and decided as follows :—

*For the Cup and Goblet.*—Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Belle beat Mr. Knight's pied bitch Kate ; Mr. Clarke's w. d. Centaur beat Mr. Rice's red d. Rolla ; Mr. Elmore's f. d. Rex beat Mr. Rice's r. d. Random ; Mr. Clarke's r. d. Conquest beat Mr. Arundell's brin. d. Agent ; Mr. Goodwin's w. b. Glory beat Mr. Arundell's r. d. Active ; Mr. Baily's b. d. Bustard beat Mr. Knight's pied d. King ; Mr. Clarke's pied b. Cora beat Mr. Baily's b. b. Bashful ; Mr. Elmore's b. b. Trinket beat Mr. Rice's a. d. Rob Roy.

### FIRST TIES.

Bustard beat Centaur.  
 Conquest — Rex.  
 Cora — Belle.  
 Trinket — Glory.

### SECOND TIES.

Cora beat Bustard.  
 Trinket — Conquest—unsighted.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Clarke's pied b. Cora beat Mr. Elmore's Trinket, and won the Cup ; Trinket the Goblet.

Cora, the winner of the Cup, is an uncommonly stout and speedy bitch, and came to the ground in beautiful condition, as indeed did all the stud from the same kennel.

Cora ran at the Newmarket February Meeting 1829 (see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiii. page 424), in the name of *Qui-vive*, then a

puppy, and won, having beaten Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Ida, who had beaten Mr. Wilkinson's Cley, and other winners.

Cora was bred by G. W. Kelly, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex, and was got by Mr. John Wright's Scaramouch (who was by Lord Maynard's Blackbird) out of a celebrated bitch, by Lord Rivers's Rupert.

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### STEEPLE CHASE.

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SIR,  
**T**HINKING, perhaps, that a little news from our shire would be acceptable to some of your very numerous readers, I was just going to say a word or two about the steeple chase which took place yesterday. I must first tell you that the match originated over the bottle, after the very excellent opening dinner of the new landlord, at the Woolpack Inn, St. Alban's, in Mr. Byles's, of the Seabright country, offering for 20l. to ride his horse, Little David, against Mr. W. Hudson, of the Hanbury country, on any horse he might name. Mr. H. immediately fixed on his bay mare Miss Stacey. Mr. Beecroft was requested to name the ground: he directly fixed for the Angel Inn at Brick Wall as the starting, and the Monument at Little Berkhamstead as the winning post—a distance of about six miles, over a country, which I should think cannot be equalled in this county as wet, squally ground, and very difficult to get over. The parties met at the place appointed, when Mr. Oldaker was named umpire to ride with Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Cater to ride with Mr. Byles; Mr. Beecroft to be the judge.

The word "Off!" being cried, away went Mr. Byles to the right (leaving all behind), at a pace which would soon have carried him home, had he been able to continue it; but not so. The first symptom which shewed that the horse had been too hard pushed, was his refusal to leave the hard road which he was crossing; but his rider requested some people to pull down a gate, which was very quickly attended to, or, I think, perhaps, that Little David would have remained there some time\*. From thence he continued to push for a common, on which Mr. Hudson was a quarter of a mile a-head; he then took a line to the left, which was at every turn pointed out to him by a Mr. M., who, being a near resident, ought to have known every inch of the country; but this, perhaps, was the only cause which can at all account for the defeat of the horse, who in his country was considered almost invincible. He then bore down for Woolmer's Park, the seat of Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., where he crossed the river by a bridge, and thence, with the aid of Mr. M. in opening a gate, he contrived to reach Berkhamstead about five minutes after Mr. Hudson had received the congratulations of his very numerous friends, who were from his country ready to receive him, and quite as confident of his success as were the backers of Little David.

Mr. Hudson, I am told, rode his mare in a gallant and straightforward manner, over a line of country, selected with great judgment. He not only disdained the idea of seeking a bridge to cross the river, but he boldly crossed where it divides into two streams below Ei-

\* The condition being not to ride one hundred yards on a road.



endon Mill. He cleared the fences at the latter end of the race in a very masterly style, and accomplished the whole distance in the short time of twenty-four minutes; having left Oldaker to find his own way after. The only gentlemen who could at all keep pace with Mr. Byles were, Mr. M., on a very fine blood horse, and another on a grey, well known in Mr. Hanbury's hunt.

I remain yours, respectfully,

HARK FORWARD.

Ware, Herts, Feb. 19, 1830.

#### A LINE FROM DASHWOOD.

SIR,  
H<sup>A</sup>VING received more than one communication from very highly-respectable quarters, on the subject of the "Postscript to the Reminiscences," in which I appear to have made myself slightly misunderstood, I can no longer refrain, although suffering from the effects of a severe accident, from explaining myself more fully. I beg leave, therefore, to intimate, that it is solely where there is an *amplly adequate subscription*, that it is at present in my power to undertake the superintendence of hounds; although I have no objection whatever "*to do for love what others do for hire*," and assume the management of a pack both in kennel and in field, on condition of the requisite number of horses, &c. being kept for my use, and my being personally considered irresponsible for all expense of the establishment. On this understanding I shall be happy to enter into a negociation, as speedily as may be, with any of your readers; and, as before, a letter will always

find me, if addressed to your care.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DASHWOOD.

Worthing, February 21, 1830.

#### ORGANISATION OF THE HORSE.

MR. EDITOR,  
SIR W. Scott has very candidly remarked, "that there are few persons who would not risk the loss of reputation and charge of presumption, for the privilege of writing in good society." I can offer no adequate apology for intruding my humble pen in the company of some of your Correspondents; yet, as Editors have not the power of creating geniuses, I presume, they must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and take scribblers as they find them; and I assure you, that if my yet unhackneyed pen can render the least efficient service to my brethren in the field, I shall feel more than amply recompensed for the danger I incur by venturing on such slippery ground. My ideas may appear new, but I hope not inconsistent with reason. Nor shall I in subsequent communications hesitate to depart in opinion from the highest authorities, and boldly hazard conjectures, undismayed by the stern fear of criticism, for

———" 'Tis a base  
Abandonment of reason to resign  
Our right of thought; "

more especially as I shall advance nothing but what is founded on practical and rational principles; nor shall I "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." But let us come at once to the cream of my intentions in addressing you. Most of your readers who have had any experience in horses, more especially hunters, must have come

to very satisfactory conclusions in their own minds as to the absurdity of considering veterinary surgery any thing better than mere humbug. At least, no miracle short of causing the dumb animal to speak, and to relate with rueful distortion of the Equitian face divine, could induce me for one moment to entertain an idea of separating veterinary from human pharmacy: here, in reality, *mind* makes the man. Though the inferior animals are not subject to the same diseases and infirmities as God's own image, yet their bones are formed of the same materials—their blood of the same elements—their flesh of the same chemical affinities; and when, by Death, the preservative vital energy is removed, the equivalents, resuming their natural tendency, form equally the same dust to dust. Here we recognise the same *medatrix natura*, ever vigilant, able and willing, to repair disorganised structures. Reasoning from analogy, therefore, I feel no hesitation in asserting, that as symptomatology is the only path to a knowledge, and rational treatment of diseases, and as oracular communication is the only key to a knowledge of symptoms, no one ignorant of the diseases and symptoms of the human frame, can be of any utility in the diseases of the horse. This more particularly applies to the derangement of structures in the bones and joints. In any internal disorder, perhaps, by abstracting blood, or applying a blister, or griping a horse to death by aloes, the veterinary *soi-disant* surgeon may, with the ignorant, gain confidence by popular delusions; but here is the frontier of his ignorant pretensions: in no case is this better illustrated than in the often

mistaken seat of lameness, which in eight cases out of ten is the knee, though the treatment is generally directed to the shoulder. But as I am uncertain what reception may be given to these few lines, and should you deem them of sufficient merit to appear in your Magazine, I intend to resume the above subject in another communication. But before I vanish from the scene, excuse a few words *en passant* to NIMROD.

"Who teacheth wisdom should himself be wise,"

saith the proverb:

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"

said an infallible judge of human nature. No one can appreciate more highly than I do the merits of NIMROD, as a gentleman and a sportsman: though, perhaps, not the only *dulce decus*, he is certainly the *magnus Apollo* of your Magazine. In the January Number, speaking of the Condition of Hunters, he introduced the subject of oats passing through horses undigested, and recommends, as a preventive to the wasting of the food, that the oats should be hashed. His physiological ideas have been a stumbling block to him. In matters relating to the field, and what relates thereto, I should bow with due deference to his superior judgment; but here, as a friend, I would advise him to pause. Here is the path from which he may safely climb the steep,

"Where Fame's proud temple rears afar."

Hitherto his comprehensive mind has been devoted to a cause which it is the duty of every lover of his country to patronise; but, when we see her staunchest supporters enveloping the beautiful machinery of Nature's law by the mysterious

confusion of ignorance, the period has arrived when common sense

"Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,"

and dispels the clouds.—That a "little learning is a dangerous thing," NIMROD for once illustrates; for, were we to follow the dicit of this author, we should turn our coffee mills into oat-grinders, and thereby, according to him, save one-half of our provender. Now, this opinion has no foundation even in theory, and, moreover, is completely contradicted by practical experiments. NIMROD ought to be aware that the passage of undigested oats is not so much owing to a want of trituration, as to an impaired and defective state of the digestive organs, combined with a want of secretion of the gastric juice; and, I have no hesitation in asserting, that oatmeal will pass through the bowels of a horse (whose digestive apparatus is at fault) undigested, aye, as readily as oats; and, by persevering in that species of diet, you will have the health of your horse materially injured into the bargain. These facts do not rest upon mere assertion, but are supported by the best of all authority—dear-bought experience.

The phenomenon of the oats passing undigested, points out one of the most wonderful of the resources of nature. When, owing to any of the above-named causes, unmasticated oats pass from the third and last stomach of the horse into the adjoining gut, by their presence in the intestinal canal they stimulate the peristaltic motion—i. e. the motion by which the bowels have the power of propelling their contents from one end of the intestinal canal to the other—and, by so doing, they in a great

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degree obviate the ill effects of indigestion. Hence, in all deviations from healthy functions, nature finds her own remedy. Now, by hashing the oats, we do not remove the cause, but we destroy the antidote of the disease. A case in point occurred to a friend of mine. His horses were not thriving—the oats were passed as sound as when swallowed—but the horses stood their work tolerably well: hashed oats were substituted for sound oats, and, at the end of a fortnight, one horse died with every symptom of inflammation of the bowels, attended with obstinate constipation. Upon examination, after death, the colon was found completely choked up, and rendered impervious by a hard mass, which consisted of several handfuls of firmly compressed oatmeal, which thus, in the course of only a fortnight, had formed a nucleus, by degrees becoming aggregated and consolidated in such a manner as to cause obliteration of the bowel, and, its consequences, inflammation and disorganisation. These are facts, and facts are some how or other extremely obstinate. It may be asked, why such consequences do not generally follow the use of oats, supposing them to be completely tritured, and every individual oat to be thoroughly masticated. This idea is perfectly anomalous, inasmuch as it is incompatible with the intentions of nature, that every portion of food should be completely pulverized; no doubt intending the untritured part to act as a stimulus upon the coats of the intestines, and hence accelerate the progressive movements and final exit of the feculent matter.

NIMROD seems to me to attach by far too much importance to the mere mechanical powers of diges-

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tion, without giving due consideration to the solvent powers of the gastric juice, which has been found to dissolve the hardest metals, as knives, &c. &c., and even to dissolve meat *out of the stomach*. Nay, such is its intensity, that, in cases of sudden death, it has dissolved the stomach itself; and depend upon it, when this necessary agent to digestion is impaired or vitiated, neither natural nor artificial trituration will supply its place; and in such a case the more food that passes undigested, the greater security shall we have for the health of our horse.

That your Magazine may long continue to flourish, and NIMROD to embellish its pages, is the wish of yours, &c.

KEDER KHAN.

#### SECURITY FOR THE COVERING STALLION.

SIR,

IN recently looking over a late publication of a very old friend of yours—"The Horse," I observe a notice of the danger so often incurred by the covering stallion, of a fatal kick from unquiet mares; and cautions on this head are to be found in most, or all of that author's publications, extending many years back; but I yet have never heard of any proprietor of a stallion who has adopted the mode of security recommended. Surely, on this account, there must be some insuperable objection, on which, however, I am utterly uninformed, since the many fatal accidents which have happened must render the mere trouble of precaution, and that of the slightest kind and consequence, a perfect nonentity.

This being the covering season, and having already heard of two accidents—one of which had nearly

proved fatal, and which has proved so far unfortunate as to render the horse unfit for business, at least during the present year—my attention has been turned to the subject, which, indeed, has been uppermost in my mind during many years past. I think if the number of stallions thus destroyed in the course of the last half century could be brought to present recollection, it would inspire proprietors with some degree of solicitude on the necessity of making assurance doubly sure, by the regular adoption of a method, in which the accident could not occur. It is probable that in the course of time I have heard of half-a-score accidents, in which the horse has either had a leg broken by a kick of the mare, or has been killed outright by a blow on the *teates*. Some mares are extremely capricious, and though, in the slang of the groom, 'crazy a horsing,' yet, on being presented to the horse, their desires for him give way to caprice and skittishness, which nothing but right down force will subdue. *Hopling* is no security, since I have seen mares, by plunging or throwing themselves down, completely disengage their fetlocks. The old grooms used to relate a very narrow escape which the famous Eclipse had in this way, most fortunately receiving a violent kick on his belly, which elsewhere must have been fatal. The loss of a horse of his worth, the highest ever set upon a stallion, either before or since, would have been heavy indeed.

The plan proposed is that of leathern straps attached to posts fixed in the ground, in which straps the legs and fetlocks of the mare might be confined all four: a railing to be placed on each side, as with the leaping-bar. On

recommending this standing precaution (for occasions of risk only,) to various keepers of stallions, the general reply has been—"oh, we always take sufficient care, and have never yet had an accident." No doubt the last sufferer on a previous similar recommendation, would have made a similar reply. It is not considered that *accident* has its peculiar privilege, and seizes the advantage of the twentieth

omission after nineteen points of precaution. It is precisely thus with respect to the practice of horse-stealing, which has prevailed so much of late years: in those parts where it has not yet commenced, the owners of horses are as much at ease on the subject, and take as little interest in adopting any mode of security for their property, as though no such losses were probable. SAFE-BIND.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Chase.

WE are extremely happy to be able to inform our numerous readers, particularly those who hunt near London, that the Surrey Subscription Stag-hounds (late the Derby) have been resumed. They have had only four days this season, three of which have been particularly good; the fourth, on Saturday the 13th inst. a most brilliant one. They turned out a fine deer at Ninwood, near Coulsden: he took his country first for Chipstead and Alderstead; sunk the hill, leaving Merstham to the right, keeping the flat to Bletchingly, affording the dashing riders plenty of jumping, and bearing towards Nutfield village; sunk the Bletchingly Hill, facing the deep country and big fences to But Wood Common; crossed the East Grinstead road at the Blue Anchor Gate, at a great pace, to the Moat Farm, and bearing to the right over Blindlow-heath, was taken after a run of near two hours and three quarters (almost without a check) at White Wood, in the parish of Lingfield, about three miles from East Grinstead. At the turning out, at least 120 gentlemen sportsmen were present; but from the speed of the first burst, and the continuance of the pace in deep ground, with rattling fences, only twenty were at the taking: amongst them was Mr. Maberley, to whom these hounds are most indebted for support, and who was one of the foremost all day, riding with his usual

spirit. We sincerely hope these hounds will continue next season, by the liberal support of the public.

*Craven Hounds.*—A correspondent informs us that he has heard from good authority that Mr. Smith intends to hunt Marlborough Forest and the adjoining country, exclusively, with the Craven hounds during the month of April, and that a kennel will be prepared for the reception of the hounds by the 1st of April next, in that part of the Craven hunt. The Castle Inn, at Marlborough, will therefore most probably be the place of rendezvous during their time for the gentlemen who hunt.

*Sir*—In reply to the Postscript of a letter signed A NEW SUBSCRIBER, in your last Number, to the question "When did His Majesty's Stag-hounds afford more sport than this season?" I beg to answer by saying (which, if he will take the trouble to search Davis's Memorandum Book, he will find to be true), that for the last three or four seasons they have had very superior sport. In February, 1825, they had excellent runs; and in the following month nothing could exceed the sport given, when they took in Richmond after a chase of three hours: then again to Little Marlow two hours; to Watford two hours; to West Wickham three hours—with scarcely a check; and several others equally good. May I ask the NEW SUBSCRIBER if there has been any thing this season at all approaching to

it; and if the deer has not invariably taken to water after a few minutes' run? This is said without the least ill-will or personal feeling towards any one connected with so brilliant an establishment as His Majesty's Stag-hounds; still I feel convinced the truth of my assertion must be admitted.—A STAG-HUNTER.—Feb. 16.

The following gallant exploit deserves to be recorded in our pages:—At two o'clock on Saturday, Feb. 13, Lord Harewood's hounds found a second fox, and after running about three miles at a desperate burst over a heavy country, they came, near Walton Church, to a yawning beck-drain, which they crossed in full cry, but which by the sudden pull-up of the field, appeared an insurmountable obstacle to their progress. At the pace the hounds were going, procrastination would have been defeat to the choice spirits; whereupon one of them retrograding a few paces (over a heavy fallow) gallantly charged the chasm, and cleared it in beautiful style. Four others of the *élite* followed his daring, and most fortunately succeeded in landing safe. The following accurate dimensions were made on the following Monday:—Extent of the leap, average 17 feet 4 inches!—one horse covered 18 feet; span of the drain 15 feet 10 inches; depth of the chasm from the surface of the bank to the surface of water, 7 feet; depth of water and mud, 2 feet; difference of elevation of the banks in favour of the horse, 8 inches. To form a just estimate of the wonderful muscular power of the horse, and the daring of the rider, let any one measure off 17½ feet in an apartment, and he will be disposed to question the accuracy of the statement; but to prevent all doubt, it was re-measured the following day, and found to be correct. The fox was killed at Woodhall.

*Harriers and Country to be disposed of.*—A pack of high-bred harriers, consisting of thirty couples, eighteen of which are bitches, that will speak for themselves, possessing as good blood as any in the kingdom, with rare legs and feet, about nineteen inches high, and which hunt a coun-

try *unequalled*, four days a week, sixty miles west of London. They are now to be parted with, either separately, or a house may be had, well furnished, standing in a small park, with twenty acres of capital grass land; also a manor of three thousand acres. The above hounds are not a subscription pack, and have two kennels in different counties, owing to the extent of country they hunt. Seven or eight seasoned hunters may be had with the hounds if required.—Letters addressed to A. B., at the Editor's of the *Sporting Magazine*, postage paid, will receive an immediate reply, with every information.

### The Curf.

Captain Lidderdale has purchased Inglemere and Carib, to go abroad—the former for Van Diemen's Land, and the latter for the New Swan River Settlement.

W. Steel, Esq. of Liverpool, has purchased of Mr. J. Painter, his two-year-old chesnut colt, by Muley, out of an own sister to Juliana, the dam of Mr. Petre's Matilda, for 500gs.

### COCKING.

SIR—Cocking having now become so much more patronised in Town than for some years past, I trust some of your correspondents will favour your readers with more detailed accounts of this sport.—The fighting at Millbank, Westminster, this season, has been most excellent. A main for a very considerable sum is made for the 19th, 20th, and 21st of April next, between some gentlemen of such respectability as to insure a more select attendance at the pit than usual. And a sportsman from the West has challenged all England to fight for ten guineas a battle, and 200 the main—and will make it for seven years to come—to fight in London the week before Epsom Races. In short, this sport is quite revived in London: and Pugilism being defunct, a space offers in your columns that cannot be better occupied, and I anxiously hope some one will take up the subject.—A SUBSCRIBER.

The mains between the Gentlemen

of Middlesex (Fleming, feeder), and the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire (Nash, feeder), were fought at the Royal Cock Pit, Westminster, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of February, and won by the former, with seven a-head on the main. The fighting throughout was excellent, and the attendance of the admirers of the sport of the *Corinthian* order. The betting was fluctuating and highly spirited. Mr. Fleming's cocks were the finest ever seen in the pit.

## POACHING.

The *Figaro*, a French paper, gives the following as a positive fact:—"A poacher in the Lower Pyrennees, observing a great number of wild ducks settled on the ice of a small river that was frozen over, fired into the midst of them, and was astonished to find that not one of them took flight. On going up, he found that they were completely fastened in the ice by the feet. He made an excellent capture, for he carried away fifty of them, one-half of which were frozen to death."

## CURLING.

On Tuesday, January 12th, the Dollar Curlers (the New Town betting against the Old Town,) met to try their respective skill in this national and manly game; when, after a keen contest, victory declared in favour of the Old Town, being thirteen shots ahead of their antagonists.

On Wednesday, January 20th, "the lads of Ardoch" encountered an able party from Auchterarder: after a sharp trial for the mastery, victory crowned the efforts of the former, who counted 84, when their opponents stood at 55.

On the same day an uncommonly well contested match took place at Doune, between the married and unmarried Curlers of the parish of Kilmadock. Victory, which long hung doubtful, at length proclaimed in favour of the unmarried party, who attached no small importance to the event; for, although the same parties have opposed each other for the last thirty years, this is the first time "the bachelors" have been enabled to boast of overcoming the "Benedictines."

A bonspiel between the ship-owners

of Kincardine and the agriculturists of Tulliallan was played on a beautiful lake in the woods of Tulliallan, which was decided by three shots in favour of the latter: and on Friday the 22d, a grand fête, accompanied by music, took place on the same lake, which was decorated with flags and other appropriate emblems. An immense assemblage congregated, among whom were many of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, who partook of a sheep roasted whole on the ice, and served up with a great variety of other viands, wines, spirits, fruits, &c. The fragments were immediately after distributed among the poor people present; and the company paraded to the Town-hall of Kincardine, where they recommenced dancing, and kept it up with spirit till five o'clock the following morning.

*The Stirling Caledonian Club.*—

On Monday, Feb. 1st, after a day of keen sport, the Members held their annual festival at the Town's Arms Inn, and the evening was spent with that joy and hilarity which usually characterise the sons of the rink.

A very interesting match came off Tuesday, Feb. 22d, on the Borestone Bog; fifteen of the Torwood and Larbert players against an equal number of the Borestone Club. The game was 63 shots; and after a sharp struggle for the mastery, the exertions of the Borestone Club were crowned with success—winning by 20 shots. The parties then adjourned to the snug crib of their brother Curler, Mr. Forrester, St. Ninian's, where they spent the evening in harmony and conviviality.

The annual dinner of the Dunblane Club took place at the Kingcross Inn, on Monday, Feb. 1st. Eight new members were introduced, who had previously been initiated into the mysteries of the craft. After "the fines were levied," and the "unknown treasure" disposed of, the party enjoyed themselves in the real Curlers' style, over a friendly bowl, and separated as becomes brethren of all denominations, "happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again." During the day a spirited contest took place between the married and un-

married of the Club—16 on each side, and two rinks. The struggle continued six hours without intermission, and although game was fixed so low as 42, it was not until dusky twilight that victory was announced in favour of the married, by only two shots.

*Bonny Muir.*—This heath-covered spot, where the Pretender formerly made a bold push for "kingdoms three," has, during the winter, been a scene of actions as eagerly contested, although of a description more congenial to the better feelings of our nature. After mutual challenges and defiance passing between the South half of Denny parish and the Curlers of Falkirk, the party have met thrice—not with sword and target, gun and bayonet, powder and shot, but with weapons equally weighty—"guid hard curling stanes"—not to overturn empires, pillage and lay waste, but for the purpose of driving "dull care away," making the blood circulate, during these stagnating times, cementing the bonds of friendship, and showing their skill and activity to the admiring crowds assembled to witness the ardent conflict on the icy plain. At the first trial of strength, Victory declared for the bairns of Falkirk; but to show how little her smiles and favours are to be trusted, crossed hands and changed sides in the second and third engagements, the last of which took place on Wednesday, February 3. Both parties displayed banners, on which were inscribed "Harmony, Friendship, and Esteem." On withdrawing from the scene of action, it was remarked by some, noted for the brightness of their optics, that they could discern in the sinister quarter of the Falkirk standards, the word "Disappointment," in scarcely legible characters.

On Wednesday, Feb. 10th, the Members of the Blackford Club, headed by their President, James Moray, Esq. of Abercainry, mustered strengths on a beautiful sheet of ice at Whitemoor Plantation, where an admirable game was long and keenly contested, "as tho' life itself were staked." At the conclusion of the friendly strife the victors and vanquished repaired to the Inn at Blackford:—

"The social meal succeeds, and social glass; In words the fight, renewed, is fought again, While festive mirth forgets the winged hours."

#### STALLION GREYHOUNDS, 1830.

SENATOR, a yellow dog, the property of Captain Lidderdale, at Hungerford, Berks, at three guineas. He was got by Mr. Browne's Brutus (sire of the celebrated dog Boxer) out of Mr. Shipperry's Spiletta, by Sovereign (own brother to the Speedy bitch Goldenlocks) out of Mr. Shipperry's Springflower, by Mr. Edward Cripps's Champion (brother to Calypso, the dam of Eleanor, by Captain Lidderdale's Champion, that bred the two Speedy bitches Emerald and Elegant, both winners of Cups), out of Snowdrop (winner of the Bowers Cup), by Captain Lidderdale's Champion, out of Buff by Lord Rivers's Rolla, out of Mr. Shipperry's Sylph by George's wh. d. Driver (Pickering's breed), out of Mr. Shipperry's Swift by his Transit, Sire of Lord Craven's Cabbage, that won the Cup at Ashdown Park in 1801, and of Gering's famous bitch Old Goldfinch; she was the dam of Ralph, that got the two celebrated Greyhounds Gamecock and Snake; the latter was out of Shipperry's Swift—see Mr. Goodlake's new *Greyhound Stud Book*, published 1828.—Senator won the Bowers Cup when a puppy, December 1, 1826, and is very nearly related to Mr. Long's Lustre, that won the Union Gold Cup at Deptford 1828. He is also the Sire of Mr. Goodlake's famous bitch Giraffe, winner of the Union Gold Cup at Deptford, and the Guineas at Ashdown Park, in February 1829, and the Cup at Ashdown Park in November the same year. Senator is a large dog with very fine symmetry, good legs, feet, strong back, and hind quarters.

SNAIL, a blue dog, also the property of Captain Lidderdale, at the same place, at three guineas. He was got by Gas (Brother to the celebrated bitch Goldenlocks), out of Toovey's Trimmer, by Waterloo (Son of Captain Lidderdale's well-known dog Champion), out of Tomkins's Lively, &c. &c. Snail won the Highclere Cup, and (in the name of Hannibal)



the Cup at Ilale, November 22, 1826. Snail is the Sire of Mr. West's War-spire that won a Sweepstakes at Letcomb Bowers, November 1828, and the Cup at Highclere, December 1829; and of Mr. Loft's Luff that won the Oaks Stakes at the Louth November Meeting, 1828, beating Mr. Best's Helen, Sir Bellingham Graham's Thistle, and Mr. G. Heneage's Laura. Senator and Snail are of the very same blood as Mr. Shippery's Sontag, that won the Ilale and Beacon Hill Cups, and afterwards sold to Mr. Swan, and won the Malton Cup. Gentlemen sending bitches to Senator or Snail, are requested to send the pedigree and performance, otherwise they will not be put to them.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

Died the 9th of last month at Cupar, N.B., Mr. Thomas Crane, nine years huntsman to the Fifeshire Fox-hounds, sincerely regretted, as he was in his life respected by his employers. Crane, before his last situation, hunted the Duke of Wellington's hounds on the Continent until the conclusion of the war; and previous to his coming to the Fifeshire, managed Lord Stewart's, now the Marquis of Londonderry's establishment at Vienna. Crane was no common soul either with respect to his head or his heart; he was an enthusiast and thorough master of his profession, both in and out of kennel, and it did one's heart good, in living with him over a country, to observe "his quickeyeglisten" and "his merry heel play." With a proper and becoming feeling did Capt. Wemyss, M.P. for the County, with the other Gentlemen of the Hunt, pay the last sad tribute to his memory; and although his will might have been

" — That not a tear should be shed,  
Nor his *jacet* be cut on his stone;  
Still they might have pour'd o'er his  
cassin a bottle of red,  
And said a good soul was gone!"

Crane was himself a native of Shropshire, a rare example to his equals, and to many moving in a higher grade: and the foxes alone in life will rejoice that poor Tom is no more.

## Bullism.

A new impetus is about to be given

to the sports of the Ring, a second match having been made between Sandy M'Kay and Simon Byrne, the Scotch and Irish Champions, by gentlemen of high character, consequence, and influence. The following articles were entered into at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, Feb. 15:—The said Alexander M'Kay agrees to fight the said Simon Byrne, a fair stand-up fight, in a four-and-twenty feet roped ring, half-minute time, within one hundred and fifty miles of London, for two hundred pounds a-side, on the Thursday before the York Meeting. The seconds and bottle-holders to retire to the corners of the ring at the commencement of each round, and not again to approach their men till the round be fairly concluded. In pursuance of this agreement fifty pounds a-side are now deposited. A further deposit of fifty pounds a-side to be made on Thursday the 25th of March, at Mr. Thomas Cribb's, the Union Arms, Pantion-street, Haymarket; and the third and last deposit of one hundred pounds a-side to be made at Mr. Thomas Spring's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the Thursday fortnight before fighting. The said deposits to be made between the hours of eight and ten in the evening, or the party failing to forfeit the money down. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground: in the event of dispute the decision of the latter to be conclusive. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock, or the party absent to be deemed the loser, unless prevented by Magisterial interference. A gentleman agreed on to name the place of fighting; and in case of interruption, to name also the time and place for the decision of the match. Should any money be obtained for the advantage of the fight in a particular place, that money to be equally divided between the men. It is mutually agreed to give or take a week, so as to render the day of fighting suitable to the convenience of the Sporting Circles. The York Spring Meeting will be in May; but the precise day has not yet been fixed.—We have stated that this is the second match between these men. The first was fought on the 3d of

May 1827, near Dunoon Quay, on the borders of the Clyde, on which occasion Byrne was stated to have the lead to the fifth round, when, in a desperate and manly struggle, Byrne slipped from the arms of his antagonist. This was at the moment considered unfair by Crosbie, M'Kay's second, and he took his man away. The umpires, however, decided that there was nothing wrong, and Byrne was awarded the stakes, although it was admitted that M'Kay had still strength and pluck left, and could have prolonged the contest, but for the injudicious pertinacity of his seconds. M'Kay was very indignant, but "the die was cast," and Byrne kept what he had got. From this it will be seen, that although Byrne was the winner, the comparative merits of the men were not actually decided, and the gluttony and game of M'Kay was such, that his friends were sanguine, had the battle been continued, he might still have turned the tables in his favour. Since then, M'Kay has fought and beat Paul Spencer, and has obtained considerable experience under the tuition of George Cooper, as well as much practice in his sparring tour with Jack Carter. He is acknowledged to be as game as a lion, and is of colossal proportions, weighing full fourteen stone, with a head as hard as the granite of his native hills, and limbs like Hercules. After spending a short time under the auspices of Tom Cribb, he will return to Scotland to train under the observation of the celebrated Captain Barclay, whose athletic feats, as well as liberal patronage of the Ring in former times, rendered him so distinguished in the Sporting World. Byrne is still on his sparring tour, but will lose no time in preparing himself for action.

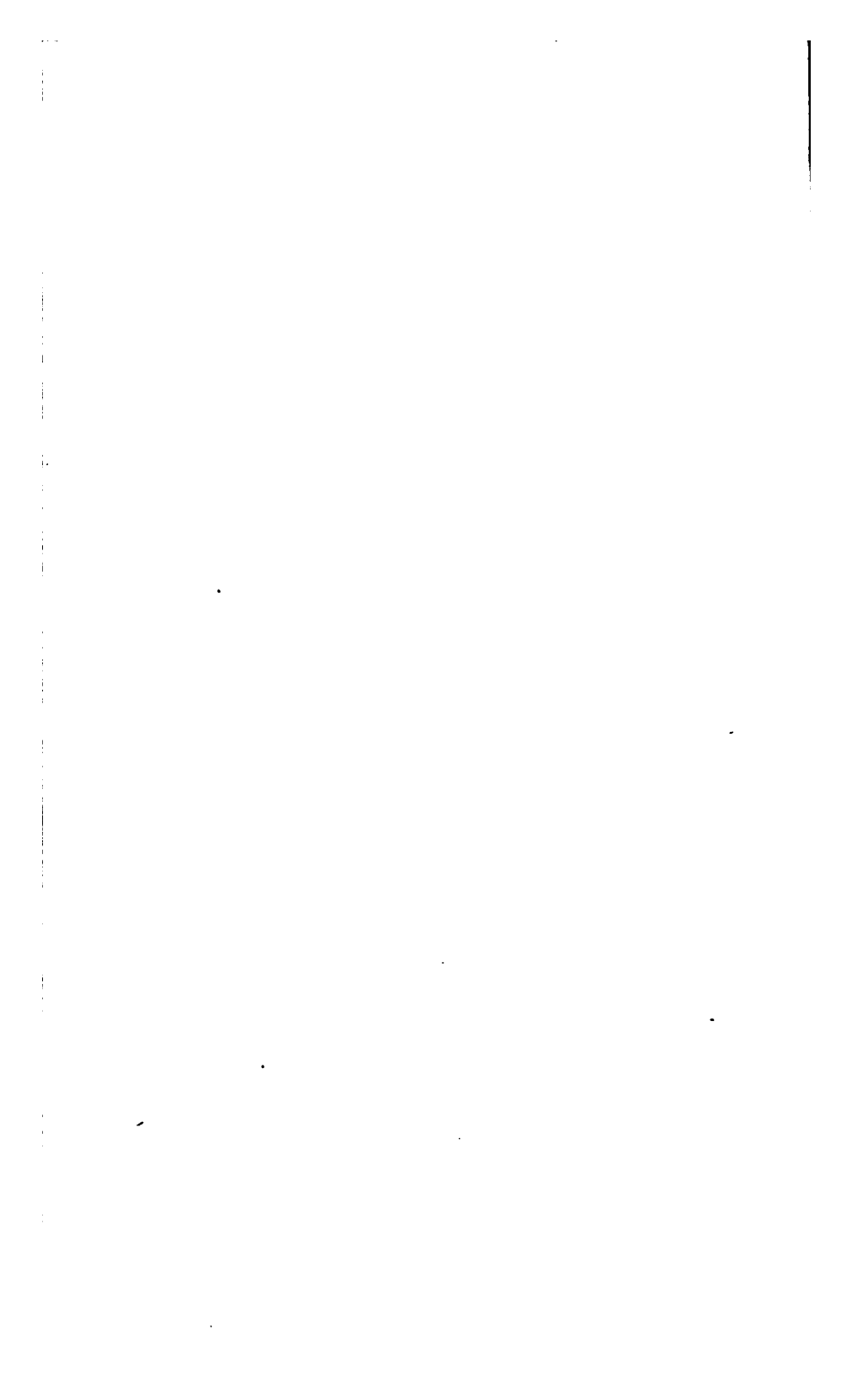
Jem Ward, it appears, has made the *amende honorable*, and is to take up the conqueror. At the benefit at the Tennis Court for poor Richmond's widow, Jem, who, whatever may have been his other failings, has never been backward in the cause of benevolence, readily mounted the stage, and set to with Ben Burn. This being Ward's first appearance since the "Leicester hoax," he entertained great doubts as to his reception; but the moment he mounted the stage he was received with loud cheers by his friends, who gave him full credit for a desire to assist in the work of charity. On closing his efforts, which, from the character of his opponent, were not called into very powerful play, he said he was prepared to make a match with any man in England for any sum, from one hundred to five hundred pounds. He subsequently declared his regret for his misconduct at Leicester, and excused his not exposing the persons whose interests he had protected by not fighting, on the ground that he could not consistently betray the confidence they had reposed in him, without violating his pledge of secrecy, and he would rather suffer obloquy himself than expose those who had "trusted him" to disgrace. It was a consolation to him, he added, that he had not injured either party, and only hoped for the opportunity of redeeming his character in the Ring, having resolved never again to listen to any proposition by which his character might be compromised. Having thus complied with the orders of the Fair Play Club, in acknowledging his fault and promising to do right in future, Jem's name again appears in the Pugilistic Roll.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With the next Number will be given a beautiful VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE, the INDEX to the RACING CALENDAR, and the GENERAL INDEX to the Volume. BELLARIO will find his wishes complied with—the blood of Betsy did not arrive in time for last Month's publication.

We have learned with some regret that several of our Contributors have expressed disappointment that their communications had not appeared in the pages of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, though forwarded through confidential hands. We can only say, they have not been received in Warwick Square. To insure their insertion (unless very objectionable) all communications should be addressed to the Editor of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, No. 18, Warwick Square, London.





CORWELL.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. N. S.

APRIL, 1830.

No. CLI.

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## Embellished with,

I. A VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.—II. Portrait of COBWEB.

III. Portrait of ONE-EYED BOB.

### PEDIGREE, &c. OF COBWEB.

COBWEB was bred by, and is still the property of the Earl of Jersey. The engraving is by WEBB, executed in a style equal to most of his well-received former productions, from a highly-finished picture and good likeness, by the delightful and improving pencil of the younger MARSHALL. COBWEB is now nine years old, and has had three foals. All who have seen her agree in at once pronouncing her the Queen of all four-footed animals; but are puzzled to decide which most to admire, the elegance of her noble

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and splendid outline; the large just, and perfectly-corresponding muscles running through the whole; or the beautiful and matchless materials of which she is altogether composed: whilst Nature, as if delighted with what she had done, from her exhaustless stores decked her with the most rich and harmonious colours ever combined to form a perfect "blood bay;" with legs truly symmetrical (like every other part of her), and as black and compact as ebony itself. The source of these bold and striking perfections can be traced to nothing but her pedigree, which is a record of as great and as pure a

X x

descent as any thing in existence ; and in her unpolluted veins flow the most judicious combination of the very finest blood of present and pastages, both Foreign and English, which the following, though slight, investigation will thoroughly prove.

COWWEB was got by Phantom ; her dam Filagree, by Soothsayer ; her grandam Web, by Waxy ; her great grandam Prunella, by High-flyer ; great great grandam Promise by Snap ; which still goes back to Julia by Blank ; Spectator's dam by Partner ; Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton ; Darley's Arabian ; Byerly Turk ; Taffolet Barb ; Place's White Turk ; Natural Barb Mare. Those who have patience to read this, and curiosity enough to wade through all the ramifications of this pedigree, will find it to contain the essence of all the best racers.

COWWEB's career upon the turf was brilliant but short, in consequence of the misapplied kindness in her Noble owner. After winning a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each in the Craven Meeting 1824, and receiving the forfeits of another in the First Spring Meeting of the same value—with the 1000gs. Stakes during the week—and in the space of a month the Oaks Stakes at Epsom of 50gs. each, 41 subscribers : it is no wonder then, with these nice little insinuating, endearing, enriching, captivating qualities, added to beauty irresistible (independent of that beauty a winner always possesses), that his Lordship should surrender his better judgment, and give up to what Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE would say when speaking of a horse long under stable discipline—“ Sighing for his native plains—the open space—the bracing air—the verdant lawn, so delicious to

the taste and so cooling to the feet—the sweet young *Spring grass*, &c.”—all very pretty, when prettily described by him : but it would have been an addition, and still more useful and important, if he had said, beware of the “ snake in the grass.” Grass is a good thing to raise a young horse upon, but delusive, if not destructive, to those *fully reared* ; particularly such as are intended to go a *long way* in a *short time*. NIMMOB is far from the first who made the discovery, but the only one who has made it generally known, with clear and reasonable arguments for its support. If he had wanted another instance, COWWEB, the subject before us, would have furnished him with a decided and woful one. Lord Jersey, after the Oaks was over, took this his deserving favorite to his own home, as if to realise Mr. LAWRENCE's dreams of snorting horses and Elysian fields ; with which and other indulgences she became so fat, that Mr. Edwards, one of the most skilful trainers of Newmarket, or in England, could never reduce her so far as to give him any hopes of ever bringing her to any thing like her former form, although so young. She was ultimately turned over to the stud, where she remains as represented in the print annexed—prevented by fat from running more than about seven weeks in the whole ; whereas from her strength, shape, and constitution, she promised to last at least seven years : so much for indulgence—so much for fat ! “ Fat,” says Peter Pindar, “ holds ideas by the legs and wings :” he might have added, “ aye ! and legs and wings themselves, with every other muscle in the body.” Doctors say that “ fat is a disease ;” to which they

might safely add, to the comfort of the bulky part of mankind, as well as every other animal, an *incurable one*. It is fine talking of "fat, fair, and forty" in the most beautiful part of God's creation; but only attempt to reduce the fat, and the fairness flies, and the forty becomes sixty. Reduce such a man as Dobell the pugilist, which is generally done in the best way possible, and what have you left but an helpless, inactive bundle of rags? Kettle, of Dulingham near Newmarket, became from indulgences a very large man; which abstemiousness, from necessity, and fine air and exercise under M'Adam, reduced, without the least sickness, **TWELVE STONE**; but what was the consequence? his muscles hung frightfully about him; both firmness and flexibility all gone; with sinews and ligaments nearly useless for the purposes for which they were so admirably formed and so wisely intended; with a skin loosely over them that would have held a whole family. Such being the case in human nature, what must it be in sporting animals, created as they are for velocity and the most violent exertions? While they are growing it is of less consequence: but let them once get to a full size, and certain age, fatness then becomes a disease incurable, and incapacitates them for almost every sporting purpose.

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#### HORSE PAINTING.

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SIR,  
**T**HE idea has often occurred to me, on looking at different paintings or engravings of horses, that these paintings might be rendered not only interesting as mere

resemblances of the form of the horse (or rather the mere outline), but useful also as references, if in taking the likeness of any horse, no matter for what he is famed, artists would enter more into what is really the important parts, but which are too generally neglected: for instance, if they would place the shoulder blade in the position it lies in the animal they are painting, and give the right bend of the hind quarters, so as to let us have some notion of its length and the size of the hock. (The hind quarters are often more faithfully represented than the fore ones.) As these are important points (but the shoulders most so), by examining a collection of paintings where the whole of these points have been properly attended to, we should see at once in what respect the one horse was better than the other; why one was slower and the other faster; this a better leaper than that, &c. Thus a collection would be a pleasing study. Few, even of those whose profession it is to take the likenesses of horses, attend to these particulars. A likeness which will be acknowledged by their employers is all they aim at; and as there are so few people that see the difference in the shoulders of horses (excepting the withers), we have few paintings of horses that are worth considering in any other light than as memorials of old favorites. On examining the paintings of one artist you will find he places every horse's shoulder blades as exactly in the same position as if this part of all the horses he had painted had been cast, and that in one mould. Thus, one has them all upright, and another will be all oblique, while others place them in such unnatural positions that it is impossible they

could ever be taken from any horse. It is also unreasonable to suppose that all the horses brought to either one or the other of these painters should have had their shoulders lay exactly alike; and why should they ever err on the wrong side, except from want of observation? All artists, or nearly all, from the paintings of horses which I have usually seen, have a favorite position for the shoulder blades; and in my opinion, if the generality of them took a sketch of the outline, colour, and general appearance of the horse, they might as well finish it at home in their study as any where else.

This remark the miserable daubs of many of our crack horses amply justifies.

If "H. P." reads my letter to which he alludes, he will find he agrees with me in every thing; and though I did not mention capped hocks, yet if the cap of the hock is hurt, *instead of the seat of curb*, he is right.

I have a word or two to say on wind-galls, which I shall take an early opportunity of doing.

Yours, &c.

P. H.

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#### A FEW LINES FROM DASHWOOD.

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SIR,

**I**T may be remembered by those who take an interest in the subject, that in my remarks on that curse of the kennel *Distemper*, I strongly recommended the use of castor oil, and advised that a moderate dose of it should be given to each hound on the first symptoms of the disease becoming manifest. In my high opinion of this medicine, both in cases of distemper and other disorders, wherever a genuine and properly-fabricated article can be procured, I am still

fixed as ever: but from the following statement, which I lately received from a kennel in the North, and to which (although not sent to me for that purpose) I feel myself bound to give publicity, it will appear that a caution is necessary against a composition sold under its name, which, whether it be castor oil improperly made, or a spurious and adulterated mixture, is pernicious and poisonous in the extreme, if not to the human, at all events to the canine species. Without further preface I proceed to the letter of my Correspondent.

"It cannot be denied that, whether it proceeds from our having hit on the right way of treating the distemper or not, in the course of *twelve years*, during which time far more than one hundred couples of young hounds have passed through our hands, not five couples of them died. Not so, however, the last two seasons; and I am quite certain that our misfortunes have arisen from the effects of the oil.

"Last March we got in what I thought the best lot of young hounds I ever saw; and not being satisfied about what had happened the year before, I gave all the orders I could possibly think of, on our going from home into —shire, that they should be properly treated should any distemper make its appearance. However, I soon heard that they had taken it; that one—two—a couple and a half—were carried off by it; and before we got home several couples were already gone, and others fast going: and all that the feeder, who cannot I think be called ignorant of his business, could say in reply to my inquiries, was, '*that they had done no good after getting the castor oil.*' This, added to what I



had seen with a bitch to whom I had lately, in —shire, given a dose, made me suspicious of something being wrong with it; although, when I considered that the medicine I then used came from —, and what had been given in my absence was bought at —, I could hardly allow myself to think so. In a very few mornings, however, a young hound had the appearance of being ill, and we began as usual by giving him a dose, which he had not got ten minutes before I saw symptoms which could not be mistaken, and which *must* be the consequence of the oil I had administered.

"I of course immediately sent for the druggist, who pronounced the hound to be evidently labouring under inflammation of the stomach and bowels; but was so well assured that the oil which he had sold was not the cause, that he insisted on my seeing him take a dose of it himself, in order to convince me of the impossibility of my suspicions. To this, however, after what I had seen, I would not consent; and although every effort we could suggest was made to save the hound, it was in vain, and he died at night.

"The next thing, as you may suppose, was to *have it clearly ascertained that the oil was the cause*; and in order to do so I proposed that a dose should be given to a *perfectly healthy subject*; and that the druggist should send it out of his own cask, and in one of his own phials; which was done; and the draught administered to a poor animal who had no fault but that of not being of the exact shape which are thought necessary in the kennel. I only gave, however, three parts of what had been sent, thinking that it might be neces-

sary to examine the remainder; and in this I was right, as the poor creature in *half an hour was in fits, and in two hours dead!* and on the body being afterwards examined *the oil was declared to be entirely the cause.*

"To have it examined was of course our next proceeding; and on analysis (as far as it could be carried) the report was, 'that the oil had not been properly attended to in the process of making—*was hot drawn*—and partly, perhaps, the produce of a nut of a deleterious nature, which the negroes, when collecting the Ricinus, will sometimes gather on account of its similarity in appearance; but being a vegetable article, it was impossible so to analyse it as to say anything certain.' Another opinion was, that it was a common sort of oil with *which some Croton oil had been mixed*: and all that could be got from the house in Edinburgh where it came from was, "that they had got a large quantity from one of the first houses in London; THAT IT WAS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY; and that they never had a complaint before."

"I, as you may imagine, have never tried it since, nor have I heard of any thing happening, until I saw in a London paper lately of a person's calling on a Magistrate to complain that he had had a child killed, and that his wife was lying dangerously ill in consequence of having taken a dose of castor oil. Mr. — likewise lately told me that seven or eight couples of his harriers had died this winter of the distemper *after being dosed with oil*; but not being aware of what I have just related, he had of course no suspicions that the medicine could be the cause. Certain, however, I am, whether any thing has elsewhere happened or

not, that enough has occurred *with us* to convince me of this composition being death and destruction in the kennel; and had I known two years ago what I now do, we should possess many very valuable hounds that we now do not."

Now, from what is here related, it is quite evident that the melancholy effects of this deleterious compound, whatever it may be, do nothing towards impugning the virtues of the genuine and well-fabricated article; but it is at least quite as clear (granting the statement to be correct, that the vile stuff "*is all over the country*," and that its operation on hounds is that of rank poison), that no man, buy it where he may, is safe in administering castor oil without first ascertaining its purity. To analyse it to complete satisfaction is, it appears, impossible, from the nature of the article; but it is quite feasible, I understand, to discover the fact of its being *hot or cold* drawn; and on this point I am disposed to lay very considerable stress with regard to its effects. Possessing scarcely the slightest smattering of chemical or medical knowledge, I shall perhaps be considered hardy in thus venturing an opinion; but from what I am given to understand in the preparation of castor oil, I decidedly think that this capital error in its manufacture *may* have been the principal cause of the above melancholy details. Leaving, however, this question for wiser and more learned heads than mine to decide, it is substantiated, by the letter of my Correspondent, that a most pernicious mixture (to hounds at all events) has for a length of time been in the market; and as we can have no guarantee either that the parcel of poison

already imported is as yet consumed, or that the same *hot-drawing, or adulteration, or mixture with the produce of a spurious nut*, may not apply to future parcels, I consider that I am unquestionably called upon to give a caution to the public as to the use of castor oil; seeing that all or one of the causes enumerated will convert what I have recommended as a most useful medicine into a certain and most tremendous organ of destruction. I have only to add, that should the accuracy of any part of what has been stated be disputed, I have liberty to publish not only the actual scene of the occurrence, but also the names of every individual concerned in it.

In conclusion I may perhaps be permitted to say, that as a substitute for castor oil, *on the first appearance* of distemper, I would recommend a little common salt mixed up in a wine glass of warm water (and well dissolved) with some syrup of buckthorn. It is a recipe given me by a very eminent man in his profession, who has been in the constant habit of using it, he tells me, with great success; and although I have no personal experience of its effects, I should decidedly have recourse to it without scruple, on account of the high opinion which I entertain of its adviser. If, however, it be *genuine, and properly-fabricated*, there is, *me judice*, no medicine like the oil. DASHWOOD.

March 16, 1830.

P.S. It is my intention to recur again to this subject, or rather to the subject of *distemper*, in the course of my next communication on "*The Kennel*;" and I will then enter somewhat at large into the merits of *bleeding*, as forming part of some persons' treatment of it.

## BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, March 27, 1850.

**T**HE betting during the last fortnight has assumed a more varied and extensive character.

The 8th was very important—The Mummer party mustering in great force, and by backing him against each of the favorites, and then outright, ultimately placed him at the head of the list. The Sal colt was in high favour; and, training on, the odds were taken with great avidity. Brunswick and Mouse were both but slightly noticed, nobody wishing to back them, and nothing less than ten to one would have been taken.

The 11th a very powerful sensation was excited in the Room, it being strongly reported that Cressida was amiss. Mr. H—y, an oracle in these matters, made large offers against him, and he retrograded at a great pace: towards the close, however, his friends rallied, and managed with great difficulty to bring him back to be fourth favorite.—Some spirited offers were made upon the Oaks, the leading speculators freely backing Maria; and long before the close it became even betting between her and Mouche. The latter, it was whispered, was not quite up to the mark.

The 15th business took an unexpected turn, the Chifney party appearing determined to reinstate Cressida in his old place; and from the heavy sums which were laid out upon him this was completely effected. On the following Thursday he quite regained his lost laurels, and advanced a full point before The Mummer. Brunswick was in more force, his Northern friends laying out their money with much spirit; and, at the

end, he had decidedly the call of Mouse. Mahmoud giving way, had the effect of bringing up Red Rover, another of Lord Exeter's, and his partisans were both numerous and influential. The two outside fillies, Lady Blanche and Desdemona, were in great request, 8 to 1 having been taken about the two; and, from the eagerness with which it was caught at, the speculators were unusually diffident.

The 22d was particularly slack and unimportant, the speculators preferring to wait the issue of the private trials before any fresh engagements were entered into. Cressida was stationary, the takers of odds being exceedingly shy, and *not an offer was accepted*. The Mummer was feebly supported, a Mr. H. repeatedly offering 8 to 1 against him, and but few takers. Mouse had more friends, the Hon. B. C. taking 950 to 100, and would have gone on: he subsequently offered to back him against Brunswick, Cetus, &c. Previously to this the Yorkshire horse tottered; and on the arrival of the above gentlemen 10 to 1 was immediately offered, and at the close he was left without a friend. Lord Seston's lot are steadily getting up, having been backed for large sums against all the different favorites. Monche remains firm at a trifle over 5 to 1. Maria had some sanguine friends, and being a powerful mare and a fine goer, more was done upon her. Leeway is going—all layers and no takers. Some smart betting took place upon Lady Blanche and Desdemona; and from the movements of a few keen judges more will be heard of them.

The RIDDLESWORTH begins to assume a more definite shape, and a tolerable strong field has

been brought forward; at present, however the overwhelming favoritism of the crack horse keeps several very promising young ones in the back ground. It is supposed that from six to seven will start for it.—Yours truly.

Z. B.

## DERBY.

- 7 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 8 to 1 agst The Mummer (taken).
- 9 to 1 agst Mouse (taken).
- 10 to 1 agst Brunswick (no takers).
- 11 to 1 agst Sal (freely taken)
- 14 to 1 agst Cetus.
- 17 to 1 agst Wat Tyler (no takers).
- 27 to 1 agst Red Rover (taken).
- 27 to 1 agst Mahmoud (taken).
- 30 to 1 agst Zucharelli (taken).
- 40 to 1 agst Mouche (no takers).
- 40 to 1 agst Captain Arthur.
- 50 to 1 agst Brother to Lancastrian (taken).
- 100 to 1 agst Thermometer (taken).
- 4 to 1 agst The Mummer and Brunswick.
- 1200 to 800 Lord Sefton's lot agst Lord Exeter and Zucharelli (taken).
- 9 to 2 agst Cressida and Wat Tyler.
- 5 to 2 the Field agst five.

## OAKS.

- 11 to 2 agst Mouche (taken).
- 6 to 1 agst Maria (taken).
- 11 to 1 agst Leeway (no takers).
- 18 to 1 agst Lady Blanche (taken).
- 18 to 1 agst Frederica.
- 20 to 1 agst Filagree.
- 20 to 1 agst Deadmona (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Corea (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Dwarf.
- 20 to 1 agst Design.
- 20 to 1 agst Brambilla.

## ST. LEGER.

- 8 to 1 agst Raby (taken).
- 13 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
- 13 to 1 agst Brunswick.
- 17 to 1 agst Lady Mowbray.
- 20 to 1 agst St. Nicholas.
- 20 to 1 agst The Mummer.
- 29 to 1 agst Birmingham (taken).
- 22 to 1 agst The Barber.
- 25 to 1 agst Lady Emmeline.
- 25 to 1 agst Cetus.
- 7 to 1 agst The Duke of Leeds's lot.
- 1000 to 10 agst The Mummer, Mouche, and Raby all three winning.

## RIDDLESWORTH.

- 7 to 4 agst Cressida (taken).
- 4 to 1 agst Sal (taken).
- 7 to 1 agst Mahmoud (freely taken).
- 8 to 1 agst Brambilla.

13 to 1 agst The Abbot.

20 to 1 agst Red Rover.

Cressida and Sal agst the Field.

12 to 1 agst Cressida winning the Riddlesworth and the Derby.

## COLUMN STAKES.

1000 p. p. The Mummer beats Cressida.

## STALLION GREYHOUNDS,

To cover Bitches at 7gs. each, at Andoversford Inn, near Cheltenham.

**L**AMPLIGHTER, the Sire of Logic, winner of the Ashdown and Amesbury Cups in 1826; of Sontag, winner of the Ilsley and Beacon Hill Cups in 1828, and of the Malton Cup in 1829; and of Lancer, winner of the Ashdown Cup in 1830.

LAMPLIGHTER was got by Mr. Pettatt's Pelter, out of Mr. Broone's Butterfly, born July 1831; Pelter was by Mr. Jones's Juniper, out of Jilt, bred by Mr. Mellich; Juniper was by Mr. Wilkinson's Zenith, out of Col. Lovelace's Madge; Butterfly was got by Mr. Waller's Remus, out of Mr. Broone's Damsel.

Logic, got by Lamplighter, out of Lark, bred by Mr. Edwards, born January 1825.

## CRIB-BITING.

**W**E have received several letters thanking us for the testimonials we have given respecting the cure of this pernicious habit by Mr. YARR; adding that he has also been fortunate in the discovery of a cure for windsuckers: but we cannot give place to them. We have called public attention to his invention of the ANTI-CRIB-BITER, which we understand he has greatly improved from its first introduction: and here we must leave it—with the simple observation that Mr. YARR deserves well of the Sporting World.

## JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.

SIR,

THE book which bears the above title, and which, perhaps, has already been in the hands of most of our readers, is a work calculated rather to win minds over to the study of Natural History, than to give them any real information on the subject. We have good reason to know that Murray, who gave a hundred guineas for the MS., is so pleased with its success, as to have taken upon himself to ensure a handsome remuneration to the author for any future undertaking of the same kind: whilst the bookseller who rejected it gazes on its rapid sale with no small degree of dissatisfaction. The author, who is a Clergyman of the Church of England, and who lives in the most secluded manner imaginable, in a snug parsonage-house between Bristol and Gloucester, is, we know, a very clever man, and one who pursues any study that he may undertake with the most determined perseverance: and we must confess, after our intimate knowledge of this gentleman's talents, that his work does not come up to the standard we had in our own minds established. It shews, however, a very general research, not so much of the arcana as of the more common observances of Nature. At this we were happily surprised; for we know that the author is more skilled in the botanical department than any other, and that the classification of grasses is his main hobby; and, consequently, we had been uncharitable enough to prognosticate a boring dilation on that subject.

The author is a man of most humane feeling; and as regards its application to animals he shall

speak for himself. "If we were to detail the worst propensities (page 136) of man, disgusting as they might be, yet the one most eminently offensive would be cruelty. There is no one creature whose services Providence has assigned to man that contributes more to his wants, or is more conducive to his comforts, than the horse; nor is there one which is subjected to more afflictions than this his faithful servant." At page 181, he enlarges on our gratitude for the past services of the horse, and thus proceeds:—"I have still a favorite pony—for she has been a faithful and able performer of all the duties required of her—in my service for upwards of two-and-twenty years, and, though now above 25 years of age, retains all her powers perfectly, without any diminution or symptom of decrepitude: the fineness of limb, brilliancy of eye, and ardour of spirit, are those of the colt; and though treated with no remarkable care, she has never been disabled by the illness of a day, nor sickened by the drench of the farrier."

In p. 224, he strongly inveighs against the wanton shooting of swallows and the wheat-eat, the latter bird being called the English ortolan, and only pursued when frequenting our hearths for the purposes of incubation. He thus continues, page 225:—"I execrate the practice as most cruel: their death evinces no skill in the gunner; their wretched bodies, when obtained, are useless, being embittered by the bruises of the shot, and unskillful operations of the picker and dresser. No, let the parental duties cease; and when the bird retires to its maritime downs, if doomed to suffer, the individual dies alone, and no starving broods perish with it. I sup-

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plicate from the youthful sportsman his consideration for those most innocent creatures, the summer wheat-ear and the swallow."

Now all this is just as it should be; nonamby-pambynonsense; but shews the heart and judgment of the author to be of the better sort. We always deprecated the shooting at swallows for *practice*, because it is no practice at all—in-  
deed it often unfits a man for the killing of game. Whatever theory may have to say on the subject, we know very well, that experience has shewn us over and over again, that a man may be an excellent swallow-shot, and yet able to shoot *nothing else*. We therefore add our mite of praise to the judgment as well as the humanity of the author, in decrying such paltry, unsportsmanlike, and *very young* occupation.

We shall pass over, in our review, the vegetable as well as the insect tribes, feeling assured that the larger animal portion of the creation will be most acceptably received by our sporting friends. He says, page 153—"During the course of a life passed much in the country, and perambulating the woods, the hedges, and the fields, I have contracted almost insensibly an acquaintance with the creatures that frequent them. Some have engaged my attention by their actions and manners; others have interested me by their innocency and the harmlessness of their lives; and, perhaps, there is some little bearing towards others by long association, or from unknown, undefined causes." In despite of their noise, he tolerates a colony of rooks in some tall elms near his dwelling; and we find him rising before the sun in order that he might notice the song of awaken-

ing birds. However he finds it difficult to give the priority to any particular bird. The rook, perhaps, rises the first; then the robin, who retires to rest in the evening later than any one, being frequently seen when the owl and bat are flying about. The wren comes next: the sparrow, owing to the snugness of its downy retreat, is generally lazy; the black-bird, cuckoo, skylark, &c. are all later than those above-mentioned. The author here differs from the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who said that a fine day never exhilarated the mind. "*Rosy June*—the very thoughts of an early summer morning in the country, like enchantment, gives action to the current of our blood, and seems to breathe through our veins a stream of health and enjoyment!" It is said that the best naturalists are men who have never stirred out of London, but who have an opportunity of observing game and wild-fowl at the poulterer's, which he who resides in an inland part of the country has no chance of ever seeing. This is in some measure true, and consequently the *Journal of our Naturalist* is taken up with observations connected with our home birds, and the numerous little tribe of migrators that swarm over all parts in the Spring. One exception, however, occurs. The violent gale of Allhallows-eve in 1824 brought the stormy petrel, a bird that resides far in the depths of the ocean, a creature

"—that roams on her sea-wing  
Unfatigued; and ever sleeps  
Calm upon the toiling deeps."

He who has ever read a history of the petrel's life, and above all seen the little bird with its extraordinary tube on the upper mandible, must ever feel absolutely astonish-

ed at its existence. Living, even sleeping on the ocean, Mother Carey's chicken revels in the hurricane and the storm, and often amuses our sailors by its vagaries.

Of our more familiar acquaintances the notices are extended and accurate. We have the raven, the "*annosa cornix*" of that gay fellow Horace, well described. Of the missel-thrush he says, "the approach of a sleety snow-storm, following a deceitful gleam in Spring, is always announced to us by the loud untuneful voice of the missel-thrush, as it takes its stand on some tall tree, like an enchanter calling up the gale."

On the subject of the emigration of birds—that standing mystery—the author, as might be expected, throws no additional light. In short, it is a fact that may be said as yet only to have enjoyed the conjecture of man; though it is probable, that if England continues to be at peace with, and to trade in all parts of the world, as she does at present, our natural historians will be eventually able to come to some more categorical conclusions on the subject. It is well known that such facts are being collected regarding geology, and efforts made, through the medium of corresponding societies, in nearly all parts of the world, as to insure a decided advance in that science: and surely it is in the power of man, as regards the one study equally as well as the other, not only to demonstrate facts that have been as yet unknown, but also to condense in one mind that knowledge which the divisions or hostilities of countries have up to this period successfully prevented. It is only by universal information, and the overcoming the physical barriers of

distance, climate, &c., as well as the moral antipathies of nations, that we can hope to crown our studies on any of the general laws and provisions of nature with success. The chief motives of migration seem to be—food, a milder climate, and quiet during the period of incubation: but even here, as respects many birds, we are at fault. Talking of the willow-wren, our author, after proving that neither of the above can be the cause of its migration, says, "The passage to our shores is a long and dangerous one, and some imperative motive for it must exist; and until facts manifest the reason, we may, perhaps, without injury to the cause of research, conjecture for what object these perilous transits are made." But perhaps the most unanswerable question that can be put respecting emigration, has ever been in our own minds, and seemingly in that of the writer now before us, conveyed in the following terms:—"How is it possible that birds that we only see flying from bush to bush before us, and that we believe by their formation to have none of the capabilities of flying far—such birds, I mean, as the golden-crested wren, the gorse-bird, the land-rail, &c.—how can these birds be held up and supported during a flight across the sea?" In page 157, the author says of the former of these birds, "It is some stimulus like this (the seeking of food) which urges that little creature, the golden-crested wren—that usually only flits from tree to tree, and never attempts upon common occasions a longer flight—to traverse the vast distance from the Orkneys to the Shetland Isles, over stormy seas that admit of no possible rest during its long passage

of fifty miles! There it breeds its young: but this one object accomplished, it leaves those isles, dars again the tedious flight, and seeks a milder clime." Now here we have a fact related, which by merely surveying the capabilities of this little bird we could not have been induced to believe; which manifestly shews that we are totally ignorant of the power, as far as our reason goes, which supports this daring flight: and perhaps it is an ignorance that we shall never pierce through if we trust to physical reason alone. Every one must have observed with much attention the congregations of swallows that gather together on the house-tops ere they leave us; and how certainly they seem to be carrying on some conference or other respecting their journey, as well as taking observation of the winds. That they travel much by night, and require the light of the moon, is certain; but it is singular how seldom we see them in their actual emigration array. Page 210, our author says, "Though we rarely see these birds in their transit, yet I have at times, on a calm bright evening in November, heard high in the air the red-wing and the fieldfare on progress to a distant settlement, manifested by the signal notes of some leading birds to their scattered followers."

A most curious fact respecting emigration, and one noticed by Gilbert White, is, that birds actually return to their old haunts every year. That swallows do so has been proved in several instances; and our author here relates that a butcher-bird successively returns to a hedge in one of his fields; but that no bird is more attached to peculiar situations than the grey fly-catcher, "one pair, or

their descendants, frequenting year after year the same hole in the wall, or the same branch on the vine or plum." How ever the wood-pigeon should build in the same tree year after year, is to us a matter of astonishment: but the fact of the swallow returning from countries very far away to build under the eaves of a certain house, is absolutely almost incredible. Who knows but what the settler on the Swan River might not renew a quondam friendship with a swallow *that had been in England?*—though, if it be true, as the vulgar saying is, that they prefer the mansions of the rich, it is probable that he will not be granted the chance of a recognition."

The voices of birds, so various and so necessary, as we hear them in the sexual call, the moan of danger, the notice of food, &c. have great charms for our author; but the designs and motives of some kinds of singing he cannot penetrate. He says, page 273, "One sex only is gifted with the power of singing, for the purpose, as Buffon supposed, of cheering his mate during the period of incubation; but this idea, gallant as it is, has such slight foundation, that it needs no confutation: and after all, perhaps, we must conclude, that, listened to, admired, and pleasing as the voice of many birds are, we are uncertain what they express, or the object of their song." The author here has upset an assertion of Buffon's, without supplying its place—nor can we pretend to do so: but still we cannot help suggesting that *one object* intended to emanate from the melody of birds, consists in the amusement and ecstasy thereby afforded to the mind of man. We



are told by our author, that as every thing is progressive with man (p. 271), so with animals, where there is no mind, all is stationary: so that we may say that the note of the blackbird of the nineteenth century is no better than that of the blackbird of B.C. 1630. Perhaps the song of birds is the best noticed subject in the work; so, on taking leave of our Review, we advise our readers to turn especially to the pages that treat thereon. To notice every other thing of interest would be nearly to transcribe the entire book: therefore we must abruptly break off, after having held out by no means the most luscious tit-bits, either to the man of minute research, or yet the general philosopher.

CRITO.

### MY BULL-DOG.

SIR,

AT the close of last September, as I was walking on my way to reach some favorite stubbles through a secluded valley of my romantic county, I suddenly came upon two men who were sitting on a stile, chatting in a whispering and no very intelligible language to each other, being evidently members of that very mysterious and at all times questionable race, called gipsies; and at the same time followers of that tinkering craft introduced into this world by its first practitioner, Tubal-Cain. I should not have noticed them particularly, had not a dog of a very *distingué* appearance ran from behind them, and in a stiff, unyielding, reconnoitring kind of manner, walked towards one of my pointers, who, seemingly some-

what alarmed, stood as motionless as though "birds" had been the order of the day before him, or like an old soldier suddenly stiffened into a statue by the brisk call of "attention!" A growling oath of tremendous import issuing from his master, which seeming little calculated to allay the gumption of our challenger, I immediately sung out to the tallest of the two, a dark ferocious looking fellow, "to call off his dog;" which being complied with, the following dialogue ensued between us.—"Is that a good kind of dog?"—"He used to be a good 'un."—"What sort is he?"—"The sort of his father and mother."—"What were they?"—"Cardigan bulls."—"How old is he?"—"Look in his mouth, he's quiet as a lamb."—However I waved that necessity and proceeded. "Will he pin a bull?"—"Pin a bull! aye, or he'd a been cold meat long ago; he's the winner of three prizes in the Derby bull ring; he was bred near the Peak."—"Will he fight well?"—"Fight! aye, till the blood shall fly over your stockings ever so far off; he shall fight any dog in the kingdom, come from where he will, and give five pound."—"What is his name? will you sell him?"—"His name is Blucher; and if I can get what I wants I'd sell him."—"How much is that?"—"Why as I wants money bad, for my woman is lying in at ———, I'd let him go for three pound."—After a great deal more conversation, in the course of which much quaint anecdote relating to the gipsy life came out, as also innumerable mementos of the dog's prowess, I parted the needful; and in the twinkle of a bed-post Blucher, with all his honours thick about him, changed masters. The elder

gipsy, and he who had been the spokesman so civilly—for these fellows never think of saying "Sir;" so that the omission of a word which is not in their vocabulary cannot be deemed an incivility—immediately produced a cord, and tying it tightly round the dog's neck, placed it in my hand—but here commenced the difficulty; I wheedled him, pulled him; pulled him and wheedled him; but devil a bit would he stir a peg; at the same time casting his eyes upon me in the most superlative sullenness ever expressed by any mortal thing. At length, finding that a steam engine at least would be required to move him, his master was compelled to bring him himself to my kennel, where he was kept "in durance vile" for a fortnight, in order that my daily feeding and caressing him might banish all gipsy recollections from his thoughts, and rear up affection for me in their stead. And now that he is, according to the law of the land, my own property, I will begin to describe him. In colour, he is black, with a light dash of brindle; and his eye, which is not too full, is the brightest and deepest brown. As regards his size, he is a small looking dog, excepting his head, which is of the largest dimensions that I have ever yet seen in any bull-dog, or found any one to have seen. Being away from him at present I cannot measure him; but his height cannot certainly exceed, if it comes up to, a foot and a half: but of the circumference of his neck, or the diameter of his head, I am absolutely afraid to calculate. I never yet met a person in the road who did not stop, or turn round, to look at him: he is the lion of our neighbourhood, and a perfect *mon-*

*strari digito* even to those least inclined to admire him. His weight, at present, to my great astonishment—for he does not look so much—is 42lb.; but in fighting condition 35lb. He is almost a dumb dog, for he seldom barks, and his bark is very imperfect. Though a good traveller, and able to run thirty miles a day, without fatigue, by the side of a gig, yet he cannot run fast; he is too stiff in his make for it; though at the same time he can spring to an amazing distance when his blood is warm, *but not till then*. His strength of jaw is very great; and bones that are too hard for the pointers to masticate, he will, without the slightest denial, grind up—though, of course, when I can help it, I don't allow him to do so.

His attachment to me is now become very great, and in many instances, as the attachment of brutes must be to a feeling man, truly affecting. He actually seems to live and breathe for me alone, and to mind me alone. He is always at his post—viz., at my heels, and nothing but my word of command will send him from them. My brothers, who are very kind to him, often attempt to whistle him and entice him from me, but he invariably sticks close to me, though I speak not a word; and as sure as I may be facing him, his eye is steadfastly fixed upon and closely watching mine. When I happen to enter a house he takes up his station with all the resolution of a faithful sentinel until I come out; and verily I believe no common force could remove him, or any art whatever entice him away. In short, I thoroughly believe he would stand by me in the greatest danger; and every body

tells me that he would undoubtedly, be of more service to me than any man.

In your February Number SHIKARREE says—"When or where bull-dogs are useful, I never have been able to discover." Now a question of this tendency is continually being propounded to me, and I generally answer it in the Irish way, by putting another question—viz. "Of what earthly use is a Blenheim spaniel to any man?" This is a poser; so I always rejoin, "For Heaven's sake let each man enjoy his hobby in peace: hundreds keep poodles, and fifties keep bull-dogs, and neither one nor the other ever look to their usefulness. But if farther argument is required, I will willingly defend the usefulness of bull-dogs against that of poodles, and wager fifty to one—or Fanny Kemble's stage step to a Chelsea hobble—that I win the day over and over again. And moreover, which is the most worthy possession for a man to hold: for be it remembered that the fact of Lord Byron possessing courage is proved in the Reviews, by the knowledge of his fearlessness in always being accompanied, even in his swimming feats, by a Newfoundland dog.

Professor Cardwell, in a lecture the other day, delivered in Oxford, on the Ancient Britons, observed, "that the British bull-dog might be held up as an example of determined courage above all other known animated beings." The Professor is undoubtedly right; for what on earth can come up to, much less surpass, that animal, which will endure the most excruciating pangs of death ere he can be turned away from his purpose, whatever that purpose may be? We

all know that the qualities that render the dog so valuable to man, are acquired, and consequently artificial; for in his wild state he is the voriest coward, and the weakest wretch of all animals, and only by the example of man is he exalted into a companion meet for his necessities. It must therefore be allowed that the disposition and temper of a dog must be much influenced by those of his master; for a dog of the best breed, if not properly educated, may be completely spoiled: and in this way we may account in some measure for the fact of those gipsy travellers and night-walking gentry—men who profess to fear nothing—being always accompanied by dogs of great strength and courage. But perhaps, at least I am strongly inclined to think so, that among dogs, the bull-dog is an isolated instance of natural courage; that is, of courage born with him, and imbibed with his mother's milk, owing nothing to the education that any man might be able to give him. In his earliest youth, and before he can be deemed competent of *imitating* others, we may observe an innate resoluteness in his disposition, even in his gambols, that we may in vain search for in the constitution of other dogs.

I have oftentimes observed my bull-dog stand on the brink of a precipice, and look down into the mazy gulph below with the most careless indifference imaginable—a thing which the bull-terrier is remarkable for doing, yet which any other species of dog will shrink from. It was once my lot to behold a dog completely paralyzed with fright when placed in such a situation; and I can fancy that I see the caution with which the poor

devil ever afterwards avoided a similar predicament. Dogs of a cowardly nature, if once thrown into a piece of water against their will, will never afterwards be induced to approach it: but the bull-dog is perfectly proof against any such fear. An instance of what I consider great courage was shewn by my bull-dog during the late very cold weather. I arrived at a ferry on the river Severn, when that river was frozen at the sides, and ice in small detachments was floating down its centre, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog and my bull-dog. After the ferryman had assured me that the ice would not prevent the dogs from swimming, I stepped into the boat, and left them both behind. The Newfoundland, an excellent water-dog, immediately ran down to the water's edge, but, afraid to launch forth, commenced running backwards and forwards along the side of the river, howling in no measured terms. Not so with little bully; for as soon as the boat was pushed off, he ran down into the water with his inexpressible look of resolution, and swam perseveringly across—he then, after the interim of half an hour, swam back again, when we found the Newfoundland in the same state of vacillation as we left him: for being exceedingly fond of me, though his courage would not allow him to cross over the icy water, yet his fidelity could not grant him absolution from awaiting my return. We have a well-known instance on record of a bull-dog, though considerably a worse swimmer, beating two Newfoundland dogs in distance of swimming, entirely through his superior and more obstinate courage.

I had no idea that a bull-dog was

not able, only to pin a bull, but also to throw one completely down—or, in more appropriate language, to *fling* him—until I witnessed a feat of my dog the other day, and afterwards heard the fact confirmed by eye-witnesses of bull-baits. I was passing through a fold belonging to my father, when a strong four-year-old ox was driven furiously in the direction where I was standing; and just as he was coming upon me my dog rushed from behind me, and pinning him to the ground, succeeded, by giving a strong muscular twist of his body, in bringing the bullock flat on his side, whence the poor thing in its agony could not arise. Such an accident I would not have witnessed again for any thing; but both the affection and prowess of my dog were amply proved by it, and I am now satisfied of the truth of the statement that he had won three prizes in the Derby bull-ring. The most alarming circumstance attending the temper of bull-dogs, consists in your almost utter inability to make them desist, when once their blood is fully aroused. That they do require a great stimulus to arouse them is certain, and, therefore, they often appear the most quiet of dogs; but woe to the unhappy wight who sets a bull-dog on any animal which he only wishes to punish a *little*! Yet, after all, bull-dogs are in general very tractable—a thing in a great measure produced by their always being near to you: and I can assert, that as far as regards Blucher, so long as he can hear my voice, or observe my gesture, I hold him completely under the most implicit command; and never is he so happy as when being embraced by the tiny arms of little children—for all brave dogs

love them; but if any great noise arises, so as to drown my voice, or a bustle, so as to cover my gestures, he is sure, if his abilities are put in requisition, to be doing his *own work in his own way*. This was the case the other day, when, during a noise created by the roaring of some pigs, he fell on the Newfoundland dog abovementioned, and, after an obstinate contest, fairly beat him. The Newfoundland, for that kind of dog, is a desperate fighter, and weighs 84lbs., exactly as much again as his antagonist; so that in point of size it was "a horse to a hen" affair; but a stern denial to the big one's compliments ensured success to the little trump.

In the course of next summer I meditate a pedestrian tour through North Wales, thence up to the English lakes, and, perhaps, as far as Johnny Groat's house, having determined on a long tramp through Scotland. My bull-dog will of course be a *sine qua non* on the occasion; and I shall be happy, Mr. Editor, to send you, if acceptable, an account of any highway or bye-way adventure that we may meet with. I expect, during those wanderings, to derive no small portion of *usefulness* from him. I have already engaged him in the preventive service; for he always accompanies me at night when returning home from a dinner party in the country. Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, Camp—whom I shall hope to meet with on my travels; for who could visit Scotland and not see Abbotsford?—ranks not a whit higher in the estimation of the great Northern Necromancer, than does poor Blucher in the eyes of his less notorious master. I am about to have his picture taken, and if you could allow

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it, I should much like to see an engraving of his striking look and figure adorning the pages of your *Sporting Magazine*. He is, as I set out by saying, a decided *distingué*; and doubtless, did we know the judgment that dogs form of each other, he ranks as a star of the first order in his neighbourhood.—Yours, &c.

ΦΙΛΟΚΥΝΩΝ.

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#### A TOWN BESIEGED IN TIME OF PEACE—KINGSTON TAKEN BY STORM.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,  
WE were greatly surprised in proceeding through a part of Surrey on Tuesday last, on arriving at the town of Kingston, to observe that the whole place—whether inn, public-house, shop, factory, public-building, or private dwelling—was closely shut up, and to all appearance bore the semblance of a Sabbath-day, or some General Fast. Curiosity led us to inquire into the cause; and the answer that we obtained induced us to remain and witness the result of so strange an event. Most of our readers—whether juvenile or adult—are no doubt well aware of a certain fable, and as far as recollection carries us without reference, we believe the following is the substance:—

"A town once in danger of being besieged, a consultation was held with the inhabitants, in order to ascertain which was the most secure and safest way to fortify and strengthen it. A mason said there was nothing like stone: a carpenter said, stone might do very well, but in his opinion, good strong oak was much better: a

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currier said, gentlemen, you may do as you please, but there is nothing like leather."

This fable goes in illustration of the various modes adopted by the different occupiers to guard against a common assailant about to be put into motion. In most popular commotions we have observed the lower parts of premises closely fastened up; but in the present instance even the windows of the first and second stories were all barricaded, and to an extent that we were at first at a loss to define the reason. A variety of opinions were manifested on the nature of the materials used to guard against the intended offender, as interest or convenient motives directed: some houses displayed the handicraft work of the carpenter, some of the hurdle-maker, some of the currier, some of the carpet vender, and others of the sail-cloth manufacturer; in short all vulnerable parts, such as windows, fan-lights, lamps, and the like, were promptly converted into a shape of resistance—but to guard against what? A Shrapnell-shell?—No!—A Congreve-rocket?—No!—A cannon-shot?—No!—*A foot-ball?*—*Yes!*

It was nearly ten o'clock when we first entered the town: all was then in active preparation, and by eleven the entire number of edifices were declared in a state of siege. Ancient usage has handed down many curious customs and amusements, and among others this is one; and it is the more especially so from the circumstance of bringing into requisition nearly the whole population of an Assize town—whether high or low, gentle or simple, female or child—such being the attraction of annual custom. Curiosity likewise led us to examine the formidable ball that had given

rise to so much trouble and expense to guard against. It consisted of a large bullock's-bladder well filled with air, and secured in a stout leathern case, made perfectly round, and in size and appearance not unlike a 68lb. cannon shot. We understood that many persons of a particular and fastidious class had been making exertions with the law authorities to put down this day's amusement of the people (*annoyance*, so termed by them), but without effect; and this circumstance seemed rather to have increased the anxiety of many to go on with the sport, without the least shade of diminution of the intention of its original propagator.

The moment for starting the ball being announced by the tolling of the town bell, which struck off exactly at eleven o'clock, Rembold, an old sporting hand, made his appearance with the dreadful machine secreted in a basket; and the task devolved upon Mr. Redford, of the Castle Hotel, to give the starting kick, which he executed in a lofty and effective manner. By this time an immense concourse of persons, of all denominations, had assembled in the grand market street, the roadway being filled by the *canaille*, and the foot-paths by shopkeepers and other respectable persons. To describe the immense noise and cheering that followed the first mounting of the ball would beggar description; but it strongly reminded us of the following lines of *Cæsar* in the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*:—

—"The rabblement hooted,  
And clapp'd their chapp'd hands, and  
threw up their sweaty night-caps,  
And utter'd such a deal of stinking breath,  
that, for mine own part,  
I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my  
lips and receiving the bad air."

A simultaneous motion and rush followed the falling of the ball to its centre of gravity, every one being anxious for the second and ultimate kicks or buffets: and the scene that presented itself by the alteration of the apparel of many who had fallen to the ground, and in consequence got well bedaubed with mud, was truly ludicrous.

The competitors at the ball were divided into two classes—namely, the inhabitants at Thames-street-end of the Castle, and those of the Town's-end: and it appeared that the utmost energy and exertions were resorted to by the partisans of one and the other districts, in order to drive the ball home to its wonted destination. No obstacle appeared to daunt the anxiety of either side. To surmount the roofs of houses, scale the walls, and to plunge into the creek or river, were comparatively trifles; for wherever the object of attraction happened to be cast or buffeted to, whether in or out of doors, there were persons at hand ready to dash after it, regardless of any ceremony. Had a mad-bull been let loose it could not have afforded (as far as we could judge) greater satisfaction to the Kingston people than this leathern ball. The day happened to be congenial to the amusement, owing to the partial showers of rain that had fallen; and by the time the hour of victory approached (five o'clock), the appearance of almost every person was altered, either by being mud-spattered, apparel all disordered, or otherwise being soundly ducked in the creek, or river Thames—very frequent instances of the latter occurring, notwithstanding the coldness and inclemency of the weather; and it will be a matter of surprise to us should many es-

cape their death by their temerity.

The folks of Thames-street-end, on time being called, and after six hours hard contention, were declared the victors and lawful possessors of the ball, amidst a general shout from their numerous partisans; and we are happy to add, that at the conclusion of the scramble no accident of any consequence happened to mar the proceedings of the day, excepting a few bloody noses and bruised shins.

Mr. Moor, of the Griffin Inn, Kingston, at whose house we took up our quarters, provided an excellent anniversary dinner for the gentry on the occasion, consisting of the very best of fish, flesh, fowl, and game, as well as wine of the first quality; and we regret to state that the number of the company was not so bountiful as anticipated, arising, as we understood, from the divisibility of visitors with mine host of the Castle.

Mr. Kempster, the respectable distiller, was in the chair, assisted by Dr. Harding, as deputy.

The toasts and sentiments were of a loyal and sporting kind; and the evening passed off exceedingly pleasant, and quite in accordance with the day's diversion.

From what we could learn of the ionkeepers of Kingston, we wish that party spirit and envy were entirely annihilated, as it would tend most materially to promote their interest, and of all other parties, whether in that or any other line of business.

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THE LATE H. STEVENSON, Esq.

SIR,

**T**HERE is not a reader of the *Sporting Magazine*, light-hearted as he may be—even a de-

votes to fun and folly—who will not hang down his head, drop a hidden tear, and heave a heartfelt sigh, at the melancholy and awful fact of the unlooked-for death of this young man. Who is it, basking in the sun of Regent-street, from the premier of Dukes to the premier of cads with the green 'kerchief, that has not, in the first rank, returned his graceful shake of the hand, and, in the latter, doffed the castor, as he has flirted by on *The Age*? This is not an unexampled case, replete with moral and warning. We have such every day—in every station—and they pass before us as a simple shadow to our happiness. But there is something more than commonly touching in this event—only because the sphere of notoriety is extensive—and that notoriety flashing in the halcyon days of ease and pleasure. To use a common expression, I call this another clear written finger-post pointing to the grave! We are told, in a Book which some of us have read, that the day will come when one is to be taken and one is to be left—whether the coachman driving, or the guard blowing the horn, God only knows!—But the saying is proved even in these days: for the death-bed of poor Henry was watched—and the dripping brow wiped—and the wrinkled pillow smoothed, by the affectionate hand of his venerable guardian of eighty-five.

Stevenson by nature was formed for a more refined walk in life than the one he pursued; and I, among other friends, regretted the choice he adopted: he had received the education of a gentleman—he had talents becoming that education—he displayed a native grace in his person and manners, and in his

very countenance was expressed a character sparkling from good blood. What a pity that such rich gifts of Providence should have been so ill-used as to gain the vulgar applause alone of stage-coachmen!

The story of his career is well known to the world; and it is well known that he cast aside advantages, the thoughts of which are too painful to record. Those prospects were nurtured with anxious care—matured almost to possession by his highly respectable relatives, whose hearts expanded for years with the hope of a reward to their liberal perseverance. But there existed a kind of *destiny* to destroy their hopes: birth was given to a far different taste; and when the Spring had passed, and the fruit became ripe for honours worthy of such culture, nothing but a stage-coach-box could satisfy ambition! However, peace now to such errors! and although they be justly related, at the same moment there is a claim upon the friend who has a sincere regard for his memory, to ask for the acknowledgment of what all the Sporting World knows—that no one ever performed his part, nor filled the avocation with such unrivalled taste and skill. If I were to give full indulgence to my inclination, I should endeavour to describe the shape of his coach—the matchless finish of his harness—the character and go-movement of his prads—the neatness and elegance of his whips—and withal the acmè of perfection in his driving. But these require not my feeble panegyric. I know not whether the Regent Circus or Castle-street, Brighton, will deplore his loss the most; but this I know, that in both places, thousands have cast



an eye of envy on his accomplished exhibitions; and at the moment of my appeal to his numerous friends for a tribute to his memory, it ought not to be forgotten how many softer hearts fluttered at the rolling sound of *The Age* from the Elephant to Castle-square.

It is, I believe, generally known that only a short time ago he was married to a young lady of high respectability, who, I know, rendered his attachment to this world very, very warm indeed. No word of comfort have I to offer her—she knows how and where to find consolation: but it may soften her grief to read (if she should see this), that Henry Stevenson had a numerous list of friends, who will ever cherish the recollection of many happy hours passed in his society.

It is now a long time since I appeared before the public—indeed I had decidedly laid on the shelf such venturous egotism—but on this occasion, to those who are acquainted with my signature, I hope it will not be thought a *family characteristic* to give a proof of my esteem for a lost friend; and from those who do not recognise me, I only ask charitable criticism.

Sermonic like, it only now remains my duty to bring my subject to the hearts of my congregation: but as I have not a cassock to adorn my shoulders, the point must be given in a dress more congenial with their tastes—in a *bit of pink*!—crying with a loud voice—Have a care, my lads!—Fox-Hunters—Coachmen—Battue-men—Men of the Turf, and Men of the Sod—Pugilistic Men—Men of Mahogany—and all men who gallop through life, and who read

this book while they gallop, just

*Ademto Mori.*

Yours, &c. PETER PRY.  
Kensington, March 1, 1830.

#### COCKTAIL RACING.

SIR,

AS a well-wisher to the Turf, I read with much interest and attention an article on the subject, signed by that vigorous and accomplished writer, THE YOUNG FORESTER. But I must confess I was rather surprised that the writer in question had not seen a late publication intitled the *Turf Expositor*, by C. F. Brown. As the book in question contains a number of strange, and indeed extraordinary statements, put forth with the utmost *nonchalance*, I wish to call THE YOUNG FORESTER's attention to them, as he appears so well acquainted with Turf affairs. The author of the *Turf Expositor* very plainly states that cocktail-racing is, generally speaking, a system of swindling. He observes, by way of elucidation—"A horse of this description can only race in a certain way; no true cocktail can maintain a long contest against a thorough-bred horse: he may go as fast perhaps for a short distance; but he cannot continue the struggle for any considerable length." Hence those conversant with the business can never be much mistaken respecting cocktails. If the animal be a genuine true-bred cocktail, and is forced to encounter long and repeated struggles, nature denies the power of performance—*out comes the black mare*!—the taint in the pedigree is too manifest to be mistaken. But many of the cocktails of late years, and par-

ticularly those of the present day, have been able to go from race to race, and run as often as any thorough-bred horse in the kingdom; and have not only been remarkable for speed, but for uncommon powers of continuing the struggle. Let us look for a moment at Gossoon, Fitzjames, Miracle, and Tawpy. The last, in particular, possessed, in the greatest possible perfection, the most distinguishing characteristic of the purest blood, namely, extraordinary capacity for endurance. These four *cocktails* have left the turf; but they have been succeeded by half-a-dozen others, whose claims to purity of blood are equal, if not superior, to their predecessors; at least if an opinion is to be formed from their performances. For the credit, the honour, and the well-being of the Turf, such matters demand the most rigorous investigation. But the author of the *Turf Expositor* does not stop here: he details a number of the most dishonorable and the vilest methods which are put in practice by unprincipled men—such as altering the appearance of horses, manufacturing false pedigrees, entering horses younger than their real age, &c. &c., the whole of which is detailed in the most straightforward manner possible, and of course renders the book what it professes to be—the *Turf Expositor*.

In hopes that THE YOUNG FORESTER will continue his observations on the Turf, and that he may be assisted in the praiseworthy task by persons more competent to it than the writer of these lines, I shall say no more on the subject at present; but should not that be the case, I shall trouble you with something farther on the subject.

Yours, &c. RUSTICUS.

March 4, 1850.

## SPORTING IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

SIR,

IN your February Number are inserted "Extracts from Two Letters on the subject of Sporting in Van Diemen's Land." Having spent much time in that country, and seen, during the period of my stay, as much sport as perhaps any individual, a few remarks on FLINT's friend's letters may be deemed worthy of your insertion. The kangaroo, I admit, certainly does grow from six to seven feet high, but their "having been known to take a man up in their fore-legs, and deposit him in the water," comes under that figure of speech called "fudge." I boldly assert such a thing *never was known*. That they have drowned dogs I am ready to admit. The water is a place they frequently fly to when pursued; and from their great height when standing on their hind legs, they are easily enabled to hold a dog under water with their fore-paws; and if he cannot get from their grasp, he is of course drowned, not having that power in water that he has on land. For a man to go into the water after a kangaroo, he must have been a madman: and as to the animal carrying a person into the water, that is too ridiculous to speak of. None of the species, from the Brush, or smallest, to the Boomer (or old man, as he is termed in New South Wales), the largest class, will turn to attack man or dog until so close pressed that they can run no longer. That the large ones will then occasionally kill a dog is true: this he does by striking him in the belly with the claws upon his hinder feet, as the dog stands up to catch him by the

threat; but as two or three dogs are in general used for the diversion, the kangaroo is almost always pulled down before he can do the foremost dog who has seized him any material injury. I am inclined to think FLINT's Correspondent is a resident in one of the towns. Had he led a country life with a flock of sheep, I think he would not have called the animal—which, from its shocking ugliness, is termed by the people there the Devil—harmless. The naturalist's name for the beast is, I believe, "*Dasyurus ursinus*."

The bite of the snake is dangerous, particularly to animals; but I totally deny that it is "certain death," as your Correspondent asserts. Instantly (if at a distance from any habitation) sucking the wound, and applying sweet oil to it as soon as it can be procured, will, in general, make a cure in a few days. There are many other receipts used by the stock-keepers, who are the principal sufferers from these reptiles.

As your friend FLINT says these letters make his "mouth water," may I take the liberty of recommending a small work to his perusal, written by a very able Sportsman, well known in the Pychley Hunt, whom I became acquainted with in Hobart Town—viz. Mr. Henry Widowsen's *Present State of Van Diemen's Land*, dedicated to Lord Althorp. In addition to much useful information, there is a statement of the various sports of the country enumerated by FLINT's friend; and it will be there seen that racing and hunting form also very distinguished parts of the amusements of our friends on the other side of the globe. I have been endeavoring to find a memorandum (but

without success) of the time and distance that a race was run by a mare called Agnes, beating three others, at Launceston races, in the year 1827; it would, however, not disgrace some of our best nags in this country. Should I be able to find it, and you, Mr. Editor, would wish it, I will have another search and send it. Kangaroo hunting, with a dog between a greyhound and mastiff, is not a great way behind coursing, at least in my opinion, though I candidly admit I never was much of a thistle-whipper.

I now bring this yarn to a close, by apologising for being so lengthy.

A CONSTANT READER.

Feb. 20, 1830.

P.S. Allow me to state, that during my sojourn in Tasmania, through the kindness of a friend, I was regularly furnished with the *Sporting Magazine*; and to judge by the avidity with which it was sought after, on loan, by my numerous sporting friends, I doubt not but you have now many subscribers in that distant part of the world.

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#### SKETCHES OF BENGAL, No. IV.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

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Jungle-Shooting in the Rajemahál-hills—  
Spotted Deer—Partridges—Civet Cat—  
Adventure with a Tiger and Wild Buffalo—  
Climate of Bengal—Gazelles and  
Jungle-Fowl—Ornithology—Flying  
Foxes—Fishing—Wild-Sow.

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SIR,  
**MONDAY, Oct. 1.**—For some days past the towering hills of Rajemahál had delighted our eyes on the left bank of the Ganges;

and appeared the more lofty from that flat country through which we had lately passed; and, when their blue tops first rose above the distant horizon, they seemed so like the mountains of our own native land, that the view saddened even when it most delighted us: and S—, who was a genuine Welchman, grew quite pathetic upon the matter, and spouted some barbarous lines by Owen-ap-Rice-Gwynn - ap - Crw - ap - Llewellyn - ap - Cadwalladar, with such patriotic energy, that my English ears did not recover it for a week afterwards. However, it was not until this morning at day-break, that the hills approached the river with a majestic sweep from the S.W.; and with ecstasy we beheld the vast forests which crowned their summits, clothed their sides, and covered a great part of the adjacent plains.

"Who's for a shot?" cried I, as standing on the flat roof of the budjrow I gazed upon the exhilarating prospect.—"The jungle's too heavy!" said one—he was a lazy dog.—"You'll get a fever if you shoot in the woods at this season." cried our commandant, popping his head out of his boat's window. He was a careful old Indian; but he was a good sportsman also, and his advice was not to be sneezed at. Yet the prospect of sport was too inviting to be withstood, and I put the question again.—"Who's for a shot at a wild-buck? May be some of us may be dead of cholera before the end of the damp season; so let's cut the old *Qui Hi*, and shoot whilst we can!"—"The day is a roaster—we shall be grilled to a cinder!" growled lazy-bones again.—"Stay at home then, and pray for our safe delivery!" was the

reply; and, without farther parlay, five of us got our things in order for the expedition.

The river was here difficult to navigate, as the manjee followed the narrow creeks which islets in this place form, and there was little danger of being left behind by the fleet.

S— and myself, being boat-companions, landed as usual together; the other party went ashore higher up the stream; and the ground was too wild and jungly for us to cross each other's place of operations.

We two mustered four dogs of the beater tribe, and four Indians, all of whom were very unwilling to go, until we armed each with a gun or pistol, which none of them would have the courage to fire off: one especially, a servant of my own, was very loth to visit these frowning forests—and I afterwards repented that I had taken him, for his blood was assuredly upon my head.

Near the river, for the breadth of perhaps 500 yards, the ground was covered with the oft-mentioned tassel-grass, which waved far above our heads, and would have been impassable but for sundry winding tracks, scarcely to be called paths, worn by wild-buffaloes in their daily walks from the plain to the water. Woe to him who may encounter one in these narrow path-ways! Other tracks there were of a more suspicious nature, forced apparently by some bulky but smaller animal, through the matted grass; and we hustled smartly through this belt, for it looked a little *tigerish*. Beyond lay a plain; patches of which were under cultivation, but by far the greatest part was covered with long grass—in some places up to

our middles, in others above our heads—with brakes and small coverts of grass and jungle-thorn intermixed, till they united with the almost impenetrable forest that swept down in unbroken masses from the mountains. For half-a-mile nothing did we see but the worthless cranes of divers species, which swarm every where—when just as we had beaten a thick brake to no purpose, my mihltur shouted "*Hur'n! Hur'n!*"—"a deer! a deer!"—and a fine spotted buck was seen running from the long grass into the end of the brake. Both of us fired, but without effect.

We tried the covert diligently, and up he started again under my nose: bang, bang, went both my barrels, but mortification only was the fruit thereof. S— was a better shot, and with a brace of slugs laid him low. I congratulated S— on having killed the first bit of venison, and it was in prime condition; but "envy and malice" still rankled in my heart, and I could not help adding—"Tis a fine buck, sure enough! but we're in the land of enchantment—I pray heaven it may not turn out to be an old woman's pig!"

"D—n the pig!" growled friend S—, and gave his *doriya* a box on the ear for having lagged behind. Black servants in India are considered as admirable safety-valves, on which White Gentlemen may expend the ebullition of their wrath.

My friend, though he was not without the proverbial failing of his country, was a good fellow, and one of the best shots I ever knew. This was, by chance, almost the last day we ever shot together; he was a most determined sniper, but has severely paid for his te-

merity: I fear that the pestilent wilds of Solhagepoor have put a stop to his proceedings for ever.

In five minutes a doe and her fawn jumped up amongst the grass; and with better luck than before I shot her ladyship through the head, and broke her young one's leg, so that Don easily caught it.

The spotted deer of the East Indies much resembles our common fallow deer, though the spots are more regular and vivid in colour, and run into lines on the sides: the horns are small, with few tines; yet I should say that this animal is but a variety of the fallow species.

After penetrating into the heavy jungle, we soon separated; and after tearing my way through the underwood for two hours, beneath a vertical sun, and only killing a few hares and jungle-fowl, I began to backslide into my natural indolence, and with some difficulty made my way into the plain. In my walk to overtake the fleet, I was convinced of what I had suspected an hour before, that, to penetrate the heavy jungle without elephants, is mere folly and unnecessary exposure, and that more sport, with less trouble, is always to be found on the borders of the coverts.

The Black and I had hardly cleared the woods, when a covey of sixteen partridges (the first we had seen) got up, and I managed to bring down a brace; and, following them into the long grass, reduced their number to nine.

India boasts of several kinds of partridges—the brown, the black, the long-tailed, and, I believe, another species, which it never was my fortune to meet with.

The birds shot on this day  
3 A

were of the first class—much larger than ours, with long, pointed, light-brown feathers upon the breast: on rising they appeared as large as hen-pheasants. In the rushy belt near the Ganges, I flushed no less than nineteen wild peafowl in the course of ten minutes, but was only fortunate enough to bag a young hen. During the day we had capital sport with a civet cat, which one of the dogs put up under a bush. We baited it for half an hour; and it not only bit the dogs severely, but almost *perfumed* them into fits with its musky stench. It fell at last a victim to the intrepidity of the setter.

After a very hard day's work—not so much from the heat of the sun (which is my element), as from the inaccessible nature of the jungle thorns, which interlace each other as if on purpose to oppose sportsmen—I reached the river's bank at sun-set, and, even then, had to wait for some time before the tardy budjrovs made their appearance.

S— soon joined me, and we got on board, when the boats moored for the night, wondering why the other party did not arrive. We speedily were made acquainted with the reason; but to make it more intelligible, I must commence the day's campaign with them.

They were all three cavalymen—and two of them as gallant fox-hunters as ever topped a fence with the Duke or Colonel Berkeley; but shooting was not their *forte*; and they wandered over the face of the earth till night, popping away at cranes, paddy-birds, crows, or whatever else came in their way, with the most ruthless perseverance; and for some

hours skirted the deep jungles at the foot of the hills, without taking the trouble to beat them; till at length T—r, ashamed of having killed so little, hired a native to guide him into the labyrinth of the forest—his comrades declining to follow.

In a few minutes they were surprised to see T—r scamper back out of the woods, blowing and puffing at a great rate, and swearing by the immortal gods, Oriental and Occidental, that there was a tiger not forty yards off!

"Nonsense!" cried P—y; "if there had been he would not have let you off so easily."

"By Jove! I'll swear to the truth of it!" said T—r; "I saw his fawn-coloured hide as plainly as I see you! he rolled his great eyes at me, cocked up his tail, and dashed into the jungles with a loud roar!"

The native corroborated T—r's account of some large animal lurking in the bushes; he did not himself see it, but he heard the roar: and the whole party was about to retreat with speed, when a *fine bull calf* bolted out of the wood, and ran across the plain towards a cottage, *roaring and cocking up his tail* in the most terrible, not to say frightful, manner!!

T—r never heard the last of it.

Their adventures were not yet concluded; for, as they were wading through the tall grass near the river, P—y saw a buffalo quietly lying down, and chewing the cud, amongst it. For a bit of a lark, without considering whether it was a wild or tame one, he let fly a charge of shot at the animal's rump—resolved to make up for his want of sport by bagging something *substantial*, as he termed it,

at once. Up jumped the wild buffalo (for such it was), and off ran the two fox-hunters—with such speed that they were at the water's edge in a minute; but poor T—r, being very deaf, and not quick of apprehension, was puzzled to conceive what all this turmoil was about; and the enraged buffalo was in full career against him, before he understood the unpleasantness of his situation. Before this evening I would have betted any money that Nature never intended T—r's legs to be of active service to him; I imagined them to be, like bed-posts, mere passive instruments of support: but, when I saw from our budjrow the incredible speed with which they flew over the ground, I could scarcely believe my eyes, and thought that miracles would never cease!

T—r, though, had a narrow escape; the savage buffalo chased him like a devil, and must have overtaken him before he reached the river, had not most of us been eye-witnesses of his agility in distress, and with one accord fired a volley on the intruder's broad forehead, with whatever charge our guns happened to contain.

Startled at this mingled discharge of dust, partridge-shot, slugs, and bullets—though apparently unhurt—the buffalo tossed her head in the air, bellowed forth her displeasure, and stopped short, and, before we could reload, trotted sturdily back into the tassel-grass; whilst the poor dragon spluttered through the water, threw himself head-foremost into the nearest budjrow, and cried in a lamentable novel-like tone, "Is she gone?"

*Tuesday, 2d.*—Several of the party showed symptoms of yester-

day's excursion, by transient fits of aguish shivering, or the low rapid pulse of incipient fever.

My servant, before-mentioned, was amongst this number; and, although perfectly well on the preceding night, by the afternoon the fever (caught by wading after me through noisome woods and deep streams) had mounted to an alarming height. At 1 P.M. he brought in *tiffin*, or luncheon: I observed him stagger as he was placing a dish of currie on the table, and had I not caught him he would have fallen to the ground. My conscience told me that I was the cause of this poor fellow's illness; so I laid him on the best chintz sofa in the apartment, and sent for the doctor. But life was ebbing fast; and, although he had awoke in the morning with only a slight head-ache, before the sunset he had ceased to breathe.

Such are the mishaps attendant upon Indian sporting! But, however, to give the devil his due, it must be owned that this season happened to be a remarkably unhealthy one in Bengal: for I should say that India, generally speaking, has by no means a bad climate for a *hot one*, were it not for that fatal epidemic the *cholera-morbus*, which makes its annual rounds from province to province, like a judge on circuit, cutting off all evil-doers, and not unfrequently righteous persons also.

Towards the decline of day I landed at a village near the woods; and after beating some likely grass, plains, and jungles till night-fall, returned to the budjrow with a few brown partridges and jungle-fowl, besides a young doe of the gazelle species, which was quietly feeding with a herd in the plain of long grass, when I crept up for a

mile, fakir-like, on my belly, and lamed her with a bullet in the near shoulder. I wished to preserve this beautiful little antelope alive, but she was too much hurt, and I was obliged to cut her throat.

The jungle-fowl, to be found every where in the heavy woods, are completely our red black-breasted game-cocks in miniature, and the source from which our breed probably sprung, and was afterwards mixed with the coarser fowls of Malay and Chittagong. Before day-break their pert bantam-like crow may repeatedly be heard as we travel through the wooded districts of India; but they do not venture far from the jungles, and are therefore difficult to come at.

*Wednesday, 3d.*—Having a very lame foot, from the joint effects of a gall and mosquito-bite, I did nothing in the way of shooting but fire a few shots at alligators, as they floated lazily down the river, with their eyes and jagged tails an inch above water. Amused myself also with stuffing ornithological specimens, of which I found myself in possession of several new ones:—viz. 1. *The Bee-bird*, of a most beautiful green, with twolongfeathers in its tail, like the celebrated Boatswain or Tropic bird; short legs, of the most delicate proportions, and scarcely bigger than the large South American humming-bird, which it resembles in its shape as well as habits, being constantly on the wing to catch insects, and hovering about the crested *surput* and wild-flowers with the playfulness of a zephyr.—2. *The Jungle-Crow*, a bird of the pie genus, with a black head, neck, and breast, and reddish back, wings, and tail. On first landing in India, I saw a

jungle-crow seated on a branch at some distance, and made certain that it was a *pheasant*—and indeed the first glance of this bird, when stationary, might well deceive a griff—though it is not much larger than a magpie.—3. *The Milala*, a kind of river gull, white, with a black patch or two; red beak and legs, long pointed wings, and forked tail; about the size of a small dove: is seen constantly hovering above the Ganges, and feeds on fish, and I fear, notwithstanding its elegant shape, the floating bodies of dead men also.

Perhaps one of the most curious zoological productions of Bengal is the Flying-fox—as a large kind of bat is called. It equals an owl in size and the length of its black leathern wings, whilst its body is covered with reddish-brown hair, and its head is the very picture of a *varmint* little terrier's, with black sparkling eyes, prick-ears, and most formidable teeth. We often amused ourselves in the great avenue of Fort William, at twilight, by watching the continual combats between the bats, the crows, and the argeelas; the former coming regularly every evening to try and eject these peaceable occupants *vi et armis*; and a battle royal always ensued, when the victory was generally conceded to the overwhelming forces of the crows and argeelas, which combined against the attacks of this small but fierce band of marauders. We took part with the bats, having perhaps a fellow-feeling with their predatory habits and thirst for pillage.

*Thursday, 4th.*—Leg worse—very ill all the preceding night—took up my gun after breakfast, but found it would'n't do—morn-



ized upon the folly of imprudence, and the frailty of the human body—tried, out of pure friendship, to dissuade S— from going ashore; but he got into the attendant *din-gee* (canoe), and paddled away.—Managed to hobble out, and take a melancholy stroll at eve; squatted down upon a bank, and whistled “All that’s bright must fade!”

*Friday, 5th.*—Unable to leave the sofa—watched our manjee catching fish all the morning; he was a dexterous fellow at this sport, which is, I believe, peculiar to the East Indian fishermen. In the first place, the manjee took up a long bamboo lance, pointed with several spikes, and jumped into the water without undressing—for, alas! he must have skinned himself had he done so, as the lower orders of Hindoostan think clothes quite superfluous articles—the offspring of pomp, vanity, and vexation. I believe they are about right. What miseries do we not endure daily, in the shape of tight boots, tight breeches, tight cravats, and all the tight *etceteras* of European costume?

Shoals of small fish had been swimming about us all the morning, with their noses above water; and with great skill the manjee darted his lance at them, and generally transfixed several at each throw. They made no bad addition to our evening’s meal.

Arrived early in the day at a large village, the neighbourhood of which appeared to promise sport; but, although better, I had made a vow not to shoot, and refused to accompany the rest ashore.

Whoever anchors at this village, —I forget the name (unless it is Pointee)—will never forget the two picturesque islets which rise

from a little cove or bay which the Ganges forms here; they may be, perhaps, about 500 yards each in circuit, and are composed of enormous blocks of stone, from the crevices of which trees and shrubbery of every kind, from the humble aloe to the lofty palm, shoot up and overshadow the water. They are uninhabited, except by various tribes of birds, which scream and flutter round their summits in myriads; so that, their shape being conical, they may be supposed at a distance to be two enormous bee-hives, plumped into the water by Gog and Magog, to the horror of their inmates—the rustling of the birds’ pinions sounding just like the hum of bees.

In the afternoon, a Shikarree, or native sportsman, came to my budjrow, and made his salaam; telling me that the country abounded with wild-hogs and jungle-fowl, and offering to conduct me to the likeliest coverts. “Oh my vow! oh my foot!” groaned I—and, mustering all my fortitude, actually refused his offer. The Shikarree perceived that the devil was making desperate attacks on my spirit of consistency, and said with a smile, “The jungle, Sahib, is close by; and your servant will be proud if you will ride his tatton—so that your *Royal Highness’s* foot will receive no injury.” The tempter pressed me sorely; but I coolly replied, with a yawn and a lie, “Much obliged to *your Majesty*, but I do not wish to shoot—besides my gun is not cleaned.”

My rascally sirdar instantly presented the gun, as clean and bright as flannel and hot water could make it.

In three minutes I was pummeling along the Shikarree’s scrubby

old tattoo towards the jungles. On our way we beat a small plantation of sugar-canes with a dozen coolies, and roused an old wild sow. I blazed away at her hams with small shot, and fired a bullet at a quail, which rose at the same time—both, as it may be supposed, without much effect.

The Shikarree grinned; but, being an older hand, did not even move the long matchlock from his shoulder, and said—"She's gone into the rushes near the *nulla*; we'll beat, if the Sahib pleases, towards each other, from end to end, and then she must give a side-shot to one of us." We did so; but the cunning *su'or* again gave us the slip, by breaking through our line, and upsetting a coolie on my starboard quarter, who shrieked and squalled as if he had been murdered.

The sun had set; and, as a tropical twilight is too brief to go hog-hunting in, I returned to the village for the night, resolved, if well enough, to land my Persian steed next morning, and, mustering more hands, to make a strong effort to bring home a genuine wild-boar.

SHIKARREE.

#### REPLY TO ALPINUS.

MR. EDITOR,

**Y**OU are a great and sovereign Prince, whose task and interest it is to maintain the balance of power between contending States: yet, nevertheless, when one nation declares war against another, I hope you will allow them both a fair and open field. To drop allegorical mystification, I only mean to beg that you will insert these few lines in answer to ALPINUS, who, in the last Number, thrusts his hos-

tile lance through the second stanza of my "Toasts of a Fox-hunter."

The withering stroke of his criticism has fallen upon me like a freezing blast from his own *Alpine* snows—from the affinity of his temperament, to which I presume he takes his cognomen.

ALPINUS accuses me of having assailed the dignity of the Cloth, and trespassed upon common decency, in this stanza:—

"Here's a health to the Parson despising  
controul,

Who, to better his parish, his health, or  
his soul,

On my honour I cannot tell which:  
Five days in the week follows reynard and  
hound,

On the sixth copies orthodox sermons and  
sound,

And on Sunday devoutly can  
preach."

No one entertains a greater regard for the Members of the Established Church than I do; and sorry should I be to hold them up to the ridicule of the Ranters, Roarers, Evangelicals, and other fantastic doctrinists of the present day.

ALPINUS says, that I take "an extreme case as the characteristic of the body." By no means. I merely drink to the health of that species of the Cloth, which is now becoming a *rara avis*, and whose manly and open-hearted piety shone with as pure a light, even though clothed in whites and tops, as ever did the canting, groaning, psalm-singing, uncharitable creed of Fanaticism. Mine is *not* the characteristic of the present body of Clergymen, but of that particular class which I esteem most (however bad my taste and judgment); and I am sorry that it should be deemed a caricature.

A Parson who "despises controul," I take to be a man who is sufficiently conscious of his own in-

tegrity and good intentions, as to condemn that rancorous spirit which ALPINUS truly says is now afloat. To relinquish all amusements of the manly kind, and cringe beneath this rancorous spirit, is a proof of cowardice and incapacity—assuredly not of an upright heart. Because a Clergyman wears a petticoat on Sundays, he need not sport it all the week.

Nothing, however, does scribblers so much good as remarks on their heedless productions.

NIMROD's observation on my "Elegy written in a Grass Field," published (I think) in the October Number for 1826, was pleasing to my soul; though the vicissitudes of a traveller's life have since prevented my keeping up a correspondence with the *Sporting Magazine*: and now, on my re-appearance, being hissed off the stage, I enjoy a proper equilibrium of spirits—pulse neither too high nor too low—appetite enormous—good humour unshaken!—all which blessings I attribute to the being encouraged before, and whipped behind—as we put a young horse over the leaping bar.

ALPINUS assures us that he is not over sensitive; but I fear he knoweth not himself, when he accuses other Correspondents in the *Sporting Magazine* of generally throwing a slur upon religious matters. Notwithstanding the iciness of his name, it is evidently his intention to roast us all; but it appears to me that he has kindled round a few jack-snipes a fire that might roast an ox—in other words, that he has made much ado about nothing.

His two columns of heavy infantry (prose), which he has marshalled against my light troop, (verse), make a trivial affair of

posts a regular battle, and bring my skirmishes into notice, which would otherwise have passed in the *melee*, and have sunk into oblivion, as others have before them.

As you, Mr. Editor, are probably as good a judge as ALPINUS of anything which might prove indecorous and outrageous to the feelings of Clergymen, I think his strictures a little out of place; though, of course, the "scintillations of my wit" must be scattered by the charge of his formidable columns.

On reading the offensive stanza over again, I find one line (the *third*), which might perhaps be construed into caricature; and, being willing that ALPINUS should not think me sneering at one species of the Cloth, which is worth a dozen snuffling hypocrites, I give him a second and last edition.

"Here's a health to the Parson despoiling  
controll,  
Who, to better his parish, his health, or  
his soul,  
On my honour I think he does  
each!  
Five days in the week, follows reynard and  
hound,  
On the sixth duly goes his parochial  
round,  
And on Sunday devoutly can  
preach."

ALPINUS is possibly one of the Cloth; and I would tell him *why* I like the colour of *my* friend's suit better than his, but that I think the *Sporting Magazine* was not established for the purpose of religious discussions. Besides, being just about to visit "tropical climes" again, I shall have no further opportunity (for some time at least) to enter deeper into the controversy about "Fox-hunting Clergymen."

ALPINUS may rest assured that, although a humble scion of the

*genus irritabile*, I am also, as he hopes, enough of a philanthropist to feel beyond measure thankful for his homily, and to shew my unfeigned repentance by altering, as above, the immoral song.

Believe me, I recant without irony or guile; for experience has taught me the impolicy of ridiculing the Clergy of any nation; though, alas! my praise has been taken for sarcasm.

I once condeled with a Brahmin for the death of a cow; and, being suspected of ridicule instead of sympathy, I nearly got a knife into my gizzard for my pains!

A Mussulman Imam also abused me as a *kafir* and a *giaour*, for praising the Grand Seigneur's taste in selecting Mohammed's breeches for the standard of the Osmanlis: and now I am poked in the ribs for praising one caste of Parsons, which another, more puritanical, happens to abominate!

I have only to irritate a monk—get thrown into the Inquisition—have the thumb-screws on—and my reformation will be complete.

The remarks of ALPINUS therefore are friendly—and, as I shall not be able to address him again, I take my farewell of him with a low salaam, and remain yours, very truly, Mr. Editor,

*philos irritus—alias SHIKARREE.*  
March 1, 1830.

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#### ONE-EYED BOB.

**BOB**, a black and white dog, was bred by a celebrated Sportsman of Epsom, in (I believe) 1825; and was soon afterwards sent out to India, where, after being ill for many months, he fell into the hands of Mr. Henry Welford of the Bengal

army. Bob was a beautiful dog, of immense speed and power; was equal to all kinds of game, from a jackal and hare to an antelope or spotted buck. On one occasion Bob pulled down a wild gazelle near Rajemahal, after a chase of five miles in the burning heat of a tropical afternoon, and held the deer with his fangs till Mr. W. came up, although he was afterwards unable to rise, and had a severe attack of liver in consequence. I never knew but one other dog that performed the same exploit—antelopes being considered safe from everything but the rifle-ball—and this was a large red greyhound belonging to Lieut. Lawrence of the 30th Native Indians.

Bob would catch a jackal by the loins, and turn it up with as little remorse as he would a hare; and chased many a stately buck with success—until in a rencontre with a tiger-cat he unfortunately lost one of his eyes, which so completely disheartened him, that he was shy of seizing any animal afterwards; though he would give chase as well as ever.

ONE-EYED BOB was considered the model of a Greyhound for India, where a vast portion of courage is required, as well as strength and fleetness. It is a matter of regret that so few dogs endure the pestilential climate of Hindoostan for a longer period than two years.

SHIKARREE.

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#### PHEASANTS AND FOXES. I

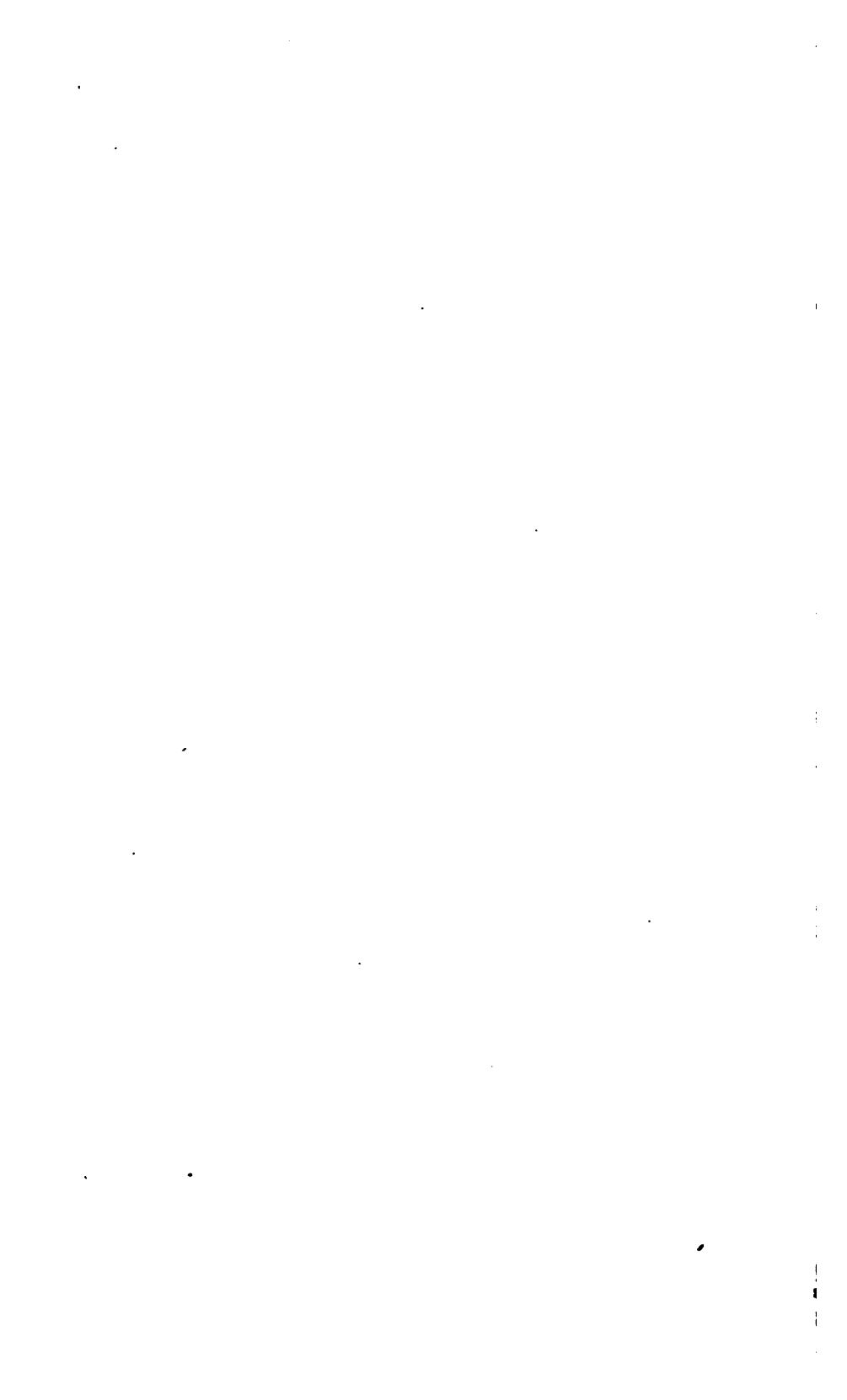
SIR,

**H**AVING lately read so many discussions connected with the subject of the "Preservation of Pheasants," I have seized



# ONE EYED BOB.

Illustrated by M. J. Bennett. New York: Century Company, 1904.



my "grey goose quill," and have determined to offer my humble opinion on this subject.

The present system of preserving is a mania universally, I believe, allowed to be too prevalent; and too many gentlemen consider that their object is not attainable without the total extirpation of that class of animals known by the name of foxes: and are too completely bigots to the idea, that while a fox can be found in their spinnies or gorses, pheasants cannot be bred, nor game preserved to the extent of their wishes.

During the rebellion in Scotland the various chiefs and superior leaders of the Pretender were the men whose lives were, on the die being cast against them, universally forfeited, and whose deaths made that expiation by which their inferior or subordinate clansmen escaped the rigorous penalties of the law. This argument, I think,

"Si licet parvis componere magna,"

is not inapplicable in the many cases where foxes, on account of their superiority in size, expiate, by their deaths, the crimes of polecats, stoats, weazels, and those

other animals usually classed under the designation of vermin.

Now, if game-preservers would destroy these lesser (in size) but equally destructive animals, they would find that game would abound in their coverts—even should sly reynard have there taken up his abode—to the utmost extent of the wishes of the most determined and devoted preserver. The tithe which the foxes might claim would be but slight; and the morning amusement of the gentlemen of the county would not, as in too many cases, be selfishly annihilated.

This is really the secret of preserving; for, supposing, a gentleman kills off in the course of a year one hundred head of vermin, each head of vermin may on a moderate average be supposed to destroy three heads of game per fortnight, what a great destruction of game will be thus prevented! and he will surely be enabled to spare a few pheasants and rabbits for the foxes, and will enjoy the pleasure of conciliating the good will of the county in general, without any deterioration to his own amusements.

MEDIATOR.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT BARS.

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There's a word in our language I never could like,  
My young fancy it seem'd to confine;  
Grown older, still cold on my feelings 'twill strike,  
And this feeling is not only mine.

The word I detest you shall presently know:  
'Tis *Bar*, in almost all its meanings—  
*Bars of gold* and of *music* are pleasant or so,  
But hard of the first are the gleanings.

Just take the *verb active* of *Bar*, for 'twill drop  
From *Entick* quite pat in my rhyme;

"To fasten, secure, hinder, shut out, or stop;"  
Such meanings suit not Love's soft chime.

In short this verb active will ever prevent  
Activity in any other :  
And its *substantive* form can ne'er give content—  
Indeed it seems meant but to bother.

The *Old Bailey bar* is a queer sort of place  
For a man to wind up his career :  
And the *Bar at King's Bench*, if you get in disgrace,  
Has been known to put stout hearts in fear.

But when once embarrass'd the thick bars of iron,  
Which keep one from strolling about,  
That such houses as Radford's and Selby's environ\*,  
Are enough to make any one pout.

If a poet's lock'd up, he's a *genius confined*,  
Or a *Bard* whom the laws have just *barr'd up* ;  
Then to Liberty's praise let him turn all his mind,  
For as seamen would say, he's quite *hard up*.

Thus a *Bar* is unpleasant in various ways :  
Those *barr'd in* for debt make a rout ;  
While the lover still curses his nights and his days,  
And truly, because he's *barr'd out*.

J. M. LACEY.

# A WORD OR TWO ON "GARELLA"—THE BRITISH HUNT KENNEL IN RUSSIA.

**BEING** on a visit at Petersburg about the end of last September, I was much gratified by hearing that the "British Hunt" was still in existence, and kept up with all the spirit and vigour for which I had so frequently heard it characterised in England. Nothing would satisfy me but a mount ; and accordingly, on the next hunting day, I was accommodated from the stables of Mr. Webster, a horse-dealer and a Yorkshireman—and one whose language and manners soon convince his customers, that after a long sojourn in St. Petersburg he is still true to his country and his calling. I accepted the offer of a seat in a calecho to the village of Garella,

about 12 miles from St. Petersburg on the Peterhoff road, where I understood the kennel was kept. There was something very laughable at the astonishment that appeared in the countenances of the Moujiks (Russian peasants), as we passed down the English line, and dashed through the gate of that magnificent city, whilst my companions displayed enough of the *pink* to satisfy the inquisitive challenge of the sentinels. After a ride of about an hour and a half we alighted at a house belonging to the "British Hunt," and were received by many of the Members, most of them in scarlet. I partook of a capital English breakfast ; and was afterwards shewn through the stables, the kennel, and a menagerie, containing, amongst other animals, several young wolves who were to be bagged, or rather "sacked," and turned out

\* Sheriff's Officers.



on some future day. The whole establishment was complete, and well arranged. When we were mounted the show of horses was curious and amusing. There were English, Danish, Circassians, and Cossacks, and all seemed in good condition. The huntsman in particular rode a remarkably fine Cossack, which for figure and action I never saw surpassed. The whole field presented a sportsmanlike and gentlemanlike appearance.

After a ride of about five or six miles we threw the hounds into some low brushwood, and soon found a hare, that went away for three miles as straight as any fox; and after an excellent run we killed her at the edge of one of those tremendous bogs which are not uncommon in these plains of Ingria. Riding near some of these bogs I observed several large snipes, of the species known in England as the *horseman snipe*. Their flight is heavy when compared with that of the common snipe, and they seldom extend it above 200 yards: and owing to this circumstance, and to their being very plentiful at that season, they afford most excellent sport. I once dined where a dish of nearly twelve couple was placed on the table as the result of one day's shooting. After killing a leash of hares we returned to Garella, dressed, dined, and kept it up to a late hour, when most of us returned to St. Petersburg.

From my observations, and the obliging communications of different gentlemen, I was enabled to collect the following particulars, which I hope may not be uninteresting. The British Hunt has existed, with but partial interruptions, for upwards of 70 years; for the greater part of which period the hounds have been kept at

Garella. The Hunt has always been chiefly composed of Englishmen, although foreigners are received either as Members or guests with the greatest cordiality.

Count M— was at this time absent in England, where he is well known in the first circles. He is the Master of the Hunt, and enjoys the sport as much as the keenest Englishman among them. The terms in which every one expressed their esteem for his character, either as a gentleman or a sportsman, were so flattering that I could not forbear to mention him in this place.

The pack is frequently recruited from the Holderness hounds; but in general it is composed of a mixed breed of fox-hounds and harriers. They run wolves and foxes, but their principal sport is hare-hunting. The objections to their running a variety of game do not exist there in the same force that they do in England; as a wolf or fox-chase is seldom interrupted by a hare crossing the scent; and the Members of the Hunt are always willing to run the risk of their hounds becoming wild as harriers, for the sake of a gallop after a wolf or a fox. The wolf affords splendid sport, running even straighter than a fox: but there are very few instances of a wolf having been fairly run down by hounds unaided by greyhounds, or without being headed by horsemen.

The country in general is better for harriers than fox-hounds, being an immense open tract, partially covered with stubble, low brushwood, and occasional bogs, but frequently carpeted for miles with some of the finest turf for galloping that I ever saw. This tract extends from the kennel westwards, to a distance that varies from twelve

to twenty miles; and is bounded on the north and south by boggy forests; so that by taking the right line of country either a wolf or a fox can generally reach ground where no horseman can follow without great difficulty and danger. I was informed that upon one occasion a wolf led them away in a direct line of 20 miles, when those who contrived to come up with the hounds found themselves benighted in the midst of an extensive pine forest.

There are two kinds of hares found on these plains, the common brown hare, and a light grey hare that turns white as the winter approaches. I had not an opportunity of seeing one of the latter sort, but was told of a singular instinct affecting them. They do not double like the common hare, but run straight away at first like the fox, evidently, as it would appear, aware that their colour would constantly betray them to their pursuers, and that their only chance is in their speed.

I cannot resist the inclination I feel to give a short account of an affair that had then lately happened. For many years the British Hunt has enjoyed the privilege of hunting over all the Crown lands, as well as those belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine. This privilege was a free grant from the late Emperor Alexander and his brother. About three years ago the right was disputed by one Pashkoff, a Russian General Officer, who had just then been appointed the Principal Imperial Yager, and the British Hunt, to avoid any troublesome interference on the part of His Excellency, thought proper to compromise with him for six couple of hounds, which were given to the Imperial Hunt, with the

understanding that their right of hunting would not again be disputed. His Excellency, however, chose to renew his claims in the year 1828, and the Master again found it necessary to compromise for 250 rubles, about 16l. Subsequently to this arrangement he contrived to lay claim to five more hounds, which the Hunt gave up to him, being extremely unwilling to involve themselves in a dispute which would have put an end to their hunting for the season. Last year General Pashkoff refused to take a sum of money for the licence to hunt, requiring the liberty of picking five couple of hounds out of the whole pack. The unparalleled insolence and effrontery of this demand was increased by the circumstance of the Hunt having just received a present of ten couple of fox-hounds from England, which the General would not exclude from his choice. His demand met with a peremptory refusal: and the Deputy Master of the Hunt, accompanied by a friend, waited on His Excellency, and informed him of his determination to take out a licence for a limited pack, at the legal rate, about 20 rubles for each hound; and that as they wished to hunt the following day, the money should be sent the next morning; to which the General replied—"That as to the payment of the money the Hunt might consult its own convenience; that he depended on the word of honour of the Deputy Master and his friend, and cared not whether the money was paid then or in six weeks." This appears to have been a blind. The money, however, was sent the next morning; but His Excellency did not get it immediately, in consequence of his going out of town before it

was delivered. After what had passed the Hunt did not scruple to go out the next day. About 12 o'clock a party of Imperial Chasseurs rode up in green uniforms, covered with tassels and Imperial eagles, and armed with whips, *couteaux-de-chasse*, and ropes. They were come with express orders to make prisoners of the huntsman and whipper-in, and conduct them with the hounds to General Pashkoff. Resistance would have been easy and effectual, but in Russia a blow given to the Emperor's uniform is frequently repaid with a passport to Siberia. The Hunt was willing to believe that there was some mistake; but still there was no reason why the hounds should be taken away. The huntsman, who is a Yorkshireman, and perfectly up to his business at all times, handed over his horn with a significant wink to a Gentleman who was near him, who immediately gave a view-halloo, and took off the hounds in spite of the chasseurs, one of whom galloped for a considerable distance in hopes of stopping them, and then returned to his companions with a hearty curse (as nearly as it can be translated), "who the hell's to ride after those devils?" According to the huntsman's account the chasseurs met with a sorry reception from the General, who charged them with connivance at the escape of the hounds. The Yorkshireman defended them by explaining to His Excellency, that in England at a given signal the hounds were taught to run home as hard as they could go to avoid the trouble of keeping them together.

The pack which His Excellency hunts in the name of the Emperor at all times requires forty piqueurs. The Yorkshire hunts-

man tells a story of his having been out with them when he alone went away with the hounds, and actually killed a brace of hares with them before he was rejoined by the party. General Pashkoff wrote a long account of the affair to the Deputy Master, in which he stated why, and when, and where the orders were given for taking possession of the hounds; but unfortunately all the leading circumstances are directly contradicted by his own servants, or his own words uttered before witnesses. I was informed that the Hunt had afterwards regained the full liberty of hunting over the Crown lands and those of the Grand Duke Constantine; and that the Grand Duke, upon being informed of the affair, behaved in the handsomest manner, expressed his regret at the interruption, and invested the Hunt with all the powers necessary for the prosecution of their sport, and for the exclusion of others. VERAX.

## COURSING MEETINGS.

### THE DEPTFORD UNION.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1830.

**THE Gold Cup.**—Mr. Bayly's bl. b. Young Rhoda, by Scipio, out of Rhoda, beat Sir Hussey Vivian's bl. b. Vanish, by Beppo, out of Nettle; Mr. Heathcote's brin. and wh. b. Horsefly, by Vanguard's son, beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke, by Woden, out of Rose; Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. Highwind, bred in Yorkshire, beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Lancer, by Lamplighter, out of Ladybird; Mr. Bigger's wh. b. Bequest, by Boxer, out of Camilla, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw, by Galloway, out of Goldenlocks; Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Violet, by Voltigeur, out of Vanity, beat Mr. Astley's red d. Ajax; Mr. Phillips's bl. and wh. b. Rara, by Watchman, out of a daughter of Harebell, beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pasta, out of Pigeon; Mr. Bayly's f. b. Rodomontade, by Invincible, out of Honeymoon, beat Mr. Everett's bl. b. Echo, by Radical, out of Sister to Tip.

see; Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakim, by Hannibal, out of Harpell, beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina, by Woden, out of Bugle.

*Deptford Stakes, three sons. each.*—Mr. Biggs's red and wh. b. Bright-eyes, bred at Peolo, beat Mr. Bayly's wh. and blk. d. Rebel, by Boxer, out of Camilla; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe, by Senator, out of Gondola, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hamlet, by Hosein, out of Harpy; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa, has Jeannine, beat Mr. Vivian's red b. Victory, by Volunteer, out of Verity; Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. White-rose, by Woden, out of Rose, beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Priscilla, by Lucifer, out of Camilla.

*Fisherton Stakes, three sons. each.*—Mr. Goodlake's red d. Great Ben, by Whisker, out of a dark bitch, beat Mr. Heathcote's yel. and wh. b. Harebell, by Haff, out of Harebell; Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. b. Black-eyes, Sister to Bright-eyes, beat Mr. Heathcote's red b. Harriet, by Driver, out of Nettle; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust, late Burgess's Beetle, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Huff, by Huff, out of Harebell; Mr. Vivian's red d. Villager, by Volunteer, out of Verity, beat Mr. Astley's blk. b. Anna, late Witchery.

*Tilshead Stakes, two sons. each.*—*First Class.*—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette, sister to Priscilla, beat Mr. Wyndham's red b. Weed, sister to Wilhelmina; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Homespun, by Hareach, out of Homespun, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. d. Benedict, by Lounger, out of Nankeen.

*Tilshead Stakes, two sons. each.*—*Second Class.*—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouale, out of Rattlesnake, beat Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Heart-of-Oak, by Major, out of Phoenix; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Puff, by Plunder, out of a Patrick bitch, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gallopade, by Tippoo, out of Delightful.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 24TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Horsefly	beat	Bequest.
Violet	—	Young Rhoda.
High-wind	—	Hakim.
Rara	—	Rodomontade.

TIES FOR DEPTFORD STAKES.

Bright-eyes	beat	White-rose.
Giraffe	—	Louisa.

TIES FOR FISHERTON STAKES.

Great Ben	beat	Black-eyes.
Locust	—	Villager.

*Deciding Course for Tilshead Stakes.*—*First Class.*—Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Homespun beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Tilshead Stakes*

*Second Class.*—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Puff, and won the Stakes.

*Stockton Stakes, two sons. each.*—Mr. Astley's red d. Ajax beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gergaw beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Haff.

*Codford Stakes, two sons. each.*—Mr. Vivian's blk. b. Vanish beat Mr. Heathcote's wire-haired d. Medgehog; Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gallopade.

*Matches.*—Mr. Heathcote's Hart beat Mr. Biggs's Barrister; Mr. Biggs's Baffle beat Mr. Astley's Anna.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY THE 25TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Rara	beat	High-wind.
Horsefly	—	Violet.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Phelps's blk. and wh. b. Rara beat Mr. Heathcote's brin. and wh. b. Horsefly, and won the Cup; Horsefly the Sovereigns.

*Deciding Course for Deptford Stakes.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe beat Mr. Biggs's red and wh. b. Bright-eyes, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Fisherton Stakes.*—Mr. Goodlake's red d. Great Ben agst Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust—the Stakes were divided.

*Deciding Course for Stockton Stakes.*—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gergaw beat Mr. Astley's red d. Ajax, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for Codford Stakes.*—Mr. Vivian's blk. b. Vanish beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Vivian's Villager agst Mr. Heathcote's Hieroglyphic—undecided; Mr. Wyndham's Wellington beat Mr. Biggs's Black-eyes; Mr. Heathcote's Henbane beat Mr. Vivian's Victory; Mr. Heathcote's Hakim agst Mr. Heathcote's Highlander—undecided; Mr. Phelps's Rarity beat Mr. Heathcote's Hagler; Mr. Biggs's Baffle beat Mr. Vivian's Vicious; Mr. Wyndham's Wansdyke beat Mr. Biggs's Benedict; Mr. Biggs's Bright-eyes agst Mr. Goodlake's Giraffe—undecided; at a second slip two horses started, and Bright-eyes won, following the slipped hare.

Stewards for 1830—Mr. Pettat and Mr. Lawrence.

Stewards for 1831—Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Astley.

THE MALTON.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1830.

*For the Cup.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Ringlet beat Major Bower's blk. and

wh. b. Bellona; Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Roderick; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta, by Phantom, beat Mr. Swann's brin. d. Prime Minister; Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby beat Mr. Lowther's blk. and wh. d. Victor; Mr. Lowther's dun d. Venture beat Major Bower's blk. b. Blackmaid; Major Bower's f. d. Blackcap beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Damien; Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Woodbine beat Mr. Best's blk. b. Garnet; Mr. Swann's blk. b. Daisy beat Mr. Best's red d. Schoolboy.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each for Puppies.*—Mr. Best's red b. Hebe beat Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. b. Lady; Mr. Lowther's dun d. Virgil beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Tarragon.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each for Aged Dogs.*—Mr. Best's wh. d. Coxcomb beat Mr. Swann's brin. b. Daphne; Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Rainbow beat Mr. Best's red d. Roebuck.

*Matches.*—Mr. Best's Rosebud beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ink; Mr. Lowther's Phœbus agst Sir J. Johnstone's Rivulet—not run.

TUESDAY, MARCH THE 2D.

WHEATRAM.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Ringlet beat Venture.  
Woodbine — Valiant.  
Daisy — Blackcap.  
Vesta — Tibby.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Best's red p. b. Hebe beat Mr. Lowther's dun p. d. Virgil, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.*—Mr. Best's wh. d. Coxcomb beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Rainbow, and won the Stakes.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Lowther's blk. and wh. p. d. Victor, by Phantom, out of Violet, beat Mr. Swann's blk. p. b. Rosalind, by Miller, out of Rosebud; Mr. Best's red p. b. Harry, by Hercules, out of Clara, beat Major Bower's blk. p. b. Blackmaid.

*First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Comet, by Pepper, out of Clara, beat Mr. Swann's blk. b. Lady; Mr. Best's red d. Roebuck, by Regent, out of Clara, beat Mr. Lowther's red d. Phœbus, by Phantom, out of Playful.

*Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged.*—Mr. Lowther's red p. d. Whisker beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. p. d. Rapid, by Harewood Turk, out of Rosebud; Mr. Best's blk. p. b. Garnet, by Scamper, out of Tippet, beat Mr. Swann's bl. p. d. Evander, by Marmion, out of Sine to Swift.

*Matches.*—Mr. Lowther's Phœbus beat Mr. Best's Rector; Mr. Best's Mounch beat Mr. Swann's Damien.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3D.

LANGTON WOLD.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Vesta beat Woodbine.  
Daisy — Ringlet.

*Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged.*—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Comet beat Mr. Best's red d. Roebuck, and won the Sweepstakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.*—Mr. Lowther's f. p. d. Venture beat Mr. Best's bl. p. b. Rosebud, by Regent, out of Myrtle; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. p. d. Rapid beat Mr. Swann's bl. p. d. Evander.

*Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged.*—Mr. Best's r. d. Schoolboy beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p. b. Rosette; Mr. Lowther's dun p. d. Virgil beat Major Bower's f. p. d. Blackcap.

*Matches.*—Mr. Lowther's Phœbus agst Mr. Best's Malek—undecided; Mr. Swann's Daphne beat Sir J. Johnstone's Roderick; Mr. Cholmley's Popsy beat Major Bower's Galloper; Major Bower's Guardian beat Mr. Cholmley's Rector.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4TH.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Vesta beat Mr. Swann's bl. b. Daisy, and won the Cup—Daisy the Sovereigns.

*Deciding Course for the Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.*—Mr. Best's red p. b. Harry beat Mr. Lowther's bl. and w. p. d. Victor, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Second Sweepstakes for All-aged.*—Mr. Best's b. p. b. Garnet beat Mr. Lowther's red p. d. Whisker, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.*—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p. d. Rapid beat Mr. Lowther's f. p. d. Venture, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-aged.*—Mr. Best's red d. Schoolboy beat Mr. Lowther's dun p. d. Virgil, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Swann's Rosalind beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ringlet; Sir J. Johnstone's Comet beat Mr. Swann's Damien; Mr. Best's Hebe beat Mr. Swann's Daphne; Mr. Lowther's Valiant agst Mr. Best's Rosebud—undecided; Mr. Best's Rosetta beat Mr. Swann's Merit; Major Bower's Galloper beat Mr. Lowther's Phœbus; Mr. Cholmley's Popsy beat Major Bower's Blackcap; Major Bower's Guardian beat Mr. Cholmley's Rector; Mr. Lowther's Valiant beat Mr. Best's

Rosebud; Sir J. Johnstone's Rainbow beat Mr. Swann's Evander.

### THE LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE.

FEBRUARY 11, 13, AND 15.

*Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for Dogs of All Ages.*—Mr. Hutton's blk. d. Rattler beat Mr. Raimes's blk. d. Charles; Mr. Hutton's wh. d. Wellington beat Mr. Hutton's br. b. Nimble; Mr. Raimes's blk. d. Careful beat Mr. Smith's blk. b. Imp; Mr. A. Pollock's br. b. Lassie beat Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Cam; Mr. W. Wilson's dun d. Thwackum beat Mr. Robertson's brin. d. Harlequin; Mr. N. Cairnie's blk. and wh. b. Nettle beat Mr. Stewart's blk. d. Vulcan; Mr. M'Indoe's br. d. Velocipede beat Mr. Struther's br. b. Jenny Nettles; Mr. M'Indoe's blk. d. Rowton beat Mr. J. Wilson's blk. and wh. d. Thornley; Mr. Robertson's blk. b. Frolic beat Mr. Cram's br. d. Sportsman; Mr. C. Cairnie's yel. b. Snake beat Mr. Stewart's red d. Major; Mr. Raimes's wh. b. Echo ran a bye.

#### FIRST TIES FOR SWEEPSTAKES FOR ALL AGES.

Velocipede beat Thwackum.  
Careful — Rowton.  
Frolic — Snake.  
Nettle — Rattler.  
Wellington — Lassie.  
Mr. Raimes's Echo ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES FOR SWEEPSTAKES FOR ALL AGES.

Careful agst Echo—drawn.  
Nettle beat Frolic.  
Wellington — Velocipede.

#### THIRD TIES FOR SWEEPSTAKES FOR ALL AGES.

Careful beat Wellington.  
Mr. H. Cairnie's Nettle ran a bye.

*Deciding Course for Sweepstakes for All Ages.*—Mr. N. Cairnie's Nettle beat Mr. Raimes's Careful, and won the Stakes.

*Cup, value 25gs. for Dogs of All Ages.*—Mr. Smith's br. d. Blue Bonnet beat Mr. Hutton's br. d. Napoleon; Mr. N. Cairnie's b. and wh. b. Nettle beat Mr. Raimes's wh. d. Cowden; Mr. Meiklem's blk. b. Charlotte beat Mr. Hutton's blk. d. Rattler; Mr. Howie's br. d. Springkell beat Mr. J. Wilson's br. d. Dash; Mr. Robertson's bl. d. Keildar beat Mr. Stewart's blk. d. Clyde; Mr. W. Wilson's bl. d. Whalebone beat Mr. C. Cairnie's br. d. Jock; Mr. M'Indoe's blk. b. Laura beat Mr. Struther's br. b. Jenny Nettles; Mr. A. Pollock's br. d. Thom beat Mr. W. Wilson's blk. d. Warrior.

#### FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Keildar beat Nettle.  
Thom — Laura.  
Charlotte — Blue Bonnet.  
Whalebone — Springkell.

#### SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Whalebone beat Keildar.  
Charlotte — Thom.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Meiklem's Charlotte beat Mr. Wilson's Whalebone, and won the Cup.

*Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for Dogs not exceeding Twenty Months.*—Mr. W. Geddes's blk. b. Kate beat Dr. Young's blk. b. Jessie; Mr. Robertson's br. d. Sultan beat Mr. Robertson's blk. d. Velocipede; Mr. Woddrop's blk. and wh. b. Bang beat Dr. Young's wh. d. Star; Mr. Robertson's blk. d. Pirate beat Mr. J. Wilson's br. d. Swift; Mr. Smith's br. b. Queen beat Mr. Hutton's blk. d. Traveler; Mr. Hutton's blk. b. Charlotte beat Mr. Howie's blk. d. Rival; Mr. J. Pollock's br. b. Marchioness beat Mr. Meiklem's blk. d. Marquis.

#### FIRST TIES FOR SWEEPSTAKES FOR TWENTY MONTHS.

Marchioness beat Charlotte.  
Pirate — Queen.  
Sultan — Bank.  
Mr. Geddes's Kate ran a bye.

#### SECOND TIES FOR SWEEPSTAKES FOR TWENTY MONTHS.

Pirate beat Kate.  
Marchioness — Sultan.

*Deciding Course for Sweepstakes for Twenty Months.*—Mr. J. Pollock's Marchioness beat Mr. Robertson's Pirate, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Hutton's Charlotte beat Mr. Cram's Sportsman; Mr. Raimes's Charles beat Mr. Hutton's Rattler.

Mr. W. Geddes's blk. d. Serpent is the present Champion for the Silver Collar.

Stewards—Mark Sprot and Alexander Cunningham, Esqs; G. Kennedy, Secretary; Mr. David Brown, jun. Winchburgh, Tryer.

Nettle, the winner of the Old Stakes, as above, gained also the following:—the Young Cup in autumn 1838; the Old Cup in Spring 1839; the Old Stakes in autumn 1839; and is under twenty-seven months of age.

### BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1839.

*The Anchoise Stakes.*—Mr. B. Nicholson's brin. b. Caroline, by Milton, from Jane, beat Colonel Elmhirst's bl. b. Lovely, by Snail, from Beauty; Mr. J.

Slate's yel. b. Vesta, by Blank, from Jane, beat Mr. Hennege's brin. b. Luna, by Selim, from Duchess; Mr. Healey's blk. b. Mary beat Mr. J. Richardson's red b. Peep, by Pilot, from Peep; Mr. John West's brin. and wh. b. Minna, Sister to Wing, beat Mr. W. Prince's brin. b. Fly, by Blucher, from Nell.

*The Appleby Carr Stakes.*—Mr. Richardson's spotted d. Regent, by Blacklock, from Whiskey, beat Mr. Healey's blk. d. Cottingham; Mr. W. Prince's blk. d. Tippoo, by Tippoo, from Nell, beat Mr. J. Richardson's blk. d. Spanker, by Belton, from Queen.

*The Cup.*—Colonel Elmhirst's blk. and wh. p. d. Bowler, by Pilot, from Brunette, beat Mr. West's brin. and wh. d. by Blucher, from Bessy Bedlam; Mr. Healey's brin. and wh. b. Mary Jane, by George, from Violet, beat Mr. Richardson's red d. Roman, by Smoak, from Langton's b.; Mr. Hennege's blk. b. Lily, by Selim, from Venus, beat Mr. Slater's cream d. Tippoo, by Lottery, from Lady; Mr. J. Burkill's wh. d. Cliff, by Pilot, from Whiskey, beat Mr. J. Green's cream b. Tricksey, by Lottery, from Lady; Mr. Nicholson's blk. b. Maiden, by Balloon, from Twist, beat Mr. Healey's blk. b. Caroline, by Belton, from Queen; Mr. Richardson's blk. d. Scipio beat Mr. Hennege's blk. p. b. Louisa, Sister to Lady Bird; Mr. John Richardson's blk. and wh. b. Lady Jane, by Baluk, from Nimble, beat Mr. W. Prince's f. d. Jerry, by Hector, from Fly; Mr. J. Marshall's brin. and wh. b. Venus, by Blacklock, from Fly, beat Mr. J. Richardson's blk. b. Fly, by Belton, from Queen.

*The Derby.*—Colonel Elmhirst's blk. tick d. Bugle, by Balloon, from Twist, beat Mr. J. Burkill's red d. Longwaist, by the Irish Dog, from Mary; Colonel Elmhirst's blk. d. Brilliant, by Pilot, from Brunette, beat Mr. J. Richardson's red d. Pilot, by Pilot, from Peep.

*The Oaks.*—Mr. J. Burkill's brin. b. Laura, by the Irish Dog, from Mary, beat Mr. Hennege's red b. Lucinda, Sister to Lady Bird; Mr. Brown's blk. and wh. b. Chance, by Balloon, from Ancient, beat Mr. J. Slater's blk. tick b. Easy, by Mr. Allington's blk. d. from Crazy.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lady Jane beat Lily  
Cliff — Bowler  
Venus — Mary Jane  
Maiden — Scipio

TIES FOR THE ANCHOLME STAKES.

Minna beat Vesta  
Mary — Caroline

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*Deciding Course for the Appleby Carr Stakes.*—Mr. Richardson's spotted d. Regent beat Mr. W. Prince's blk. d. Tippoo, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.*—Colonel Elmhirst's blk. tick d. Bugle, Brother to Maiden, agst Colonel Elmhirst's blk. d. Brilliant—not run out.

*Deciding Course for the Ancholme Stakes.*—Mr. West's brin. and wh. b. Minna beat Mr. Healey's blk. b. Mary, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Colonel Elmhirst's Lovely (late Luff) beat Mr. W. Prince's Jerry; Mr. Healey's Caroline beat Mr. West's Duchess; Mr. Slater's Duke beat Mr. Healey's Caroline; Mr. Nicholson's Navarino beat Mr. Richardson's Jupiter; Mr. W. Prince's Blucher beat Mr. Slater's Tricksey.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lady Jane beat Cliff  
Venus — Maiden (lame).

*Deciding Course for the Oaks.*—Mr. J. Burkill's brin. b. Laura beat Mr. Brown's blk. and wh. b. Chance, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Marshall's brin. and wh. b. Venus beat Mr. J. Richardson's blk. and wh. b. Lady Jane, and won the Cup.

*Matches.*—Mr. Healey's Nelson beat Mr. Richardson's Wowaki; Mr. West's Minna beat Mr. Healey's Mary; Mr. Nicholson's Navarino beat Mr. J. Richardson's Pilot; Mr. Slater's Duke beat Mr. West's Patch; Mr. Burkill's Laura beat Mr. Everatt's Chance.

KILFANE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1829.

*The Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. J. Power's, jun. brin. b. Catgut beat Mr. C. Bayly's blk. d. Bill; Colonel Bruen's wh. b. Ada beat Mr. J. Butler's blk. and wh. d. Spot; Mr. Bayly's wh. d. Archer beat Mr. J. Butler's wh. d. Rapid; Mr. Bayly's blk. b. Bella beat Colonel Bruen's wh. b. Cygnet.

TIES FOR PUPPY STAKES.

Ada beat Archer  
Catgut — Bella

*Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.*—Mr. J. Power's, jun. brin. b. Catgut, by Doctor Mitford's Meestrooper, out of Mr. Lumley's Caroline, beat Colonel Bruen's wh. b. Ada, by Mr. Beut's Mounon, out of Lord Rivers's Red Rose, and won the Stakes.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10TH.

*The Old Stakes.*—Mr. J. Baker's brin. d. Swift beat Colonel Bruen's red b. Rose; Colonel Bruen's bl. and wh. d. Triton beat Mr. J. Power's, jun. bl. b. Fenella; Mr. J. Baker's brin. d. Moostrooper beat Mr. Alcock's blk. and wh. d. Jasper; Colonel Bruen's blk. and wh. d. Tartar beat Mr. C. Bayly's blk. d. Bill.

TIES FOR OLD STAKES.

Moostrooper beat Triton.  
Tartar — Swift.

*Deciding Course for the Stakes.*—Mr. J. Baker's brin. d. Moostrooper, by Doctor Mitford's Moostrooper, out of Spice, beat Colonel Bruen's Tartar, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Alcock's Jasper beat Mr. J. Power's, jun. Fenella; Colonel Bruen's Odin beat Mr. Alcock's Juniper; Colonel Bruen's Memnon beat Mr. Alcock's Jasper.

## THE AMESBURY.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1830.

*For the Cup.*—Mr. Astley's r. d. Ajax beat Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal, out of Mr. Prince's Fly; Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. High-wind (bred in Yorkshire) beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Homespun, by Harechout of Homespun; Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. White Rose, by Woden, out of Rose, beat Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit, by Marmion, out of a daughter of Bertram; Mr. Vivian's bl. b. Violet, by Volteux, out of Vanity, beat Capt. Wyndham's blk. d. Wallington, by Woden out of Wansbeck Witch; Mr. Moore's r. d. Mameluke, by Figaro, out of Marygold, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouze out of Rattlesnake; Mr. Brouncker's blk. and wh. b. Boadicea, by Bluecap, out of Ruby, beat Sir H. Vivian's bl. b. Vanish, by Beppe, out of Nettle; Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Anna (late Black-Eyes) beat Mr. Laurence's blk. b. Lisette, by Lucifer, out of Camilla; Mr. Heathcote's d. b. Hazelgrove, by Venator, out of Volage, beat Mr. Shard's f. b. Sly, by Spaniard, out of a daughter of Lord Rivers's Red Rose.

*Stonehenge Stakes.*—Mr. Brouncker's bl. b. Butterfly, Sister to Boadicea, beat Mr. Shard's blk. b. Snowdrop, by Zumber, out of Fuss; Mr. Laurence's blk. b. Louisa, by Javelin, out of Young Joan, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. t. b. Harpy, by Hosein, out of Harpy; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise (late Gabrielle), by Grandison, out of daughter of Camilla, beat Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest, by Boxer, out of Camilla; Mr. Astley's r. and wh. b. Amelia (late Bright-Eyes), Sister to Anna, beat Mr. Moore's r. b. Magic, Sister to Mameluke.

*Tedworth Stakes.*—Capt. Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke, by Woden, out of Rose, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hamlet, by Hosein, out of Harpy; Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Hieroglyphic, by Mr. Ford's blk. d. out of his Nettle, beat Mr. Astley's r. b. Agnes (late Victory), by Volunteer, out of Verity; Mr. Biggs's Bird's-eye beat Mr. Moore's yel. b. Maria, by Grandison, out of a daughter of Camilla; Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakim, by Hannibal, out of Harebell, beat Mr. Astley's r. d. Annibal (late Villager), Brother to Agnes.

*Amesbury Stakes.*—Mr. Hesketh's r. b. Henbane by Driver beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Baffle, by Hippolytus, out of Blast; Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurys, by Mr. Hesketh's Hercules, out of Effie Deana, beat Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Hercules, bred by Mr. Hassall.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH THE 3D.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

High-wind beat Boadicea.  
White Rose — Hazelgrove.  
Anna — Mameluke.  
Violet — Ajax.

TIES FOR THE STONEHENGE STAKES.

Eloise beat Butterfly.  
Amelia — Louisa.

TIES FOR THE TEDWORTH STAKES.

Bird's-Eye beat Hieroglyphic.  
Wansdyke — Hakim.

*Deciding Course for the Amesbury Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurys beat Mr. Hesketh's r. b. Henbane, and won the Stakes.

*Dyke Stakes.*—Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit beat Mr. Heathcote's d. d. Hawker; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette.

*Second Class of Dyke Stakes.*—Mr. Shard's br. d. Sandal beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Harpy; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Baffle beat Capt. Wyndham's r. b. Weed.

*Druid Stakes.*—Mr. Moore's r. b. Magic beat Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Hercules; Mr. Shard's f. b. Sly agst Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Highlander—drawn.

THURSDAY, MARCH THE 4TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

High-wind beat Violet.  
Anna — White Rose.

*Deciding Course for the Cup.*—Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. High-wind beat Mr. Astley's blk. and w. b. Anna, and won the Cup; Anna the Sovereigns.

*Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.*—Mr. Astley's r. and w. b. Amelia beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise, and won the Stakes.



*Deciding Course for the Tedworth Stakes.*—Mr. Biggs's Bird's-Eye beat Capt. Wyndham's blk. and w. d. Wansdyke, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Dyke Stakes.*—Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest beat Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course of Second Class of Dyke Stakes.*—Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Baffle, and won the Stakes.

*Deciding Course for the Druid Stakes.*—Mr. Moore's r. b. Magic beat Mr. Shard's f. b. Sly, and won the Stakes.

*Matches.*—Mr. Astley's Annibal beat Mr. Hesketh's Highlander; Mr. Astley's Agnes beat Mr. Etwall's Enigma; Mr. Astley's Achilles beat Mr. Hesketh's Hedgehog.

#### LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1830.

(Ages at May Day next.)

8. **A CORN**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 4gs. and a half:—by Skim, out of Mermaid, by Orville; grandam by Sir Solomon.

8. **ACTEON**, at Gullane, Hadlington, N. B.:—by Scud, out of Diana, (sister to Emily,) by Stamford—Whiskey.

5. **ALBANY**, at Barton Court, Newbury, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Whalebone, out of Moses dam, by Gohanna, grandam Grey Skim.

23. **AMADIS**, at Wentworth Lodge, Rotherham, at 5gs. and 1g.:—by Don Quixote, out of Fanny, by Sir Peter—Diomed—Desdemona.

14. **BANKER**, at Appleton Cottage Farm, near Warrington, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Smolensko, out of Quail, by Gohanna.

**BAY MALTON**, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 2 sovs. and 5s.:—by Filho da Puta, out of Racket, by Castrel—Miss Hap, by Shuttle.

7. **BEDLAMITE**, at Bonehill Farm, Tamworth, Staffordshire, at 10gs.:—by Welbeck, out of Maniac, by Shuttle.

**BELZONI**, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 7gs.:—by Black-

lock, out of Manuella (Memmon's dam), by Dick Andrews.

10. **BIZARRE**, at Latimer, at 10gs. and a half:—by Orville, out of Bizarre, by Peruvian—Violante, by John Bull.

17. **BOBADIL**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucestershire, at 12 sovs. and a half:—by Rubens, out of Brainworm's dam.

16. **BLACKLOCK**, at Bishop Burton, Beverley, at 25 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whitelock, dam by Coriander.

9. **BRUTANDORF**, at Leven, Beverley, at 5gs. by Blacklock, out of Mandane—by Young Camilla, by Woodpecker.

**BUCKFOOT** (an Arabian), at Charlbury, Oxon, if not let or sold by the 25th of March, at 5 sovs. and a half.

7. **CAMEL**, at Eaton Stud House, Chester, at 10gs. and a half:—by Whalebone, dam by Selim out of Maiden, by Sir Peter.

9. **CANTEEN**, at Smeaton Mains, Dalkeith, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea, by Gohanna.

21. **CATTON**, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray, by Timothy.

18. **CHAMPION**, at Wem, Salop, at 10gs.:—by Selim, out of Podagra, by Gouty; grandam, Jet, by Magnet.

8. **CHATEAU MARGAUX**, at Ledstone Hall, Ferrybridge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna.

21. **COMUS**, at Murton, York, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter.

9. **CONFEDERATE**, at the same place as Amadis, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Comus, out of Maritornes, by Cervantes—Sally.

10. **CONDUCTOR**, at the same place as *Camel*, at 5gs. and a half:—by *Filho da Puta*, out of *Venus da Medicina*, by *Whiskey*.

**CORINTHIAN**, at *Smaitholme*, *Kelso*, *North Britain*, at 5gs.:—by *Comus*, out of *Louisa* (*Jerry's dam*), by *Orville*.

**CRICKETER**, at *Harrowden Cottage*, near *Wellingborough*, *Northamptonshire*:—by *Octavius*, out of *Allegretta*, own brother to *Black-and-all-Black*.

9. **CYDNUS**, at *Stockwell*, *Surrey*, at 5gs. and a half:—by *Quiz*, out of *Persepolis*, by *Alexander*.

**DEFIANCE**, at *Mr. Isaac Sadler's*, *Aldsworth*, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by *Whalebone*, out of *Defiance*, by *Rubens*.

10. **DOCTOR SYNTAX**, at *Felton Park*, *Morpeth*, at 11 sovs.:—by *Paynator*, dam by *Beningbrough*.

13. **THE DUKE**, at *Porkington*, *Oswestry*, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by *Comus*, out of *The Colonel's dam* by *Delpiái*.

13. **DUNBINANE**, at *Hampton Court*, at 10gs.:—by *Macbeth*, out of *Peterea*, by *Sir Peter*—*Mary Grey*, by *Friar*.

11. **DUPORT**, at *Bennington Park*, *Herts*, at 5gs.:—by *Cerberus*, out of *Miss Cranfield*, by *Sir Peter*.

6. **EDMUND**, at *Shipborne*, 28 miles from *London*, twenty mares besides those of his owner, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by *Orville*, out of *Emmeline*, by *Waxy*.

9. **ELEPHANT**, at *Zixall*, *Staffordshire*, at 5gs.:—by *Filho da Puta*, out of a sister to *Shuttle Pope*, by *Shuttle*.

5. **EMANCIPATION**, at *Knutsford*, *Cheshire*, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—by *Blacklock*, out of *Finesse*, by *Peruvian*—*Vidante*, by *John Bull*.

10. **EMILIUS**, at *Riddlesworth*, *Norfolk*, at 12gs. and a half:—by

*Orville*, out of *Emily*, by *Stamford*—*Whiskey*.

11. **FIGARO**, at *Fulford Pad-docks*, *York*, at 12gs. and a half:—by *Haphazard*, dam by *Selim*, out of *Young Camilla*.

**FAIRPLAY** (a *Grey Arabian*), at *Haine's Livery Stables*, *Riding House Lane*, *London*.

18. **FILHO DA PUTA**, at *Farnsfield*, *Notts*, at 15gs.:—by *Haphazard*, out of *Mrs. Barnett*, by *Waxy*.

8. **FLEXIBLE**, at *Bishop's Castle*, *Salop*, at 7 sovs. and a half:—by *Whalebone* out of *Themis*, by *Sorcerer*—*Gohauna*.

13. **FLIBBERTIGIBBET**, at the same place as *Cydnus*, at 2gs.:—by *Comus*, out of *Selima*, by *Selim*—*Pot8o's*.

12. **GODOLPHIN**, at *Mr. Jones's Training Stables*, *Prestbury*, near *Cheltenham*:—by *Partisan*, out of *Ridicule*, by *Shuttle*.

9. **HELENUS**, at *Goodwood*, *Chichester*, at 5gs. and a half:—by *Soothsayer* out of *Zuleika*, by *Gohauna*.

9. **JERRY**, at *Grantham Arms*, *Boroughbridge*, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by *Smolensko*, out of *Louisa*, by *Orville*.

7. **LAMPLIGHTER**, at *Newmarket*, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by *Merlin*, out of *Spotless*, by *Walton*; grandam by *Trumpator*.

13. **LANGAR**, at *Porkington*, *Oswestry*, at 10gs. and a half:—by *Selim*, dam by *Walton*, out of *Sorcerer's dam*.

7. **LAPDOG**, at *Bistern*, *Ringwood*, *Hants*, at 7 sovs. and 5s.:—by *Whalebone*, dam by *Canopus*—*Young Woodpecker*.

14. **LITTLE JOHN**, at *Petworth*, *Sussex*, at 12gs.:—by *Octavius*, out of *Grey Skim*, by *Woodpecker*.

10. **LOTTERY**, at *Mr. Riale's Stables*, *York*, at 15gs.:—by *Tramp*, out of *Mandane*, by *Pot8o's*.

10. LUXBOROUGH, at Wells, Somersetshire, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by W's Ditto; dam by Dick Andrews.

MAGNET, at Riddesworth, Norfolk, at 3gs. and 5s.

6. MAMELUKE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half:—by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

15. MASTER HENRY, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, Ludlow, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

4. MERIDIAN, at Hoar Cross, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Gulliver, out of Mandoline, by Waxy. N.B. Winners and dams of winners gratis.

15. MERLIN, at Riddlesworth, Norfolk, at 12gs. and a half:—by Castrel, dam by Delpini, out of Tipple Cider.

8. MIDDLETON, at Newmarket, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov.: by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator.

11. MOSES, at Shirley Park, Croydon, at 10gs. and a half:—by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim.

7. MOSLEM, at Edinburgh, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—by Selim, out of Tredrille, by Walton—Pope Joan, by Waxy.

7. MULATTO, at the same place and price as Confederate:—by Catton, out of Desdemona, by Orville.

22. MOUNTBANK, at Burghley, Stamford, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter, out of Storaice, by Tandem.

8. NIGEL, at St. Alban's, at 5gs. and a half:—by Election, out of Rowena, by Haphazard—Prudence, by Waxy.

21. OCTAVIUS, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Orville, out of Marianne, by Mufti.

10. OSCAR, at Didlington, Brandon, at 5gs.:—by Juniper, dam by Oscar, out of Spinning Jenny's dam.

19. PARTISAN, at Newmarket, twenty mares, besides those of his owner, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Walton, out of Parasol.

12. PETER LELY, at Nantwich, at 10 sovs. and 5s.:—by Rubens out of Stella, by Sir Oliver—Scotilla, by Anvil.

8. PHANTOM (YOUNG), at Beverley, at 8gs. and a half:—by Phantom, out of Emmeline, by Waxy.

11. PICTON, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Smolensko; dam by Dick Andrews—Eleanor, by Whiskey.

16. PISCATOR, at Bromyard, Herefordshire, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Walton, out of Rosabella, by Whiskey.

12. POLYGAR, at Wakefield Lodge, Stoney Stratford, at 3 sovs. and a half:—brother to Partisan, by Walton.

20. PYRAMUS, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Meteor, out of Passion Flower, by Sir Peter.

RAJAH, at Stoke Cannou, Exeter, at 10gs. and a half:—by Haphazard; dam by Pilgrim.

8. REDGAUNTLET, at Burghley, Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Scud, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes.

15. REVELLER, at Hedgerley Park, Bucks, thirty mares, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov. each:—by Comus, out of Rosette, by Benningbrough.—(The portrait of this horse, given in our last Number, was engraved from a painting by Mr. J. A. Mitchel.)

6. RODERICK, at Blenheim Mews, Warwickshire, at 5gs.:—by Rubens, out of Prudence, by Waxy.

4. **RONALD**, at Euston, Thetford, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Centaur, out of Prudence, by Waxy.

11. **ROSSINI**, at Leominster, Herefordshire, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—Brother to Langar and Nicolo.

7. **ROYAL OAK**, at Oakley, Bedford, at 10 sovs.:—by Catton; dam by Smolensko, out of Lady Mary. by Beningbrough.

13. **ST. PATRICK**, at Newmarket:—by Walton; dam by Dick Andrews; grandam by Trumpator.

7. **SARACEN**, at the same place and price as Polygar:—by Selim, dam by Trumpator, out of Countess.

10. **SHERWOOD**, at Coneytrowe Farm, Somersetshire:—by Filho du Puta, out of Lampedosa, by Precipitate.

9. **SKIFF**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs.:—by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam, by Gohanna—Kezia, by Satellite.

9. **SIR GRAY**, at Warwick, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Rubens, dam by Beningbrough; grandam by Delpini.

17. **SKIM**, at the same place and price as Octavius:—by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker.

16. **SOBER ROBIN**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 10gs.:—by Orville, out of Harpy, by Phenomenon.

15. **SPECTRE**, at Stapleton, Presteigne, at 3gs.:—by Phantom, out of Fillikins, by Gouty.

16. **STAINBOROUGH**, at Bildesdon, Suffolk, at 10gs. and a half:—by Dick Andrews, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator.

6. **STRAITWAIST**, at Ferring, Worthing, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Interpreter, out of Longwaist's dam, by Dick Andrews.

8. **STUMPS**, at Beasley, Worcestershire, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whalebone, out of Scotia, by Delpini.

14. **SULTAN**, at Burghley, Stamford, by subscription at 40 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Selim, out of Baccante.

7. **TARRARE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half:—by Catton, out of Henrietta, by Sir Solomon.

14. **TENIERS**, at Mostyn, Hallowell, at 10gs. and a half:—by Rubens, out of Snowdrop, by Highland Fling.

14. **TIRESIAS**, at Norton, Mansfield, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy.

20. **TRAMP**, at Tickhill, Bawtry, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna.

22. **TRUFFLE**, at Newmarket, at 15gs.:—by Sorcerer, out of Hornby Lass, by Buzzard.

5. **VELOCIPEDE**, at Dringhouses, York, at 12gs.:—by Blacklock, dam by Juniper, grandam by Sorcerer.

11. **WANTON**, at Catterick Bridge, at 7gs.:—by Woful; dam by Shuttle, out of Galatea.

9. **WARWICK**, at Mr. John Edwards's Stables, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, at 2l. 7s.:—by Phantom, dam by Sir Petronel; grandam Sorrow, by Sorcerer, out of Pamela, by Whisker.

16. **WATERLOO**, at Hampton Court, at 15gs.:—by Walton out of Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella, by Highflyer.

24. **WAXY POPP**, at Clearwell Court, Gloucestershire, at 20 sovs. and a half:—by Waxy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.

15. **WELBECK**, at Leicester, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge by Waxy, grandam Prunella.

13. **WAVERLEY**, at Hessle, Hull, at 10gs. A winner of any of the great Stakes gratis; or having won or bred a winner of 50l. at 5gs.:—by Whalebone, out of Margaretta, by Sir Peter.

23. **WHALEBONE**, at Petworth, Sussex, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trum-pator.

18. **WHISKER**, at Brompton-on-Swale, Catterick, at 20gs. and 1g.:—own brother to Whalebone.

10. **WISBACRE**, at Blisto Falcon, Bedford, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—by Rubens, out of Brainworm's dam.

14. **WRANGLER**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10gs. and 10s.: by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

**ZEBRA**, a Grey Arabian, at Stratton, Swindon, at 5gs.

**ROBIN ADAIR (YOUNG)**, at Stratton, Swindon, at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Robin Adair, dam by Fortunio.

12. **TRAMP (YOUNG)**, at York, at 5gs.:—by Tramp, dam by Gabriel; grandam by Magnet.

#### DEFENCE OF THE PERCUSSION.

SIR,  
**H**AVING been a friend to the detonating system for guns from the first introduction of that improvement, I am induced to take its part against the arguments in favour of flint and steel, which appear to me to have obtained more credit than truth can warrant.

The general opinion is, that shot is propelled to a greater distance and with more uniform velocity from a gun, in proportion as the force of powder exceeds the weight of shot; and it is upon this false supposition that the anti-percussionists have grounded

their objections to detonating guns, by affirming, that "the explosion takes place so instantaneously that the whole of the load of powder is not ignited, and that a portion is driven out unexploded."

It is well known that the resistance which bodies meet with in passing through a fluid, increases as the square of their velocity. Therefore a load of shot, passing through the air at a given rate, would meet with four times the resistance if its speed were doubled. Hence if one drachm of powder will carry a load of shot forty yards with a given force, the power of two drachms would, it is true, give a double velocity to the shot at its egress from the muzzle of the gun; but the resistance being now four times greater than in the former instance, the force of it at the distance of forty yards would be very much diminished.

I have shot three seasons with my present gun, which is a double-barrelled detonator. For the two first seasons I used the proportions for the load which I received from the gunmaker, and during that time I do not recollect to have killed a bird farther than forty paces. Thinking this might be improved upon, I determined to try the effect of reducing the quantity of powder; and having first loaded with the original charge (and No. 5 shot), I fired at a tin powder flask at the distance of forty measured yards, and struck it with five shots, but the marks were barely perceptible. I then reduced the quantity of powder (only) one quarter, and the shots made much deeper indentations in the tin than before. I then reduced the powder still further, to about two-thirds of the original charge, and the result answered

my expectations fully: for I found five shots as firmly set in the tin as stone was ever set in gold. This last season was the first of the trial of my amended charge, and I was certainly more successful than I had ever been before, notwithstanding the scarcity of the birds. I measured the distance of two shots: one was sixty-two paces, and the other sixty-three; in both instances the birds fell dead at the fire.

Whether this be below the average of tinder-box power or not, I leave to the experience of those who have so strenuously advocated that cause.

I have from the first maintained that a detonator ignites *more grains of powder than a flint and steel gun does*. The result of my experiment has fully established my opinion upon this point; and I am quite persuaded that a similar trial would convince any one, that (whether a detonating gun ignites the whole load of powder or not) it at least ignites a greater quantity than is a proper proportion for the weight of shot. And this I conceive to be the very reason why detonating guns have been found by experiment to carry shot with less force than flint and steel, though each gun be loaded exactly alike, which I account for thus. The fire from the copper cap being driven with considerable force into the load of powder, ignites the whole; the force of which explosion being too great for the weight of shot, diminishes at a certain distance the velocity of the latter.

On the other hand, the fire communicates with the powder in the barrel of a flint and steel gun merely by the ignition of grain by grain; so that just as much of

the powder, and no more, explodes as is sufficient to discharge the load; and the shot thus receiving an impetus nearer the proper proportion to its own weight, is propelled to a greater distance with more uniform velocity.

A proper regulation of the charge, therefore, seems alone requisite to make a detonator carry as strong as a flint and steel gun; and if the means for diminishing the force of the powder instead of increasing it, had been consulted, less time would have produced a more satisfactory result.

If you think these few remarks worthy of a place in your pages, I shall feel much obliged by seeing them inserted.—I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

RUS IN UMBE.

London, March 17, 1836.

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#### A QUESTION ON TURF LAW.

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SIR,

**A**MONG the many advantages which the world has received from its connection with England, the love of sport is one which is not among the least—even here, where macaroni fills the place of roast beef, horse-racing is established, and some very decent English horses are in their proper place—winners.

Allow me to ask, if two Gentlemen make a match *without conditions*, and the horse of one of them being unable to start, does he or does he not pay forfeit? Among gentlemen I am aware that the question is not worth asking; but as bets may depend upon the decision, which bets of course are regulated by the decision of the match; and as it is here a matter

of law, I mean the Turf Law of England; I am induced to ask you a question which must appear ridiculous, but which at this distance, and under particular circumstances, is necessary. At all events it will inform you that the Orville blood, though transported to the burning climate of Sicily, still keeps its ascendancy; and that I have sent

instructions to add my name to the list of your numerous Subscribers.

*An Old and almost Finished Westminster.*

[According with the usual understanding, the horse not starting would be bound to pay half forfeit; but all bets would be off except those made P.P. In the latter case those who backed the horse receiving forfeit would win.—Ed.]

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### The Turf.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

#### NEWMARKET Craven Meeting.

—Monday: Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Gully's Clotilde, 8st. 3lb. A. F. 200 h. ft.—Sir M. Wood's Canary agst Mr. Cooper's Jungfrau, 8st. 4lb. each, first half of Ab. M. 100, h. ft.—Thursday: Mr. Cooper's Jungfrau, 8st. 7lb. agst Duke of Richmond's Confederacy, by Godolphin out of Frogmore's dam, 7st. first half of Ab. M. 100, h. ft.—Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, 8st. 12lb. agst Mr. Gully's Tyke, 8st. 2lb. D.M. 200, h. ft.—Friday: Mr. Ramsbottom's Tamandra, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Macnamara's ch. f. by Whisker, dam by Catton, 8st. T.Y.C. 50, h. ft.

*First Spring.* — Monday: Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, 8st. 10lb. agst Lord Worcester's Coulon, 8st. 2lb. Ab. M. 200, h. ft.

*First October.* — Monday: Mr. Thornhill's c. by Little John out of Zaire, 8st. 9lb. agst Mr. Gully's f. by Wrangler out of Charlotte, 8st. T.Y.C. 100.

*Second October.* — Monday: Mr. Thornhill's c. by Little John agst Mr. Gully's f. by Wrangler, 8st. 7lb. each, T.Y.C. 100.

*Houghton.* — Wednesday: Mr. Thornhill's c. by Little John, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Gully's f. by Wrangler, 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

*Ascot.* — Three of his Majesty's horses are entered for the Gold Cup, viz.—Fleur-de-Lis, aged; The Colonel, 5 yrs; and Hindostan, 5 yrs; and seven others, viz. Lord Exeter's Green Mantle, 4 yrs; Lord Chesterfield's

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Zinganee, 5 yrs; Lord Mountcharles's Gayhurst, 4 yrs; Duke of Rutland's Cadland, 4 yrs; Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta, 4 yrs; Sir M. Wood's The Mummer, 3 yrs; and Sir M. Wood's Cetus, 3 yrs.

George Nelson (an old and faithful servant of Lord Scarborough) is appointed principal jockey to the King, in the room of James Robinson. He will be at the Newmarket Craven Meeting to ride his Majesty's horses. The Colonel is again in racing trim, and great expectations are entertained of him.

#### RACES FOR APRIL.

Malton Craven .....	April 1
Mostyn Hunt .....	1
Croxton Park .....	7
Newmarket Craven .....	12
Catterick Bridge .....	14
Holderness Hunt .....	14
The Hoo .....	17
Bath Spring .....	21
Newmarket First Spring .....	26

T. C., a Correspondent from Liverpool, has favored us with the following, that "English readers may form some idea of the progress their Transatlantic brethren have made on the turf, with descendants of English blood stock, and the laudable spirit with which their Meetings are supported:"—

*New York Spring Entry for May 1830.*

A Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, 500 dollars (about 100 guineas) each, half forfeit, one-mile heats, fifteen subscribers—closed.

A Sweepstakes, all ages, 1000 dollars (about 200 guineas) each, pay or 3 D

play, three subscribers, one heat, four miles—closed.

A Match for 5000 dollars (about 1000 guineas) each, with Ariel and Arietta, half forfeit.

Also three Purses—1st day, best of heats, four miles; 2d day, best of heats, three miles; 3d day, best of heats, two miles.

### The Chase.

We have received two letters on the East Kent Fox-hounds—one from "A Friend to Truth," and a second from "A Candid Sportsman." The first defends himself from the charge made by "Francis Vaux" that he has lost his temper, and maintains, in justification of his former letter, that the Sporting World, "in reading a description of a pack of fox-hounds, are not very anxious to hear of waves dashing against a fishing-boat;" nor is it necessary "to interlard such a communication with flowery epithets." He adds: "When I gave (as I still do) Mr. Oxenden the credit for having been the owner of more good horses than any man of his age in existence, FRANCIS VAUX must be ignorant indeed to suppose that I would attempt to make such an assertion in any other sense than by speaking numerically; and every simpleton is aware that the number thirty exceeds that of twenty, twenty that of fourteen, and fourteen that of six or seven."—A "Candid Sportsman" defends the hounds, which he considers have been unfairly attacked. He says the country is as difficult, stiff, and trying to ride over as any in England, and the pack as speedy and capital as any to be met with in the Northern or midland counties; and that in a long and brilliant run we always see Mr. Oxenden and Tom heading the select, and following close at the tail of the hounds. He is at a loss to conceive what FRANCIS VAUX means by saying that both Mr. Henry Oxenden and his huntsman are not mounted upon horses near fast enough: "he is bold enough to say, in F. V.'s own language, that so prejudiced and so absurd an opinion is not worth answering and refuting." He concludes his letter as follows:—"On the 13th of

February we had a fine day's sport from Denton Mill. We drew the coverts of Ellinge, where we found almost immediately. The scent laid beautifully well, and reynard went away at a most gallant and noble pace to Swingfield Minness, through Stoney-lane Wood, down to Gatridge and Tap-ton Wood farm; back to Acryse; and thence to Willow Wood, up along the highland to Water-chain Wood, at a most slapping pace, right across the park of Broom, up to the fir trees bordering upon the Dover-road. He was now exhausted; and, after a short turn or two, we killed him in Broom Park. It was tremendously fast galloping for about three quarters of an hour. The field soon became select, for, out of fifty horsemen, there were only eight which kept close at the heels of the hounds throughout this fine and sharp burst and brilliant run. It would be invidious to mention their names."

*Extraordinary Leap with the Creen Hounds.*—On Saturday last, Mr. Smith, who hunts his own hounds, when in chace of his second fox across the lawn at Elcot, rode a large brown horse over the wall, which measures six feet two inches on the side from which it was taken, and the drop on the other side is nearly eight feet, without injury to man or horse.

### Coursing.

A question having been put to us on Coursing, we forwarded it to our valued correspondent PHILADELPHUS, who has favored us with the following reply:—"It being to be decided, which of two greyhounds won the course, in the case of 'a black and a white dog being slipped—the black one taking the lead, but before reaching the hare she turns of herself, which gives the advantage to the white dog, who keeps it and kills—a short course:—it seems quite clear to my judgment that the white dog won the course. The hare turning to him certainly gave him the advantage, which, however, he kept, and must have won, had the hare run off without a turn into covert; but though in Wilts a kill is accounted of little value, it must surely in this case be an



additional point in the white dog's favour. Did the white dog, besides getting first up to the hare, also turn or wrench her before he killed, it would of course be so much more in his favour. In judging a course I conceive that it is to be given, *not* to the dog whom we think *might be* the best, but to the one who *wins* that particular course. If, however, the two greyhounds in question both went fairly out of slips, and the black one shewed decided superiority of speed whilst they ran *straight*, I should expect that in two *short* courses out of three, the black dog would beat the white one.

A very singular circumstance happened on the 3d of March in the neighbourhood of this town. Mr. Southam and a party of friends were coursing, by permission of Lord Talbot, when a hare having been started, two greyhounds, hot in the pursuit, from opposite directions, met forehead to forehead, and such was the violence of the concussion that they both were killed on the spot.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

#### OWLING.

On Saturday morning, February 20th, ten lies good and true, Members of the Bore-stane Club, assembled at Lord Dunmore's pond to strive for the mastery against the bonny men of Airth. As the visit was unexpected, some time elapsed before the Airth club could be mustered. About mid-day, however, two rinks were formed, under agreement to play as long as the ice would serve. The contest continued till about four, when a tenant of the Noble Earl's having played to the bottom of the pond, and won on the curl, the game concluded—the Airth Club counting 38, and the bold boys of Bore-stane 33.

A keen and well-contested match took place at Ardoch on Tuesday, February 23, between the Dunblane and Ardoch Clubs. Victory for a long time remained doubtful, but at last it was decided in favour of the Dunblanians—the "lads of Ardoch" being 83, and the "very flower" 84. There were four rinks, and six players of each party on each rink.

#### Aquatics.

##### THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The Members of this Club held a meeting at their Club Room, Oliver's, Westminster, on Thursday the 4th of March, which was numerously attended. Several new Members were ballotted for, and others put in nomination for ballot at the ensuing meeting.

The Club having had the privilege of free entry into the ports and harbours of France confirmed on them by the French Government, the Secretary delivered to the owners of the several yachts their certificates (declaring their yachts to belong to the T. Y. C.), the production of which at the different custom-houses on the French coast frees them from every impost, except a small toll which is exacted at Boulogne and Havre, on all vessels frequenting those ports, towards paying the expenses of great repairs which are in progress.

The number of yachts in the Club to which this privilege is available is between forty and fifty. Several new yachts, constructing by the most scientific builders on the River, are preparing, some of which are already launched; and the season which is now about to commence bids fair to be productive of great amusement to the admirers of aquatic sports. And indeed, it is a source of great satisfaction to find, that the truly noble, manly, and national science of sailing, is so much on the increase, tending as it does, not only to promote great improvement in the art of ship-building, by bringing into execution the ideas of first-rate artists for building vessels designed for beauty and speed, but as affording much employment for a very deserving class of working men.

Among the new vessels of the larger size which the Members of the Club have launched, are—the Julia, a fine yacht of 22 tons, built in Hampshire; the Matchless, of 20 tons, built at Lambeth; and some others, which are equally highly spoken of. The celebrated Will-o'-the-Wisp is also undergoing such alterations as we have no doubt will place her high in the rank of fast-sailing yachts. In the jesser list are the Brilliant, Lady

Emma, Secret, Leander, and some others, each considered by their builders as the *ne plus ultra* of beauty. The former of these, by the builder of the far-famed Lady Louisa, is looked upon as likely to contest the palm of superiority with the Daphne, the winner of the last year's Cup given by the Gentlemen of the Clarence Yacht Club, and considered the fastest boat of her tonnage ever built. So much, indeed, is her fame envied, that two other yachts are in a state of forwardness, built expressly to contest the Above-bridge prize with her.

During the recess of the winter season, the laws and regulations of this Club have undergone some very judicious alterations, additional officers having been appointed, and such measures taken as we have no doubt will tend much to the advantage of the Club.

At the ensuing meeting, which takes place on the 1st of April, the day is to be fixed on which the first match of the season (Below-bridge) will take place; and it is expected many private matches will be brought forward, this being considered the first meeting for the new season.

#### PUGILISM.

The umpires appointed by Neal and Young Dutch Sam to settle the

question, whether Ned's being taken into custody on the evening before the intended fight was such an act of Magisterial interference as precluded Sam from receiving forfeit according with the articles, not having prevailed upon any referee to decide in case of their not agreeing, the Stakeholder consulted several Sporting Gentlemen, and upon their opinion demanded of Tom Cribb to name a day for the fight to come off. The veteran Ex-champion named the 2d of June, to which Sam, after some reluctance, agreed, but solely on condition that the battle-money should be placed in Cribb's hand. This, however, would be a breach of the original articles; and Sam's proposal has been peremptorily refused by Ned and his backers, and also by the Stakeholder: consequently it is doubtful whether Sam will appear in the ring—indeed he says he will not. In this case, we understand, the battle-money will be given to Neal.

A match has been made between Brown of Bridgenorth and Phil. Sampson, for 200l. a-side: so that there are now three good matches on the tapis—viz.

Brown and Sampson, May 11.

Byrne and M'Kay, June 2.

Neal and Young Dutch Sam, June 2.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the earnest request of several new Subscribers, the Number for May will commence another or SECOND SERIES OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, for which a new type has been specially cast by Messrs. MILLER of Edinburgh.

The Racing Calendar of the last season having extended considerably over those of former years, we have given an extra half-sheet, to get the whole, with its Index, into the present Volume.

We should have replied to our valuable Correspondent SHIKARREE's favour of last month, but knew not how to address him. A letter was, however, despatched by the same night's post to his friend at Marlborough. SHIKARREE's promised communications will be most acceptable.

An excellent account of the late Steeple Chase in Herts has been forwarded to us: but as Portraits of all the Performers are in the hands of our engraver, we postpone the particulars till we can give them complete. The accounts published are very incorrect.

We shall be happy to see the verses mentioned by "A Constant Reader."

We shall most readily comply with "H.'s" friendly suggestions whenever opportunity permits.—Some of his hints were anticipated in the last Number.

A very interesting letter from Paris has been forwarded to us on the attempt to establish fox-hounds at Boulogne and its environs—it shall appear next month.

Several other favours are come to hand.

The Public are respectfully informed, that the Proprietor of the SPORTING MAGAZINE having reprinted some of the back Numbers, a few PERFECT COPIES, from its very commencement, may now be had, by applying at 18, Warwick Square.

In our last month's Number, under the head of "Cocking," we stated that a main of cocks was to be fought on the 19th of April, but we are informed it is postponed to the 21st of April, and two following days.

## RACING CALENDAR, 1829.

### NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

**MONDAY, July 13.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Caradori</i> , by Centaur, out of Catgut (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Vansittart's br. f. <i>Magawiska</i> , by Whisker .....	2
The following also started but were not placed:			
Lord Anson's b. f. by Phantom, out of Elizabeth .....	0	Walton .....	0
Lord Orford's ch. f. <i>Emilina</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Augusta .....	0	Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Verderer</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> .....	0
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by <i>Gustavus</i> , out of <i>Pea-blossom</i> .....	0	Mr. Mills's b. f. <i>Windfall</i> , by <i>Reveller</i> , out of <i>Legacy</i> .....	0
Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Careful</i> , by <i>Orville</i> or Two to 1 agst <i>Caradori</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Magawiska</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Windfall</i> . Won by a length.	0	Lord Jersey's br. c. by <i>Whalebone</i> —Moses's dam .....	0

The JULY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C.—Twenty-seven subscribers.

Str M. Wood's ch. c. <i>The Mummer</i> , by Reveller, out of <i>Matilda</i> , by <i>Ambrosio</i> (J. Robinson) .....	1	Miniature .....	2
Lord Anson's ch. c. by <i>Morisco</i> , out of The following also started but were not placed:		Lord Jersey's ch. f. by <i>Comus</i> , out of Cobweb .....	3
Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Envoy</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , out of <i>Aline</i> .....	0	Shuttle— <i>Eliza</i> .....	0
Lord Exeter's b. c. by <i>Sultan</i> , out of Advance .....	0	Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. f. by <i>Emilius</i> , out of <i>Witch</i> , by <i>Soothsayer</i> ...	0
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by <i>Tramp</i> , dam by Two to 1 agst Lord Exeter's colt, 5 to 2 agst The Mummer, 5 to 2 agst Lord Anson's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's filly. Won by a length.	0	Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. <i>Amoret</i> , by <i>Abjor</i> ..	0

Lord Exeter's b. h. *Redgauntlet*, by *Scud*, aged, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Lyne Stephens's ch. c. *Kildars*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 200, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, July 14.**—FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Turquoise*, by *Selim*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. M. Seven subscribers.

Mr. Batson's b. f. <i>Seraph</i> , Sister to Serab, by Phantom, 8st. 9lb. (J. Robinson) .....	1	taur, 8st. 7lb. ....	3
Mr. Greville's ch. f. <i>Zarifa</i> , by <i>Moses</i> , 8st. ....	2	Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Strephon, 8st. ....	4
Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Ronald</i> , by Censix to 4 agst <i>Seraph</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Zarifa</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Ronald</i> . Won by a length.		Lord Orford's br. f. <i>Tancreda</i> , by <i>Tancred</i> , 8st. 4lb. ....	5

Second Year.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. M. M.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Barnardo</i> , by <i>Bustard</i> , dam by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b. (Conolly) .....	1	yrs old, 8st. 11b. ....	2
Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Lancastrian</i> , 4		Lord Orford's br. c. <i>Chiron</i> , by Centaur, dam by <i>Smolenske</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Anson's ch. f. by Tranp—Prue, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0	old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Abjer, 3 yrs	0	Lord Exe'er's br. f. Gold Pin, 3 yrs old, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0
Even betting on Lancastrian, and 5 to 2 agst Barnardo. Won by a length.			

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—MATCH for 100.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Portland's ch. c. <i>Harlequin</i> , by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Vansittart's br. g. The Deer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Five to 4 on Harlequin. Won by three quarters of a length.			

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile and a distance of B. C. The late Mr. Perram, by his will directed his Executors to pay 30gs. to the winner of this Purse.

Mr. Batson's b. f. <i>Seraph</i> , by Phantom, out of Jessy, by Totteridge (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Vansittart's br. f. Magawiska, by Whiaker .....	4
Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias—Ambiguity .....	2	Lord Orford's b. c. Scheik, by an Arabian—Selma .....	5
Duke of Grafton's br. f. Caradori, by Centaur .....	3	Mr. Headley's ch. g. Blinker, by Godolphin, out of Vignette, by Rubens, 6	6
Six to 4 agst Caradori, 5 to 2 agst Seraph, and 7 to 2 agst Duke of Portland's colt. Won by two lengths.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Emerald</i> , by Emilius, out of Zinc, by Woful (J. Day) .....	1	out of Manceuvre, by Rubens .....	2
Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. by Master Henry, The following also started but were not placed :		Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Marinette, by Tiresias—Mary .....	3
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Woful, out of Zealot's dam .....	0	out of Harpooner's dam, by Young Woodpecker .....	0
Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Gulliver, out of Mandoline .....	0	Lord Southampton's f. by Tiresias, out of Scratch .....	0
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Amoret, by Abjer, Four to 1 agst Emerald, 5 to 1 agst Mr. L. Charlton's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Marinette. Won by a length.			

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—New T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. <i>Carthusian</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Arnall) .....	1	Lord Tavistock's ch. f. Rosetta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Even betting. Won by a length.			

Second Year.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb.; and three, 9st.—New T. Y. C.

Mr. Batson's br. f. <i>Discovery</i> , by Tiresias, out of Harriet, 3 yrs old (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Prince's b. c. by Centaur, dam by Eagle, grandam by Sir Peter, out of Deceit, 2 yrs old .....	2
The following also started but were not placed :			
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Ronald, by Centaur, 3 yrs old .....	0	old .....	0
Mr. Greville's b. f. by Master Henry, out of Manceuvre, 2 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Verderer, by Tiresias, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. L. Stephens's ch. f. by Nicolo, out of Tears's dam, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Astonishment's dam, 2 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Impudence, 3 yrs		Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Shepherdess, 3 yrs old .....	0
Seven to 4 agst Discovery, who was claimed according to the articles for 200 sovs. Won by a length.			

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—New T. Y. C.

Mr. Lyne Stephens's b. f. <i>The Hare</i> , by Nicolo, out of Jerboa (F. Boyce) 1		colo. dam by Benningbrough, out of Miss Magnat .....	2
Mr. Perkins's ch. c. Red Rover, by Ni-		Six to 5 on Red Rover. Won by a length.	

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## MATCH for 300, 200 ft.—First three miles of B. C.

Mr. Aldridge's br. h. *Damon*, by Amadis, 8st. 10lb. (J. Robinson) ..... 1 | Capt. Locke's ch. g. Spondes, 8st. 13lb. 2  
Two to 1 on *Damon*. Won by a neck.

## MATCH for 50.—First half of Ab. M.

Lord Oxford's ch. f. *Emelina*, by Emilius, out of *Mirandola*, 8st. 5lb. (G. Edwards) ..... 1 | Lord Anson's b. f. by Phantom—Elizabeth, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on *Emelina*. Won easy.

## PRESTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 14.**—The **FOURTH STANLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a quarter.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Sligo's b. c. *Economist*, by Whisker, out of *Floranthe*, 4 yrs old, 8st. (T. Shepherd) ..... 1 | Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. *Ultimatum*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 2  
Mr. France's br. c. *Mufli*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Wilkinson's ch. m. *Duchess of Lancast.* 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 0 | Mr. Simpson's b. f. *Moll-in-the-Wad*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. .... 0  
Mr. Fletcher's br. f. by Blacklock, out of *Arabella*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. .... 0 | Mr. Marton's br. h. *Brunswick*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 8  
Two to 1 agst *Mufli*. 3 to 1 agst *Economist*. 4 to 1 agst *Ultimatum*, 5 to 1 agst *Brunswick*, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Fletcher's filly. A fine race, and won by a head.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. *Lely*, by Peter Lely, out of Doctor Syntax's dam, 8st. 2lb. (G. Nelson) ..... 1 | Lord Grosvenor's br. f. *Banter*, by Master Henry, out of *Boadicea*, 7st 13lb. 2  
Five to 4 on *Banter*. Won easy.

**The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE** of 70l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Thompson's b. f. *Minera*, by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb. (C. Skelton) ..... 3 1 1  
Mr. Shipley's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 2 2 2  
Mr. Simpson's Queen Sheba 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 4 3 3  
Mr. Arnson's br. c. *Agitor*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 5 4 dr.  
Mr. Fletcher's br. c. by Blacklock, out of *Arabella*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1 dis.  
Mr. Fletcher's colt came in first for the second heat; but a jostle having been proved against him, he was deemed distanced, and the heat given to *Minera*, who came in second. Even betting on Mr. Fletcher's colt. Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, July 15**—A **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. added to Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles and a distance.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Major Yarbrough's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (S. Templeman) ..... 1 | 8st. .... 2  
Mr. Clifton's b. h. *Fylde*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 3  
Lord Sligo's b. c. *Economist*, 4 yrs old, | Two to 1 on *Laurel*. Won easy.

**SEVENTY POUNDS**, given by the Earl of Derby, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Clifton's br. c. *Poor Fellow*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Nelson) 4' 1 1  
Mr. Ridsdale's Master Burke, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 1 2 2  
Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. *Big Ben*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 3 2  
Mr. Simpson's *Moll-in-the-Wad*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 2 0 0  
Mr. Hudson's b. c. *The Earl*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 5 0 0  
Six to 4 on Master Burke; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on *Poor Fellow*. Won easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for four-year-olds and upwards.—One mile and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. M. Millar's b. g. *Cheshire Cheese*, aged, 11st. 11lb. .... walked over.

## THE RACING CALENDAR, 1829.

**THURSDAY, July 16.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's br. c. <i>Guido</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Miss Syntax, by Paynator, 8st. 4lb. (G. Nelson) .....	1	Lord Wilton's ch. c. by Cervantes, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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Five to 1 on Guido. A good race, and won by a head.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.**—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a quarter.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Agnes</i> , by Theais, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. (Capt. Reuss) ...	1	Mr. Hobson's b. m. <i>Judy Nicholson</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	3
Mr. M. Millar's b. g. <i>Cheshire Cheese</i> , aged, 12st. ....	2	Mr. W. Stanley's ch. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , by Norton, aged, 12st. ....	4

Two to 1 agst *Judy Nicholson*, 2 to 1 agst *Nimrod*, and 4 to 1 agst *Agnes*. A very good race.

**SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.**—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Economist</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (T. Shepherd) .....	1	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	3	3
Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Big Ben</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	5	2	Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Y. Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4	4
Mr. Margetson's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	5	2	Mr. Clifton's br. c. <i>Poor Fellow</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	dr.

Even betting on *Economist*; after the first heat, high odds on him. Won easy.

## WELLS MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 15.**—The MENDIP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 sovs. added from the Racing Fund; the winner of the Somersetshire Stakes 1829 to carry 4lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. 1lb. (A. Pavis) .....	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3
Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Alcaston</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	4

Thirteen Subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft. and 23 others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

**A PURSE of 50l. for horses that never won.**—Heats, to start at the Grand Stand, and go twice round.

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair, out of Euphrasia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Chapple) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Scott's b. c. by Woful, out of Lusa, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Allen's ch. h. <i>Kouli Khan</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	4	3	3
Mr. Jones's b. g. <i>Ancient</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	2	4	4
Mr. Whitmore's b. f. <i>Creeping Jane</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	dis.		

**The WELLS SILVER CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. for horses not thorough-bred.**—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subscribers.

Mr. White's b. g. <i>The Counsellor</i> , aged, 12st. 6lb. (Mr. Davis) .....	1	1	12st. 6lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Wilson's b. m. <i>Emma</i> , aged, .....	1	1	Mr. Jones's b. g. <i>Ancient</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. ....	2	dr.

**THURSDAY, July 16.**—The PRIOR'S HILL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Cosby's b. m. <i>Constance</i> , by Tramp, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (S. Day) .....	1	Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (fell) .....	0
Mr. T. J. Wood's b. h. <i>Carib</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2		

*Benefit's* rider was knocked off by running against a post; the mare then ran between the ropes, which caused her to fall. The rider was not seriously hurt.

The GENTLEMEN'S PURSES of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, to start at the mile-post, and go twice round.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	1 1	9st. 8lb. ....	2 2
Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old,		Mr. Whitmore's gr. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3 dr.

A HACK STAKES of three sovs. each, with a handsome pair of wine-coolers added, for all ages not thorough-bred.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Wokingham, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	1 1	9st. 11lb. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Haddy's b. m. <i>Eglantine</i> , aged,		Mr. Anderson's b. m. <i>Gypsy</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb.....	dis.

### CHELTENHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 21.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last half mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. <i>Mrs. Brown</i> , by Spectre, out of Pet's dam (Chapple), 1	1	Mr. Thorne's b. c. by Spectre— <i>Jessy</i> , by Poulton.....	2
Four to 1 on the winner. Won easy.			

The GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , by Piscator, dam by Alexander, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (S. Templeman).....	1	Mr. I. Day's b. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , aged, 8st. 8lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Hedgeford</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Foxcote</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Ruby</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	0
Mr. Payne's b. c. <i>Alcaston</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	Mr. Peel's b. m. <i>Little Bo-peep</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0		
Mr. Griffith's b. h. <i>Musquito</i> , 4 yrs old,			

Fourteen Subscribers paid 15 ft. and 14 others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Five to 2 agst *Mayfly*, 4 to 1 agst *Hajji Baba*, 5 to 1 agst *Alcaston*, and 5 to 1 agst *Ruby*. A good race, and won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Benson's b. f. <i>Melody</i> , by Bustard, dam by Sultan (Chapple) .....	3 1 1
Mr. Payne's b. c. <i>Merman</i> .....	1 2 dr.
Mr. Lucas's ch. f. <i>Maiden of the Mist</i> (late Miss Foote) by Manfred.....	2 dr.
Two to 1 on <i>Melody</i> ; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on <i>Merman</i> . The first heat a good race; the second won easy.	

Mr. J. H. Peel's b. f. *Liliputian*, by Gulliver, rec. ft. from Mr. E. Jones's br. f. *Frolic*, by Whisker, dam by Shuttle, both 3 yrs old, 8st. each.—Two miles, 200 sovs. h. ft.

THURSDAY, July 23.—The SHERBORNE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added for horses of all ages.—New mile.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. <i>Musquito</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs old, 9st. (Calloway), 1	1	9st. 7lb. ....	2
Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Alcaston</i> , 4 yrs old,		Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 13lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. J. Day's br. m. <i>Buske</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 13lb. ....	0	Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0
Mr. 's h. <i>Etiquette</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. (not thorough-bred).....	0	Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Merman</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Peel's br. m. <i>Little Bo-peep</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	0	Mr. Lucas's ch. f. <i>Maiden of the Mist</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	0
Mr. Beechey's ch. f. <i>Dabchick</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	Mr. Peel's b. f. <i>Liliputian</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	0

Three to 1 agst Dabchick, 4 to 1 agst Villager, 4 to agst Alcaston, and 7 to 1 agst Musquito. A good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages—Three miles.—Four subscribers.—The second horse to receive back his stake.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , by Piscator, dam by Alexander, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (Templeman) .....	1	Mr. Griffith's b. c. Musquito, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
		Five to 2 on Mayfly. Won by a head.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses that never won 100l. at any time.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. J. H. Peel's b. c. <i>Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Cal-loway) .....	1	8st. 7lb. ....	2
		Mr. Careless's b. c. Defford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3

Mr. Dully's br. f. Baleine, 4 yrs old,

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Tomes's br. c. Foxcote, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Vever's ch. c. Villager, 4 yrs old, 11lb. ....	0	Mr. Day's b. f. Rubigo, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....	0

Five to 4 agst Foxcote, 3 to 1 agst Baleine, 4 to 1 agst Defford, and high odds agst Boy Blue. A good race.

## BIBURY MEETING.

(Cheltenham Course.)

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—The BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 30 sovs. added for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Alcaston</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Leviathan's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Goodiason) .....	1	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. Ruby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
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One Subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft., and six others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Ruby the favorite. Seven to 4 on Ruby. Won very easy.

The BURFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added for horses of all ages. Heats, the New Mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Bewson's b. f. <i>Melody</i> , by Bustard, dam by Sultan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Chapple) .....	1	1	7st. 4lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Pet, 3 yrs old, ....			Mr. Goodlake's ch. m. Jeasy, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	3	3

Won easy.

## CHELMSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 21.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for mares of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Turquoise*, by Selim, out of Pope Joan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, by the Members of the County, for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Verdery</i> , by Tiresias, out of Landscape, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	1	1	Landlord), 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	3	3
Mr. C Bottom's br. m. Mantua, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	5	2	Mr. Messer's br. c. Chew Bacon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	4
Mr. Pearce's ch. g. Guildford (late Won very easy. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 200 sovs.			Mr. Gardner's b. m. Luna, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	4	5

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Eleven subscribers.



Mr. Westens's ch. h. <i>Conrad</i> , by Friday, out of Jenny Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Dockeray) .....	1	Mr. Stewart's b. f. <i>Careful</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	4
Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	2	Mr. Gardner's br. h. <i>Conjuror</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	5
Lord J. Fitzroy's b. c. <i>Lancastrian</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	Mr. Theobald's b. c. <i>Hohenlohe</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ....	6
		Won by half a length.	

TOWN PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. O'Connor's br. h. <i>Dæmon</i> , by Amadis, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (Connolly) .....	1	1	yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Smith's b. m. <i>Virgin Pullet</i> , 6			Mr. Stewart's b. f. <i>Careful</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	dr.
		Won easy.			

THURSDAY, July 23.—The STEWARDS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , by Rainbow, out of Brown Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Wheatley) .....	1	1	Mr. Theobald's ch. c. <i>Hohenlohe</i> , 3 old, 7st. 3lb. ....	2	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, made up 50l. for the beaten horses.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Messer's br. c. <i>Chester Bacon</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Connolly) .....	1	1	yrs old, 9st. ....	3	2
Mr. Smith's b. m. <i>Virgin Pullet</i> , 6			Mr. C. Bottom's br. m. <i>Mantua</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	3

### TAUNTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 21.—The TAUNTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Norman) .....	1	1	old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , 5 yrs			Mr. Bayley's ch. f. <i>Lily of the Valley</i> , by Robin Adair, dam by Sanchez, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....	3	3
Four Subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft. and eight others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.					

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Borough.—Heats, to start at the Red Post, and go twice round.

Mr. Thorne's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Trenn) .....	1	1	Reveller, out of Hell Cat, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	dr.
Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , by			Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	3	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. (Guppy) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	1	2	dr.
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, to start at the Red Post, and go once round.

Mr. Thorne's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Trenn) .....	1	1	Mr. Bayley's ch. f. <i>Lily of the Valley</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (bolted in the second heat) ....	3	dis.
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , by Rubens, out of Effie Deans, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Lewin) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Jeffrey's ch. f. <i>Sister to Cymbeline</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	2	3
Mr. Smith's b. c. <i>Woodlands</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	5	3	2

Mr. Margerum's b. f. Benefit, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Dilly's b. h. Pandarus, 5 yrs old, 8st. .... 2 dr.  
 Benefit ran on the wrong side of a post in the second heat.

FREE HANDICAP of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, to start at the Red Post, and go once round.

Mr. Thorne's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Trenn)..... 1 1	Mr. White's b. g. Counsellor, aged, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.
Mr. Wilson's br. m. Emma, aged, 8st. .... 2 2	Mr. Jeffrey's ch. f. Sister to Cymbeline, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 4 dr.

### STAMFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—The BURGHLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 sovs. added.—Once round, starting at the New Mile Post.

Mr. Sowerby's br. c. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Wakefield).... 1	8st. 11lb. .... 3
Lord Tavistock's ch. m. Leeway, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2	Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 4
Mr. Platel's ch. m. Blaze, 5 yrs old, 8st. .... 2	Dr. Willis's br. c. by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. .... 5

Two Subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and twelve paid five sovs.

The DONATION CUP, value 50 sovs. by subscriptions of five sovs. each, with 20 added, of horses of all ages not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—The surplus in specie to the second horse.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Horner's b. h. by Bradbury, dam by Pilgrim, aged, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. Berkeley)..... 1 1	Mr. Horner's gr. f. Kate, by Confe-derate, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 2 3
Mr. Lowe's b. m. Miss Fanny, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 4 2	Mr. Standwell's bl. m. Caroline, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 3 4

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Tavistock's c. by Phantom, or Morisco, out of Katherine (Edwards), 1	Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Canopy, by Blacklock ..... 4
Mr. Platel's ch. f. Iule, by Smyrna ..... 2	Dr. Willis's br. c. by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard..... 5
Lord Exeter's b. f. Gold Pin, Sister to Pinwire ..... 3	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Day Star</i> , by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Baker), 5	1 1
Col. King's b. f. Betty Martin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 1	3 3
Mr. Beppo's b. c. Medallist, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 4	2 2
Mr. Tryon's gr. m. Mignonette, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. .... 3	4 dr.
Mr. Walker's b. f. May-flower, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2	dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs. 15 ft. 10st. each.—Straight mile.

Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by Wothorpe (Owner)..... 1	Mr. Bradford's ch. c. Emancipation, by Equator ..... 2
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THURSDAY, July 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. <i>Amoret</i> , by Abjer (Wakefield)..... 1	Miss Cantley..... 3
Lord Tavistock's f. by Morisco, out of Butterfly..... 2	Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Little John—Shepherdess' dam..... 4
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of	Mr. Platel's ch. f. <i>Toujours</i> , by Smyrna, out of Tantot's dam ..... 5

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by 11 subscribers of 10 sovs. each.—Thrice round.

Mr. Sowerby's br. c. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Wakefield).... 1	Lord Tavistock's ch. m. Leeway, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 2
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# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1899.

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**THE TOWN PURSE** of 70l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. Winners once this year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., thrice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Augusta (Arnall) .....	1	1	tes, out of The Juggler's dam.....	4	3
Mr. Hedley's ch. g. Blinker .....	2	2	Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Rubens, out of Waltonia .....	3	4
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Cervan-					

**FRIDAY, July 24.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-  
fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—**New Mile.**—Three subscribers.

Mr. Greville's ch. <i>Xarifa</i> , by Moses (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Platel's ch. f. <i>Jule</i> , by Smyrna.....	2
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**FIFTY POUNDS**, the gift of the Marquis of Exeter, for horses of all ages.—  
Heats, twice round.

Gen. Grosvenor's <i>Daystar</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Baker) .....	1	1	old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.
Col. King's b. f. <i>Betty Martin</i> , 4 yrs			Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	dis.	

**MATCH** for 50 sovs.—**New Mile.**

Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Whichnor, 8st. (Buckle, Jun.) .....	1	Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Daystar</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 6lb. ....	2
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**MATCH** for 50 sovs.—**Once round, and a distance.**

Mr. Lowe's b. m. <i>Miss Fanny</i> , by Young Vespasian, aged, 11st. 11lb... 2	2	Mr. Hortor's gr. m. <i>Kate</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ....	2
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## KNUTSFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—**THE PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for  
three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's b. f. *Butterfly*, by Whisker, 8st. 2lb. .... walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.;  
fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Cicely</i> , Sister to Cain (W. Lear) .....	1	Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter .....	3
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by Master Henry .....	2	Lord Derby's bl. c. Grimbald, Brother to Uganda .....	4

Six to 4 agst Grimbald, and 5 to 2 agst Cicely. Easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies,  
8st. 1lb.—**The Peover Course.**—The second received back his stake.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Cicely</i> , Sister to Cain (W. Lear) .....	1	Woful .....	2
Sir W. Wynne's br. f. <i>Sally Mags</i> , by Even on Cicely. Won easy.		Lord Derby's ch. c. by Magistrate, dam by Kill-Devil .....	3

**A PURSE** of 100 sovs. by eighteen subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50  
added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—The second horse received  
20 sovs.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , by Banker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Calloway) .....	1	lock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Pelion</i> , by Black-		Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Sampson</i> , by Ambo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3

Two to 1 on Halston. Won easy.

**THE MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Herbert Lacy</i> , by Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Calloway) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Tattler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (rec. 10l.) .....	1	2	2
Mr. Randall's gr. m. <i>Magora</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	0	3
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Ultimatum</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	0	
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Nell Gwynn</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	0	0	dr.

Six to 4 agst Ultimatum, and 2 to 1 agst Tattler. Easy.

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—The **PROVER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—One mile and a distance.—Fourteen subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, aged, 9st. (Templeman).....	1	Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Olympus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	8st. 2lb. ....	0
Mr. Bower's b. f. <i>Lady Vane</i> , 4 yrs old, Even betting on Doctor Faustus, and 7 to 4 agst Halston. Won easy.	0	Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Olympus</i> , by Blacklock, out of Michaelmas, 4 yrs old (Spring).....	1	1	Mr. Turner's br. c. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs old .....	2	3
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Johnson's br. c. <i>Mercury</i> , 3 yrs old, 0	0	Mr. Thompson's b. f. <i>Minera</i> , by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Cooper's br. f. <i>Manta</i> , by Milo, 4 yrs old.....	0		

The winner was claimed according to the articles by Mr. Turner, for 120 sovs.

The **SILVER CUP**, value 50 sovs., with 10 sovs. to the second horse, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred :—three-year-olds, 10st. ; four, 10st. 9lb. ; five, 11st. 4lb. ; six and aged, 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Balshaw's b. g. 4 yrs old (Owner) .....	0	2	1	1
Mr. Evans's ch. g. <i>Wonder</i> , 5 yrs old .....	1	0	0	fell
Mr. Lythgoe's ch. g. <i>Major</i> , 5 yrs old .....	0	0	0	2
Mr. Palin's br. f. 3 yrs old .....	0	0	0	3
Mr. Wood's gr. g. <i>Alderman</i> , aged (bolted) .....	2	1	dis.	
Mr. Massey's ch. g. <i>Medlar</i> , 5 yrs old .....	0	0	dis.	
Mr. G. Ditchfield's ch. m. <i>Beasy</i> , 6 yrs old .....	0	fell		

*Wonder* broke his leg in running the last heat, and was immediately killed on the spot.

**THURSDAY, July 30.**—The **TATTON PARK STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , Sister to Leviathan, by Muley, dam by Windle (Calloway).....	1	Lord Derby's ch. c. <i>Mirabel</i> , by Blacklock .....	2
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Seven to 4 on Lucy. Won easy.

The **DUNHAM MASSEY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's br. c. <i>Guido</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Miss Syntax (Templeman) .....	1	Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by Master Henry .....	2
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Five to 1 on Guido. Won easy.

**SIXTY POUNDS** for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—The owner of the second horse received 10l.

Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>Sampson</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Lear) .....	3	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by Tiresias, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	3	2
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Stapely</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2	dr.

Six to 4 agst Sampson. A good race.

## YORK AUGUST MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The **KNAVESMIRE HANDICAP STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four-year-olds.—Last mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Economist</i> , by Whisker, out of Floranthe, by Octavian, 8st. 1lb. (Conolly) .....	1	7st. 10lb. ....	2
Col. Cradock's br. c. <i>Fox</i> , by Whisker, .....	1	Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Blacklock, 7st. 10lb. ....	3
		Mr. Yarrowburgh's br. f. <i>Belinda</i> , 8st. 7lb. 4	4

Five and 6 to 4 agst Fox, 2 to 1 agst Economist. Won easy by two lengths. Run in 2 min. 53 sec.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Four miles.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Ballad Singer</i> , by Tramp, out of Clinkerina, by Clinker, 8st. 4lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	Mr. Mason's br. f. by Waverley, out of Lancashire Witch, by Mr. Teazle, 8st. 11lb. ....	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, by Ma- gistrate, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Tramp, out of Cora, 8st. 11lb. ....	4

Even betting on Ballad Singer, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Terror.  
Won easy by three-quarters of a length. Run in 7 min. 47 sec.

**THE GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three-quarters.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Abel</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Amiable, by Orville (S. Darling) .....	1	Mr. Bailey's br. c. Brielle, by Filho or Magistrate .....	2
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Three to 1 on Abel. A good race. Run in 3 min. 22 sec.

**THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for five-year-olds and up-wards.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Six subscribers.

Lord Milton's br. h. <i>Mulatto</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	..... yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Duke of Leeds's gr. h. Moonshine, 5 Six to 4 agst Mulatto, 5 to 2 agst Moonshine, and 4 to 1 agst Actæon. A good race, won by a neck. Run in 4 min. 22 sec.		Lord Kelburne's ch. h. Actæon, aged, 8st. 4lb. ....	3

**ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS** given by His Majesty :—four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Gen. Sharpe's ch. h. <i>Malek</i> , by Black- lock, out of Velocipede's dam, 5 yrs old (G. Nelson) .....	1	rin, dam by Ponteland—St Paul— Babraham Blank, out of a half-bred mare, 4 yrs old .....	2
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Mr. Bowser's ch. c. Rufus, by Palme- Ten to 1 on Malek. Won in a canter.

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Nineteen subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Carolan</i> , by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews (Nel- son) .....	1	Mr. Foljambe's br. f. by Whisker, dam by Walton .....	4
Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. by Blacklock, dam by Walton .....	2	Mr. Gray's c. by Whisker, dam by Paynator .....	5
Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, by Tramp, 3 Even betting on Carolan, and 5 to 2 agst Tartarina. Won cleverly by a length. Run in 1 min. 13 sec.	3	Mr. Forth's b. f. by Woful, dam by Election, out of Amazon .....	6

**THE PEREGRINE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Four subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , Sister to Medoro (Lye) .....	1	Tramp .....	2
Mr. A. Bower's br. c. Timour, by Two to 1 on Dora. Won easy, by a length.		Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Abel, by Filho da Puta .....	3

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the City of York, added to a Subscription Purse, for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two miles.—Twenty-eight subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Cambridge</i> , by Catton (Nelson) .....	1	Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Jenny Mills, by Whisker .....	3
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Ballad Singer, by Tramp .....	2	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vanish, by Phantom .....	4

Six to 4 agst Cambridge, and 7 to 4 agst Ballad Singer. A good race, and won by only half a head. Run in 3 min. 42 sec.

**THURSDAY, July 30.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Apollonia</i> , Sister to	Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. by Smolensko
Delphine, by Whisker (W. Scott) ... 1	—Paynator..... 2
Five to 1 on <i>Apollonia</i> . Won in a canter.	

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—

The second horse to have his stake returned.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. <i>Clotilde</i> , by Tramp,	Lord Kennedy's b. c. Prince Eugene,
out of Neva, by Cervantes, 8st. 2lb.	8st. 5lb..... 4
(W. Scott)..... 1	Mr. Watt's b. c. Wodenblock, by
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by St. Patrick,	Blacklock, 8st. 2lb..... 5
out of Rhodacantha, by Cemus,	Lord Milton's b. f. Marcella, by Whis-
8st. 2lb..... 2	ker, 8st. 2lb..... 6
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude,	Mr. Watt's b. f. Margellina, Sister to
7st. 13lb..... 3	Mammon, 8st. 2lb..... 7
Seven to 4 agst Prince Eugene, 4 to 1 agst Wodenblock, 4 to 1 agst Duke of Leeds's colt, 6 to 1 agst Clotilde, and 6 to 1 agst Fortitude. Won cleverly by a neck. Run in 3 min. 46 sec.	

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the City of York, added to a Subscription Purse:—five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.—Twenty-eight subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. h. <i>Granby</i> , by Cannon	aged .....	3
Ball, out of Shoehorn, 5 yrs (Scott) ... 1	Lord Scarbrough's b. m. Lady Georgi-	
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Mulatto, by	ana, by Catton, 6 yrs old (broke her	
Catton, 6 yrs old .....	leg, when about two distances from	
2	home) .....	4
Lord Kelburne's ch. h. Actæon, by Scud,		
Five to 4 agst Granby, 2 to 1 agst Lady Georgiana, 5 to 2 agst Mulatto, and 4 to 1 agst Actæon. Won very easy. Run in 7 min. 47 sec.		

**FRIDAY, July 31.**—First Year of the RENEWED SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a subscriber, or his declared confederate, three months before the day of running.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Apollonia</i> , Sister to	old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3
Delphine, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st.	Lord Milton's b. f. Dora, 3 yrs old, 6st.	
11lb. (J. Holmes) .....	11lb. ....	4
1	Major Yarbrough's br. f. Belinda, 4 yrs	
Lord Sligo's b. c. Economist, 4 yrs old,	old, 8st. 3lb. ....	5
8st. 3lb..... 2		
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, 4 yrs		
Even betting on Apollonia, and 2 to 1 agst Economist. A good race, and won by only a head. Run in 3 min. 43 seconds.		

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Thirty-one subscribers.

Mr. Gibbeson's br. c. <i>Wandering Boy</i> ,	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, by
by Oiseau, dam by Whitelock	Whisker..... 4
(Scaughan) .....	Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. Y. Patrick, by
1	St. Patrick..... 5
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Tyke, by Tramp—	Lord Sligo's b. f. Vat, by Langar, out
Cervantes .....	of Wire .....
2	6
Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. by Pilgarlick—	
Whisker..... 3	
Even betting on Tyke, 5 to 1 agst Fortitude, 5 to 1 agst Y. Patrick, and 7 to 1 agst Wandering Boy. Won cleverly, by a length. Run in 2 min. 21 seconds.	

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the City of York, added to a Subscription Purse:—for four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.

Lord Milton's b. h. <i>Medoro</i> , by Cer-	Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Cambridge, by
vantes, out of Marianne, 5 yrs old	Catton, 4 yrs old .....
(T. Lye) .....	1
Duke of Leeds's gr. h. Moonshine, 5 yrs, 3	
Even betting on Medoro, and 6 to 4 agst Cambridge. Won by a length. Run in 3 min. 46 seconds.	

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Members of the City of York, for horses of all ages,—Heats, one mile and a half.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. *Jenny Mills*, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Gray) ..... 2 1 1  
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. Fox, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (received nine sovs.) ..... 1 4 2  
 Mr. Bailey's br. c. Brielle, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 4 2 3  
 Colonel King's ch. c. Madcap, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 3 3 dr.  
 Six to 4 on *Jenny Mills*, and 2 to 1 agst Fox; after the first heat 7 to 4 on Fox; after the second heat 3 to 1 on *Jenny Mills*. Won cleverly.

## EXETER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The Sixth Year of the DEVONSHIRE STAKES (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—About two miles.

Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf, by Stamford, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Nurman) .....	1	Mr. Biggs's ch. c. Lusher, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 3	
Mr. Thorne's br. c. Omen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	2	Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Presentiment, aged, 8st. 8lb. ....	4
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and 19 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Omen the favorite. A good race, and won by only a head.		Mr. Martin's ch. g. Moses, aged, 8st. 4lb. 5	5

PIECE OF PLATE, value 100l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round the Old Course and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (Chapple) .....	1 1	Mr. Fellowes's br. c. by Selim, out of Interloper's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	4 dr
Mr. Scott's br. c. Souter Johnny, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2 2	Mr. Scott's b. c. Woodlands, by Woful, out of Luss, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	5 dr
Mr. Hiard's b. m. Profile, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	7 3	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Annette, by Phantom, out of Meg Merrilies, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	6 dr.
Mr. Wreford's b. f. Warbler, by Rajah (half-bred), 3 yrs, 5st. 13lb. 3 4			

Each heat won by about half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. <i>Wrangler</i> , by Rajah (half-bred) 3 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Mr. Shute) .....	1 1	11st. 2lb. ....	3 2
Mr. Fellowes's br. m. by Colossus, out of the Bucephalus mare, 5 yrs,		Mr. S. Trelawney's b. h. Orgar, by Smuggler, out of Lupa, by Co-riander, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. ....	2 dr

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Thorne's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Trenn) .....	1 1	Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2 dr.
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The LADIES' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. <i>Wrangler</i> , by Rajah (half-bred), 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Chapple) .....	1 1	3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	3 2
Mr. Ley's b. h. Gros de Naples, 5		Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. Sister to Cymbeline, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2 dr.

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. J. B. P. Chichester's br. c. by Selim, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 0		8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Hiard's b. m. Profile, 6 yrs old,		Mr. Finch's ch. g. Moses, aged, 8st. 2lb. ....	0

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , by Reveler, out of Hell Cat, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Trenn) .....	1 1	Mr. White's b. g. Counsellor, aged, 8st. 6lb. ....	3 dr.
Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. Sister to Cymbeline, 4 yrs old, 7st. ....	2 dr.	Mr. S. Trelawney's b. h. Orgar, 6 yrs old, 7st. ....	4 dr.

## BRIGHTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—The BRIGHTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 100 added for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Mountcharles's br. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Mann) .....	1	Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Helenus</i> , aged, 9st. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	Principessa's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 0
Mr. Payne's b. c. by Orville, out of Romp, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....	0	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Reveller, out of Romp, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....

Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and five others having declared ft. by the time pre-  
scribed paid only five sovs. each. Seven to 4 on *Helenus*, and 5 to 1 agst *Maresfield*.  
Won by three quarters of a length.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.;  
fillies, 8st. 9lb.—Last half mile.

Lord Egremont's b. f. <i>Sister to Twatty</i> , by Whalebone (Arnall) .....	1	Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Convent</i> , by Figaro—The Duchess.....	2
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Three to 1 agst *Convent*. Won by half a length.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile.—Five  
subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Hindoo</i> , by Whalebone, out of Arbis, by Quiz, 8st. 4lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	Mr. Stonehewer's ch. c. <i>The Lion</i> , 8st. 4lb. ....	2
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Three to 1 on the *Lion*. Won by a length and a half.

**The SUSSEX PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New  
Course.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Oc- tavian, dam by St. George, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Wheatley) .....	1	1	old, 7st. 4lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Page's b. c. <i>Michel Grove</i> , 3 yrs			Mr. De Burgh's Brother to John de Bart, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	3	dr.

Two to 1 on *Gameboy*.

**THURSDAY, July 30.**—The SCRUB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-  
year-olds.—Three quarters of a mile.—Three subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Frolic, out of Camel's dam, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall) .....	1	8st. 4lb. ....	2
Mr. Payne's ro. f. <i>Jungfrau</i> , by Skim, Seven to 4 agst Lord Egremont's colt, 5 to 2 agst <i>Jungfrau</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Hindoo</i> .		Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Hindoo</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	3

**The GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. given by His Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes  
of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.;  
five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—  
Two miles.

Lord Mountcharles's b. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, 5 yrs old (S. Mann) .....	1	Lord Egremont's Brother to Lapdog, 3 yrs old. ....	3
Mr. B. Bond's b. c. <i>Pegasus</i> , 3 yrs, 2		Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Privateer</i> , 4 yrs old, 4	4

Six to 4 on *Privateer*, and 2 to 1 agst *Maresfield*.

**The TOWN PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses  
of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Reveller, out of Romp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Robinson)...	2	1	1
Duke of Richmond's b. g. <i>Chico</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Page's b. c. <i>Michel Grove</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.	

Six to 4 on *Chico*; after the first heat 10 to 1 on him; after the second heat 3 to 1 on  
Mr. Rush's filly.

**FRIDAY, July 31.**—The VICTUALLERS' GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. for  
horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, dam by St. George, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (Wheatley) .....	2	1	1
Mr. B. Bond's b. c. <i>Pegasus</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. De Burgh's b. c. <i>Brother to John de Bart</i> , by Carbon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. dis.			



**FIFTY POUNDS** for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Rush's b. c. <i>Brother to Vision</i> , by Phantom, dam by Smolensake, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Robinson) .....	5	1	1
Mr. Clark's ch. m. <i>Amelia</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	2	2	2
Mr. Dickinson's bl. g. <i>Scotus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ....	1	5	dr.
Mr. B. Bond's b. c. <i>Meridian</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	4	3	dr.
Mr. T. Best's gr. h. by Little Jehn, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	3	4	dr.

**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Payne's b. c. by Orville, out of Princessa's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. (R. Stephenson) .....	1	1		Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Helenus</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	2	2
				Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>Mal</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb. ....	3	3

Two to 1 on *Helenus*.

**YARMOUTH MEETING.**

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—The **GOLD CUP STAKES** of 60 sovs. by five subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Gurney's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Praz, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Ferdham), 1 1	1	1	1	3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	3
Colonel Wilson's br. c. <i>Little-go</i> , 3				Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Gambol</i> , 3		
				3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	dr.

*Gambol* broke a blood vessel towards the conclusion of the best.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each.—Owners to ride.—One mile.

Mr. Caldecott's b. g. <i>Olive Branch</i> , 9st. 13lb. ....	1	1	1	Mr. S. Palmer's b. m. <i>Fair Helen</i> , 9st. 11lb. (ran on the wrong side of of a post) .....	dis.
Mr. Munro's b. f. <i>Victorine</i> , 9st. 12lb. ....	2	2	2		

**A HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , aged, 9st. (Wright) .....	2	1	1
Colonel Wilson's ch. f. <i>Bungay Lass</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Pedgrift's br. g. <i>Screw-driver</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted) .....	dis.		

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by <i>Nicolo</i> , dam by Juniper, out of Trimbush, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1	1	old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Gurney's ch. f. by Tramp, 3 yrs				Mr. Pedgrift's ch. g. <i>Screw-driver</i> , 3		
				3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted) .....	dis.	

The **NELSON STAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , by Tristram, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Wright) 1 1	1	1	1	Mr. Munroe's ch. g. <i>Tom</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Gurney's br. c. <i>Hawmead</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	2	2	Mr. Smith's b. f. <i>Victorine</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	4	4

**DERBY MEETING.**

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—**SIXTY GUINEAS** given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, dam by Camillus, out of Young Rachel, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1	1	3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	4	3
Sir G. Sitwell's ch. c. by Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	5	2	2	Mr. C. Doncaster's b. m. <i>Elegance</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	4
Mr. W. Owen's b. c. Orville Spectre, by Spectre, out of Clovis's dam, 3				Mr. Whitehead's br. c. <i>St. Nicho-</i> <i>las</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	3	dr.
				Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Uncle John</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	6	dr.

Won easy.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by 10 subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , by Grey Walton, dam by Barnaby, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	1	aged, 9st. 3lb. ....	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , .....	1	Mr. Jackson's b. m. <i>Brenda</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3
		A good race, and won by half a neck.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.—SIXTY GUINEAS, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.**

Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , by Grey Walton, dam by Barnaby, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	Mr. Thompson's br. c. <i>Zekiel Home-spun</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2
		Won easy.	

**SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 2lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Half-a-mile.—Five subscribers.**

Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Banker— <i>Nerissa</i> , by Woful .....	1	Filho da Puta .....	3
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Blackberry</i> , by Sherwood .....	2	Mr. Charlton's b. f. by <i>Negociator</i> , dam by Filho da Puta, grandam by Benningbrough .....	4
Sir G. Sitwell's b. f. by <i>Figaro</i> , dam by .....		Won by a head.	

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Fifteen subscribers.**

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Chance</i> , by Waverley, out of <i>Negociator's</i> dam, by Camillus .....	1	Camillus .....	2
Mr. Painter's b. f. by <i>Strephon</i> , dam by .....		Sir G. Sitwell's ch. c. by <i>Magistrate</i> —Dick Andrews .....	3
		A good race.	

### WINCHESTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Twenty subscribers.**

Mr. Mills's ch. c. <i>Cornelian</i> , by Rubens, dam by Woful—Sister to Brandon, 8st. 4lb. (Cowley) .....	1	Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Zeuxis</i> , by Rubens, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Windrush</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. Taylor's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Miss Platoff, by <i>Remembrancer</i> , 8st. 1lb. ....	0
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Device</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , 8st. 4lb. ....	0		

*Device* the favorite. A beautiful race, and won only by a head.

**The REVELLER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 sovs. added by Chas. Shard, Esq. for the produce of mares covered by Reveller.—Last half-mile.—Seven subscribers.**

Mr. G. Lovell's b. c. *De Vers*, by Reveller, out of *Vale Royal*, 8st. 7lb....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—The New Straight Mile.—Five subscribers.**

Mr. Dilly's br. f. <i>Balsine</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Vale Royal</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (S. Day) .....	1	7st. 5lb. ....	2
Mr. Mills's ch. c. <i>Cornelian</i> , 3 yrs old, .....		Mr. Gardner's b. f. <i>Emmelina</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3
		A fine race.	

**HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.**

Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by <i>Clinker</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (G. Boast) .....	1	Mr. Mills's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 12st. ....	2
		Mr. Coming's ch. m. <i>Aura</i> , aged, 12st. ....	3

**SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subscribers.**

Mr. H. Jones's b. f. <i>Smitax</i> , by Rubens, out of <i>Snowdrop</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (J. Lewin) .....	1	Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
		dr.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.**

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Mr. Mills's ch. c. <i>Cornekan</i> , by Rubens, dam by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Lewin).....	1 1	veller, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2 3
Mr. Portman's ch. c. Red Mantle, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4 2	Mr. Dundas's ch. f. by Robin Adair, out of Rose, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb....	3 4
Mr. Shard's b. f. Revelletta, by Reveller, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....		Mr. Gardner's b. m. Luna, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	5 5

Won cleverly.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half-mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Cetus</i> , by Whalebone, out of Lamia, by Gohanna (S. Day)...	1	Oppidan's dam .....	2
Mr. W. Wyndham's b. f. by Comus—		Mr. Wreford's b. c. Will Watch, by Middleton .....	3

A very interesting race. Won easy by two lengths.

**THE CITY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. <i>Windermere</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (S. Day).....	1 1	7st. 9lb. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Jones's b. f. Smilax, 4 yrs old,		Mr. Gauntlett's b. h. Pandarus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3 dr.

An excellent race.

**THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dilly's br. f. <i>Balcine</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Cowley)...	3	1	1
Mr. H. Jones's b. f. Smilax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	3	dr.
Mr. Gardner's br. f. Emmeline, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	2	dr.

Two capital heats.

Mr. Biggs's bl. f. *Negress*, by Reveller, out of Vale Royal, rec. ft. from Mr. Gauntlett's b. f. *The Etching*, by Rubens, out of Lamas, 8st. 7lb. each, the New Mile, 100 sovs. h. ft.

## OXFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo—Olivia Jordan, by Sir Oliver, aged, 9st. 5lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Challenger, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Barossa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.) .....	2	Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Pet, by Gainsborough, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.....	4
Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and 12 others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.		Mr. Peel's b. g. Little Boy Blue, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	5

Six to 4 on Liston. Won easy.

**THE COUNTY PURSE** of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Blandy's br. c. <i>His Highness</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. Bask, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	2	3
Mr. Peel's b. f. Liliputian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	3	2
Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair, out of Euphrasia, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (fell).....		1	dis.

Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—The GOLD CUP (in specie), by thirteen subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Rasselas</i> , by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (S. Mans) .....	1	bens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Challenger, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....		Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	3

Two to 1 on Rasselas. A fine race, and won by only a head.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Tonster</i> , by Reveller, out of <i>Sentiment</i> , by Selim, 8st. 4lb. (Connolly).....	1	Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. <i>Geoffrey Crayon</i> , 8st. 4lb. ....	2
		Won easy.	

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.					
Mr. Blandy's br. c. <i>His Highness</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Wood's br. h. <i>Carib</i> , by Friday, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Peel's b. f. <i>Liliputian</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	3	2	Mr. Wilkinson's br. f. <i>Theresa</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	4	4
		Won easy.			

## HUNTINGDON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—The CUP STAKES, value 100 sovs., by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , by Rain- bow, out of <i>Brown Duchess</i> , by Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	1	1	Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Daystar</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	4	3
Mr. Payne's br. h. <i>Belsoni</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	2	2	Lord Tavistock's ch. f. <i>Rosetta</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3	4

A most excellent race, and won by a length.

The HINCHINBROOK PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.  
Lord Southampton's b. c. *Grampian*, by Walton, dam by Rubens, 4 yrs old,  
8st. 3lb. ....

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	1	4	1
Lord Orford's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4	1	3
Mr. Platel's ch. m. <i>Blaze</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	2	2
Mr. Messer's br. c. <i>Chew Bacon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	5	3	4
dr.			

An excellent race. Won by half a neck.

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Heats, once round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by Wotherpe, out of <i>Jezebel</i> , 8st. 2lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Platel's ch. f. <i>Jule</i> , by Smyrna, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Theakstone's br. f. <i>Tancreda</i> , 8st. 2lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Sowerby's b. f. <i>Impudence</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , 8st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.

The winner was claimed by Mr. Theakstone, according to the articles, for 300 sovs.  
A well contested race, and won by a length.

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—The HUNTINGDON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Sowerby's br. f. <i>Impudence</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	5	1	1
Mr. Messer's br. c. <i>Chew Bacon</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	5	4
Mr. Platel's ch. m. <i>Blaze</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	4	2
Mr. Channell's b. g. <i>Bielskol</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3	3	3
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by <i>Strephon</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	4	2	dr.

Each heat well contested; the last won by only half a neck.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.  
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. *Day Star*, by Phantom, out of Moonshine, 3 yrs old,  
7st. 2lb. ....

Lord Southampton's b. c. <i>Grampian</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	1	2	1
Mr. Fenton's b. f. <i>Careful</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	2	1	2
The first heat won by half a neck, the second by a neck, and the third by about half a length.			

## LEWES MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 4.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (W. Wheatley) ..	2	1	1
Capt. Locke's ch. g. <i>Spondee</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2

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Mr. Haines's br. h. Rembrandt, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. .... 3 3 dr.  
Mr. Clark's br. c. Scipio, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. .... 4 dr.

The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Shackell's br. h. <i>Bhurtpore</i> , by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (G. Dockeray) ..... 1 1	7st. 4lb. .... 2 2 Captain Locke's br. c. Bottle Imp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 3 3
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Mr. Walker's b. c. Dicky Dolus, 3

WEDNESDAY, August 5.—The LADIES' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Payne's ro. f. <i>Jungfrau</i> , by Skim, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 1 1	7st. 5lb. .... 4 3 Mr. Clark's ch. f. by Centaur, out of Mystic's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. .... 3 4
Mr. Scaith's b. f. Yelva, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 2 2	Mr. B. Bond's bl. f. by Smolensko, out of Shepherdess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 5 dr.

Lord Egremont's br. c. by Whale-  
bone, out of Spree's dam, 3 yrs old,  
Six to 4 agst *Jungfrau*.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Lord Worcester's b. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (Robinson) 1	Mr. Payne's ch. c. Privateer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2
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Eleven to 10 on Privateer.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Gallopade*, by Reveller, out of Romp, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.  
(Stephenson) ..... 1 0 1  
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 2 0 2  
Mr. Scaith's br. h. Vulcan, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, August 6.—The TOWN PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Gallopade*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (R. Stephenson) ..... 3 1 1  
Mr. Clark's ch. m. Amelia, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. .... 4 2 2  
Captain Locke's br. c. Bottle Imp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 1 3 dr.  
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 2 4 dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Last mile and a quarter.

Colonel Standen's br. h. <i>Vulcan</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. (Macdonald) ..... 0	Mr. Bulkeley's gr. c. Goblet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Dockeray) ..... 0
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HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the last mile and a half.

Lord Stradbroke's b. c. *Dicky Dolus*, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Stephenson) ..... 0 2 1 1  
Mr. Payne's b. c. by Orville, out of Principessa's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 0 1 2 2  
Mr. Clark's b. h. Hal, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 0 0 3  
Mr. Tattersall's br. h. *Bhurtpore*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 1 3 dr.  
Captain Bulkeley's *Barlesque*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 0 0 dr.  
Mr. Haines's br. h. Rembrandt, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 dr.  
Six to 4 agst Mr. Payne's colt, and after the second heat, 4 to 1 he won; after the third heat 11 to 10 on him.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Last mile and a quarter.

Colonel Standen's br. h. <i>Vulcan</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. (Arnall) ..... 1	Mr. T. Bulkeley's gr. c. Goblet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2
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## NEWCASTLE MEETING, STAFFORDSHIRE.

TUESDAY, August 4.—The TOWN PLATE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. *Courtier*, by Friend Ned, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (J. Spring), 3 1 1  
Mr. Turner's b. c. Clinton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 1 2 2  
Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 dr.  
A good race.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds.—Twice round and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Cicely</i> , Sister to Cain, by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Templeman) .....	1	Mr. Jackson's b. c. Brother to Mary Ann, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Independence, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	2	Mr. Turner's b. c. Navarino, by Black- lock, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	4
		Won by half a neck.	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.  
Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Str R. Brooke's b. g. <i>Gamecock</i> , by Golumpus, aged, 12st. 9lb. (Hayes) .....	1	1	Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. Tom Moody, by Chance, 5 yrs old, 12st. 1lb. ...	2	2
				A good race.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 70L for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Navarino</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Comus, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Jones) .....	1	1	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, out of Lady Caroline, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3	4
Mr. Cooper's h. f. Manto, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Ormaby Gore's b. f. Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	4	dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whis- ker, out of Jenny Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (T. Whitehouse) .....	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Mavrocordato</i> , .....		Mr. White's br. g. Granby, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3

## POTTERY MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of five sovs. each.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, out of Sister to Sophy, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Jones) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Tattler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	1	3	3
Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by <i>Tiresias</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	4	2	2
Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Grimalkin</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	4	dr.

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Palin's ch. m. <i>Miss Sutton</i> , by Paul Potter, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (J. Spring) .....	1	1	man, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Davenport's gr. h. <i>The Alder</i> - .....			Mr. Lager's br. c. <i>Wonder</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. ....	2	dr.

**FRIDAY, August 7.**—The WORKMEN'S PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Str W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , by Catton, out of Fanina, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Spring) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Tattler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.	

**MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Menie Gray</i> , by Swap, out of Paul Fry's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Lear) .....	1	2	1
Mr. T. Capper's gr. m. <i>Magora</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3	1	2
Mr. Bates's b. g. <i>Cade</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	2	4	3
Mr. O. Gore's b. f. <i>Caroline</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	4	3	dr.

## PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 5.**—The **SALTRAM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. <i>Wrangler</i> (half-bred), by Rajah, 3 yrs old, 6st. (P. Percy).....	1	Mr. W. Ley's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	3
Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	Mr. Neville's b. h. <i>Pelican</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	4

Five subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and thirty-seven others who declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. *Omen* the favorite, and 3 to 1 agst *Wrangler*.

A PURSE of 100 sovs. given by the Town of Plymouth and Neighbourhood, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Ley's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , by Reveller, out of Hell-Cat, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Trenn).....	1	1	beline, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	2	2
Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. <i>Sister to Cym-</i>			Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Warbler</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3	dr.
			<i>Souter Johnny</i> the favorite.		

The **LADIES PURSE** of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. <i>Wrangler</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	1	1	Mr. W. Ley's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	dr.
			<i>Wrangler</i> the favorite.		

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—A **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. given by His Majesty, Lord High Steward of Plymouth, for four-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round, and about three miles.

Mr. W. Ley's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (Trenn) ...	1	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	2	2
			Even betting.		

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, from the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Davis's b. g. <i>Counsellor</i> , aged, 12st. (Owner) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Warbler</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	1	2	dr.
Mr. Nettle's Trooper, aged, 12st.....	0	3	dr.
Capt. Hopwood's <i>Violet</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.....	0	dr.	
			<i>Counsellor</i> the favorite.

**FRIDAY, August 7.**—A **HANDICAP PURSE** of 100 sovs. given by the Towns of Devonport and Stonehouse, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Norman) .....	1	1	Mr. S. Trelawny's b. h. <i>Orgar</i> , 6 yrs old, 6st.....	3	3
Mr. Ley's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 2	2	2	Even betting between <i>Upas</i> and <i>Omen</i> .		

A **HANDICAP PURSE** of 50 sovs. given by the Officers of the United Services of Army and Navy at Plymouth, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Baillie's br. h. <i>Gros de Naples</i> , by Blucher, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Trenn) .....	1	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.....	2	dr.
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## STOCKTON MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 6.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus, aged, 8st. 9lb. (G. Nelson) .....	1	Mr. Wetherill's b. f. <i>Whisp</i> , by Jonathan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2
		<i>Arachne</i> the favorite. Won easy.	

**MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Scott's b. c. <i>Wodenblock</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (J. Holmes),	0	1	3	1
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Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Bolivar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	2	1	2
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	0	2	3
Mr. Rowntree's b. c. Romeo, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	0	4	
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Principe, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	0	0	
Mr. Tarleton's ch. f. Levity, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0	0	
Mr. Wilkinson's b. f. Prosody, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	0	0	
Mr. Kay's b. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0	0	
Mr. Wilson's br. c. Arrow, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	4	dis.	
Mr. Russell's b. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	3	dr.	
Three to 1 agst Bolivar, and 4 to 1 agst Wodenblock. The first heat a good race, the second won by half a head, the third a good race, and the last won cleverly.				

**FRIDAY, August 7.**—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eight subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Cornilius, aged, 8st. 11lb. (Nicholson)	1	old, 8st. 9lb.	2
Mr. Golden's br. h. Robin Hood, 5 yrs		Mr. Steel's b. c. Wellington, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3
Five to 2 on Robin Hood, 4 to 1 agst Arachne, and 4 to 1 agst Wellington. A good race, and won by half a length.			

The WYNARD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (J. Jacques)	1	1	3 yrs old, 7st.	5	3
Mr. Sutton's b. f. by Reveller, out of Gin's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. (recd. back her stake)	4	2	Lord Scarbrough's b. g. by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	4
Mr. Sykes's ch. c. Robin Redbreast, Even betting on The Earl.			Mr. Rowntree's ch. f. Countess, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	5
Both heats won cleverly.					

**SATURDAY, August 8.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Dickson's ch. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tramp	walked over.
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**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller, out of Lisette, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (J. Dodgson)	1	2	1
Mr. Mason's bl. f. by Waverley, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	1	2
Mr. Wilson's br. c. Arrow, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	5	3	dr.
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Principe, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Dickson's ch. f. Lucy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	dr.	
Even betting on Mr. Mason's filly; after the second heat, 5 to 1 on her. A good race.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Kent's ch. h. <i>Mr. Fry</i> , by The Laird, 5 yrs, 11st. 13lb. (R. Johnson),	1	old, 11st.	3
Mr. Hustler's ch. f. The Romp, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	2	Mr. Sutton's b. g. Huntaman, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	4
Mr. E. H. Bowser's ch. c. Rufus, 4 yrs		Mr. Hudson's b. c. by Gambler, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	6
Two to 1 agst Rufus, 5 to 2 agst The Romp, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Fry. A good race.			

### WOLVERHAMPTON MEETING.

**MONDAY, August 10.**—The PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Banter</i> , by Mas- ter Henry, out of Boadicea, 8st. (S. Darling)	1	nia, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Filho—Mervi-		Mr. Yates's b. c. Lord Mayor, by Filho, 8st. 5lb.	3
Won easy.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Two miles.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Sir Walter</i> , Brother to Stapeley, 8st. (J. Spring),	1	Manfred, 8st.	2
Mr. E. L. Charlton's b. c. Harold, by		Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Filho—Mervi- nia, 7st. 11lb.	3
A fine race, and won by only half a head.			



# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1829.

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**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , Sister to <i>Leviathan</i> , 8st. 2lb. (W. Lear) .....	1	ley— <i>Loyalty</i> .....	2
Sir G. Pigott's b. f. <i>Dandina</i> , by Mu-		Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>The Crofts</i> , by	
		Whalebone .....	3

A good race, and won by only a head.

**THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE** of 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 15ft.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. White's br. h. <i>Euxton</i> , by Rinaldo, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (S. Darling) .....	1	Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Chester Billy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. E. Yates's b. c. <i>Frederick</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Grenadier</i> , aged, 9st. ....	0
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Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and five others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. A good race, and won by a length.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 2lb. (S. Darling) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Giffard's bl. h. <i>Othello</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	1	2	2
Lord Anson's gr. m. Sister to <i>Mayflower</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	0	0	3
Sir W. Wynne's Stapeley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Yates's br. f. <i>Emmy</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	3	4	dr.
Mr. Turner's b. c. Sir Thomas, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	0	0	dr.

A good race.

**TUESDAY, August 11.**—The **CHILLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—New Course, straight half mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Filho da Puta—Miss Craigie, by Camillus (Templeman) .....	1	Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Banker, out of Nerissa .....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Pickernell's b. c. <i>Henwick</i> , by Spectre .....	0	Mr. Robinson's b. f. Sister to Young Patrick .....	0
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Won easy.

**THE BOYSCOTT HUNT STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred, 12st. each.—Ridden by their owners.—Three miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. H. Bradley's ch. m. <i>Pandora</i> .....	1	son .....	2
Mr. Aston's b. h. <i>Shivero</i> , by Sir Samp-		Mr. Jones's ro. h. <i>Dunstaill</i> .....	3

**THE DARLINGTON GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 11 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz—Persepolis, by Alexander, aged, 8st. 12lb. (Whitehouse) .....	1	6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2
Mr. White's br. h. <i>Euxton</i> , by Rinaldo, Euxton the favourite. Won cleverly, by rather more than a length.		Mr. France's b. c. <i>Mufi</i> , by Merlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3

**THE LADIES' PURSE** of 50 sovs. for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Barabbas</i> , by Banker—Nerissa, by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Lear) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>The Crofts</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Pickernell's ch. c. <i>Garrick</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	4	3	3
Mr. Johnson's br. c. <i>Mercury</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3		dr.

Three good heats.

**WEDNESDAY, August 12.**—The **STAND PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Leigh's br. m. by Filho da Puta, out of Leo Choo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Lear) .....	1	1
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Stapeley</i> , 4		

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1929.

yr old, 8st. 6lb. (rec. 1st.)	4	2	old, 7st. 3lb.	2	4
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	5	3	Mr. Green's b. g. Goliath, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	5
Mr. Goulding's br. c. Pluralist, 3 yrs			Won cleverly.		

**SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.**—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Walsley's b. g. <i>Caribet</i> , by Orville, out of Waxlight's dam, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Griffiths)	1	1	Mr. Jones's ch. m. Pandora, aged, 12st.	2	dr
Mr. Hicks's b. c. Jack of Clubs, 3 yrs old, 9st. 12lb.	0	2	Mr. Bloxridge's br. m. Agnes, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	0	dr.
Mr. C. Hewitt's ch. f. by Duplicate, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	0	3	Mr. Hellier's bl. m. Maid of the Wood, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	0	dr.
			A good race. Both heats well contested.		

## GOODWOOD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 12.**—The GOODWOOD RACES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added.—Once round.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, aged, 8st. 9lb. (F. Boyce)	1	1	Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Icarus, 4 yrs old, 7st.	2	5
Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and seven others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Three to 1 on <i>The Alderman</i> . Won easy.					

**The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.**—Once round.—Twelve subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. c. <i>Brother to Lapdog</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 6lb. (W. Arnall)	1	1	Mr. S. Stenchewer's b. c. Chiron, by Centaur, 8st. 6lb.	2	5
Six to 5 on <i>Brother to Lapdog</i> . Won by two lengths.					

**The DRAWING ROOM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus by independent subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.**—Once round.—Twenty-six subscribers to the Stakes, and 30 to the bonus.

Lord Exeter's br. f. <i>Varna</i> , by Sultan, out of Bess, 8st. 5lb. (G. Dockeray)	1	1	Lord Southampton's b. c. Augur, by Tiresias, 8st. 7lb.	3	5
Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Lady Emily</i> , by Emilius, 8st. 2lb.	2	2	Mr. Gully's br. c. Baltic, by Borodino, 8st. 7lb.	4	4
Six and 7 to 4 on <i>Varna</i> . Won easy, by two lengths.					

**SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:**—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Elfrid (Arnall)	1	1	Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Convert, by Figaro, out of the Duchess	2	2
Three to 1 on Lord Egremont's filly. A good race.					

Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. f. *Sister to Crusader*, 8st. 1lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Gardner's ch. c. by Rubens, dam by Crecy, 8st. 4lb., half a mile, 100, h. ft.

**THURSDAY, August 13.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's f. <i>Aranda</i> , by Figaro, out of Leo, 8st. (F. Boyce)	1	1	Mr. De Burgh's f. by Reveller, dam by Phantom, 8st.	2	2
Two to 1 on <i>Aranda</i> . Won by six lengths.					

**MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—Half a mile.**

Mr. Payne's ro. f. <i>Jungfrau</i> , by Skim, out of Miss Craven's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Pavis)	1	1	Lord Worcester's b. h. Maresfield, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	2	2
Even betting. Won by two lengths.					

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each.—The last mile.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's ro. m. <i>Miss Craven</i> , by Mr. Lowe, dam by South-sayer, 5 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (Boyce).....	1	4 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	2
Mr. Gully's b. f. Trample, by Tramp, Trample the favorite. Four to 1 agst Miss Craven. Won by a neck.		Mr. Bond's b. c. Pegasus, by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (carried 6st. 8lb.)....	3

**The GOLD CUP**, value 300 sovs. by subscribers of 20 sovs. each, the surplus in specie, with 100 sovs. added.—Once round.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's b. m. <i>Fleur-de-Lis</i> , by Bourbon, aged, 9st. 3lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	9st. 3lb. ....	2
Mr. Gully's b. h. Mameluke, 5 yrs old,		Lord Exeter's br. f. Varna, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Col. Wilson's b. h. Lamplighter, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. ....	0	bin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Rough Six to 4 on Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst Varna, 5 to 1 agst Rough Robin, 7 to 1 agst Fleur-de-Lis, and 12 to 1 agst The Alderman. Won by three lengths.		Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alderman, aged, 9st. 6lb. ....	0

**The LADIES' PURSE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner in 1829 to carry 3lb. ; twice, 5lb. ; thrice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Greville's ch. h. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, 6 yrs old (W. Arnall).....	1	1	day, 5 yrs old .....	2	3
Duke of Richmond's ro. m. Miss Craven, 5 yrs old .....	4	2	Capt. Richards's ch. g. The Cock-tail, 6 yrs old .....	3	dr.
Col. Standen's ch. c. Conrad, by Frisch, 5 yrs old .....			Mr. Mill's ro. f. Jungfrau, by Skim, 3 yrs old.....	dis.	

Jungfrau came in second the first heat, but was distanced for not carrying 3lb. extra.  
Won by a neck.

**The COWDRAY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—T. Y. C. Four subscribers.

Mr. Dickenson's b. c. *Niger*, by Blacklock, dam by Cervantes, 8st. 6lb. ....walked over.

**FRIDAY, August 14.**—The **MOLCOMBE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Three subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Convent</i> , by Figaro, out of The Duchess, 8st. 4lb. (F. Boyce).....	1	Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. Red Rover, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
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**The CITY PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T. Y. C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Gardnor's br. f. <i>Emmelina</i> , by Blacklock, out of Agatha, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. (A. Pavis) .....	1	Mr. Bulkeley's b. h. Helas, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2
The following also started but were not placed :			
Mr. Weatherill's b. g. Smuggler, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0	old, 7st. ....	0
Capt. Locke's b. c. Bottle Imp, 3 yrs		Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Convent, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	0

**The WATERLOO PURSE** of 50l. given by the City of Chichester, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Cosby's b. m. <i>Constance</i> , by Tramp, dam by Woful, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Day) .....	1	1	old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	3
Duke of Richmond's b. g. Chico, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	2	Capt. Locke's b. c. Bottle Imp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	0	4
Mr. Shard's b. f. Revelletta, 3 yrs			Mr. Gardnor's br. h. Conjuror, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	3	dr.

**The RACING CLUB STAKES** (Handicap) of five sovs. each, with 100 added by the Duke of Richmond.—One mile.—Five subscribers,

Lord Worcester's b. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	0 1	old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0 2
Mr. B. Bond's b. c. <i>Pegasus</i> , 3 yrs Even betting on Maresfield; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on him.		Capt. Bulkeley's b. h. <i>Helas</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3

Mr. Gully's b. f. *Trampl*, by *Tramp*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. recd. ft. from Mr. B. Bond's b. c. *Pegasus*, 3 yrs old, 7st.—Last mile, 200 sovs. 50 ft.

### TUNBRIDGE WELLS MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 12.**—The MANOR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 45l. added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

*Mr. Harrison's b. h. <i>Kean</i> , by Rasping, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1 1	old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3 3
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. <i>Dicky Dolus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	2 2	Mr. Howard's b. m. <i>Lady Jane</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. ....	4 dr.
Mr. Farrall's b. g. <i>Chrysalis</i> , 5 yrs * Kean carried weight as a horse having started three times this year without win- ning; but the trainer of the second horse not being satisfied on this point, claimed the plate for the owner, and it remains undecided.		Mr. Smith's gr. h. 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	5 dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of three sovs. each, with 40 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Maplesden's br. m. <i>Jumping Jenny</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2 1 1
Mr. Harrison's b. h. <i>Kean</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1 2 2
Mr. Pegg's b. g. <i>Young Harry</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	5 4 3
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Emily</i> , aged, 8st. 3lb. ....	4 3 dr.
Mr. Maplesden's bl. m. <i>Eliza</i> , 8st. 3lb. ....	3 5 dr.
Mr. Blackman's ch. m. <i>Fanny</i> , aged, 8st. 5lb. ....	6 dr.

**THURSDAY, August 13.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 45l. added from the Fund.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Haines's br. h. <i>Rembrandt</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1 1	Mr. Hawkins's br. h. 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3 4
Mr. Smith's gr. h. 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2	2	Mr. Bathune's ch. g. <i>Young Wal-</i> <i>ton</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. ....	dis.
Mr. Howard's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	4 3		

**SWEEPSTAKES** of three sovs. each, with 40 added, for half-bred horses.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Codrington's b. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , by Fitzjames, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	3 1 1
Mr. Spence's b. c. <i>First Flight</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	1 2 2
Mr. Willard's br. m. <i>Jumping Jenny</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2 3 3
Mr. Brown's b. m. <i>Emily</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	5 4 4
Mr. Blackman's ch. m. <i>Fanny</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	6 7 5
Mr. Pegg's b. g. <i>Young Harry</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	4 5 dis.
Capt. M'Call's ch. g. <i>Baronet</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	7 6 dr.

### WENLOCK MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 13.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , by Friend Ned, out of Fanina, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring) ....	1	Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	3
Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by <i>Theresia</i> , dam by <i>Selim</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	4

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted the preceding season, and never won before the day of naming.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. R. Lawley's b. f. by <i>Crecy</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (S. Darling) ....	1 4 1
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# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1829.

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Mr. Cellina's gr. g. Little Harry, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	0	1	2
Mr. Wood's gr. h. Alderman, aged, 12st.....	6	2	dia.
Mr. Doncaster's b. m. Elegance, 5 yrs old, 11st. 1lb.....	0	3	dr.
Mr. Lacon's gr. m. by Duplicate, 5 yrs old, 11st. 1lb.....	4	5	dr.
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. by Master Henry, dam by Sir Sampson, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	5		dr.

This race is disputed on the ground that the Crecy mare is 5 yrs old.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, the gift of B. Thompson, Esq. for horses that never won 50l. at one time.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Gore's br. g. <i>Bundler</i> , by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (a Boy) ...	1	1	Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Freemantle's br. f. Flora, by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb....	3	2	Mr. Stubbs's br. f. by Manfred, out of My Aunt, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (fell) ..... dis.
Mr. Jones's b. f. Ma Belle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	4	3	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... dis.
Mr. Fuller's b. f. Pantechnethca, by			

## BRIDGEWATER MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 13.**—The **BRIDGEWATER STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, five ft. with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (G. Randall)....	1	1	bens, 6 yrs old, 8st..... 2 2
Mr. Hiard's b. m. Profile, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st.....			Mr. Wilson's ch. m. Aura, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 3 dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Wokingham, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. (Owner) .....	1	1	Mr. Tucker's b. m. Sarah, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb..... 2 3
Mr. Evered's bl. m. Gipsy, aged, 11st. 13lb.....	3	2	Mr. Greenhill's b. g. Capaicum, aged, 12st..... 4 dr.

**THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Greenhill's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , by Reveller, out of Vale Royal, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (G. Randall) .....	1	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. m. Aura, aged, 9st. 1lb. .... 2 2
			Mr. Hiard's b. m. Profile, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb..... 3 dr.

**FRIDAY, August 14.**—The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. (G. Randall).....	1	1	9st. 1lb. .... 2 dr.
Mr. Wilson's ch. m. Aura, aged,			Mr. Hiard's b. m. Profile, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (fell) ..... dis.

**THE HACK STAKES** of three sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	1	1	Mr. Tucker's b. m. Sarah, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. .... 2 2
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**THE LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. (handicap) for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Greenhill's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , by Reveller, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (G. Randall) .....	1	1	10st. 7lb. .... 2 2
Mr. Wilson's ch. m. Aura, aged,			Mr. Whitmore's gr. f. Flirt, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 3 3

## WORCESTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 18.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Six subscribers.

Lord Warwick's ch. c. by Centaur—Niobe ..... walked over.

**THE WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 sovs. added.—Two miles.

Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, aged, 8st. 6lb. (Dar- ling).....	1	old, 9st. 6lb. (carried 4lb. extra) .....	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Mayfly, 6 yrs		Mr. Griffith's b. c. Musquito, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3

Three Subscribers paid 10 sovs. each, and 7 others having declared by the time pre-  
scribed, paid only five sovs. each. Six to 4 agst Mayfly, 2 to 1 agst Musquito, and  
3 to 1 agst Hesperus. Won by half a neck.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Hickey's ch. g. <i>The Tartar</i> , by Don Cossack, aged, 12st. 1lb. (Boast) .....	1	Mr. Umbers's gr. h. David (late Grimalkin), 5 yrs old, 11st. ....	2
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After the first heat, 3 to 1 on *The Tartar*.

**THE SEVERN STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Maid of Mans- field</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Brown).....	1	9st. 4lb. ....	3
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Musquito, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2	Major Ormsby Gore's b. c. Porkington, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	4
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Susan, aged, Six to 4 on the field, and 3 to 1 agst Maid of Mansfield. Won by half a length.		Mr. Dansey's b. f. Margaret, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3

**WEDNESDAY, August 19.**—THE CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.—The owner of the second horse received the stakes.

Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , (Darling).....	1	Mr. Thornes's Prudence, 5 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	4
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Susan, aged, 8st. 4lb. ....	3	Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Joceline, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
	2	Six to 4 agst Joceline. Two fine heats.	4

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, aged, 8st. 12lb. .... walked over.

**THE GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 16 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Four miles.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , by Pis- cator, dam by Alexander, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (Templeman).....	1	9st. 1lb. ....	2
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, aged, Six to 4 on Euphrates, 2 to 1 agst Mayfly, and 3 to 1 agst Sampson. Won by a neck.		Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3

**THE HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for the County.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. J. H. Peel's br. g. <i>Gazebo</i> , by Ardrossan, 6 yrs old, 12st. 10lb. (Mr. Davis).....	3	1	1
Mr. Blathwayt's gr. h. Welchman, aged, 12st. 4lb. ....	1	2	3
Mr. Jones's b. m. Vivid, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	2	3	3

Even betting on Gazebo. The first two heats severely contested.

**THE CORPORATION PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Dar- ling) .....	4	1	1
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Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Joceline, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Thorne's b. m. Forester Lass, by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	2	2
Mr. Lucas's br. m. Isabel (late Etiquette), 5 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	2	dr.	

Second heat won by half a head; third by half a neck.

### BURTON-UPON-TRENT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 18.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 11 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. <i>Chester Billy</i> , by Whisker, out of Sunflower, by Castrel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Lear).....	1	Lord Anson's b. f. Louisa, by Filho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	3
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Banker, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	Mr. Giffard's b. f. Lucy, by Muley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	bolt.

Halston the favorite.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The Straight Mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Swap, out of Berenice, by Alexander, 8st. 1lb. (J. Spring).....	1	8st. 4lb. ....	2
Mr. Yates's gr. f. Cicely, by Paulowitz,		Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Kamschatka, by Master Henry, out of Passamaquoddi, 8st. 1lb. ....	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for not thorough-bred three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—The Straight Mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Tongue's br. f. <i>Bistarda</i> , by Bustard, dam by Sir Ulic McKilligut (W. Lear) .....	1	Mr. Painter's gr. c. by Woodley—Sister to Fitzwilliam .....	2
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**The DRAKELOW STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. *Sarah*, by Whisker—Jenny Wren, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... walked over.  
Two Subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and nine others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

**The ANGLESEA PURSE** of 50 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Richards's br. c. <i>Allerdale</i> , Brother to Mary-Ann, by Frolic—Otis, by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	1	1	spun, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3	2
Mr. Thompson's br. c. Zekiel Home-			Mr. Giffard's b. c. Barabbas, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	3
			Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Kamschatka, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	bolt.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 19.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half-a-mile.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie (Jones) .....	1	Col. Yates's b. f. Blanche, Sister to Douglas .....	3
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Sprig, by Whisker—Springe .....	2	Mr. E. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Thersias—Zora .....	4

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. R. Turner's br. c. <i>Olympus</i> , by Blacklock, out of Michaelmas, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Jones) .....	1	1	Mr. Giffard's br. f. Lucy, by Muley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	2	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Mostyn's br. c. Big Ben, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	Mr. E. Yates's br. c. Frederick, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0
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**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. <i>Tom Moody</i> , by Chance, dam by Planet, 5 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. (Hayes) .....	4	1	1
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Mr. Steel's b. g. Sawney, by XYZ, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Kempton's bl. m. Julia, 6 yrs old, 10st. 13lb.	2	3	0
Mr. Webb's ro. g. Telegraph, aged, 10st. 6lb.	3	4	0

## CANTERBURY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 19.**—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Capt. Locke's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, dam by St. George, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (G. Dockeray)...	1	1
Mr. Kettel's gr. h. Laburn, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.		dis.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, subscribed for by the Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pearce's ch. g. <i>Landlord</i> , by Hampden, out of Receipt, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (Attaway) .....	1	1
Mr. Mattam's ch. h. Moor Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0	2
Mr. Pearce's bl. f. Parfaite, by Eryx, out of Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 2 3		
Mr. Ryan's b. f. by Woful, out of		
Salisbury's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.		0 dis.
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. Hawk's-eye, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....		2 dr.
Mr. Bennett's br. g. by Robin Hood, out of Pat, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....		3 dr.

After the second heat, the owner of Moor Buzzard disputed the right of the winner of the Stakes, in consequence of his having two horses in the same race. The Stewards, therefore, allowed Moor Buzzard to walk over, subject to the decision of the Jockey Club.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pearce's br. f. by Eryx, out of Coral, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (Attaway) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. Hawk's-eye, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Weatherill's ch. c. Sir Richard, by Woful, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	5	3
Mr. Stuart's b. c. Vicar, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Ryan's b. f. by Woful, out of Salisbury's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	5	4	dr.
Mr. Mattam's ch. h. Moor Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	6		dr.

**THURSDAY, August 20.**—The CITY PURSE of 100l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. m. <i>My Lady</i> , by Anacreon, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Macdonald) ...	5	1	1
Capt. Locke's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Dickinson's br. g. Niger, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	3	3
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	4	dr.
Mr. Woodin's b. g. Chrysalis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3		dr.

A GOLD CUP, or 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Spectre, out of Patience, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (G. Dockeray) .....	1	1
Mr. Ryan's b. f. by Woful, 3 yrs		
old, 6st. 11lb.		3 2
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. Hawk's-eye, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.		2 dr.

The KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Hallett's b. g. <i>Peter Pindar</i> , by Dinmont, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Palmer) .....	1	1
Mr. Russell's b. m. Rosina, 6 yrs		
old, 11st. 12lb.		3 2
Mr. Exenden's b. g. Dasher, aged, 12st.		2 3

- **FRIDAY, August 21.**—The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—The Round Course.

Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (Attaway) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Bennett's br. g. Robin Hood, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	4	2	dr.
Mr. Pearce's bl. f. Parfaite, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (fell) .....	1		dis.
Mr. Howard's br. f. Isabella, by Shuttle Pope, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	3		dr.



The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. <i>Linkboy</i> , by Aladdin, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Dockeray), 1	1	old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	2
Mr. Woodin's br. g. <i>Chrysalis</i> , 5 yrs		Mr. Fortescue's b. f. <i>Violante</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	3

Won easy.

### SALISBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—The WILTSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, out of Flame, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (J. Day).....	1	Sir E. Baker's ch. g. Mr. Watt, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	2
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Three to 1 on Mr. Watt.

Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and six others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Portman's ch. c. <i>Red Mantle</i> , by Rubens, out of Miss Fanny, by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 7st. (a Boy) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Wiltshire's br. g. <i>Hercules</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Dundas's ch. f. <i>Rosebud</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Sadler's b. f. by Anticipation, out of Little Folly, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2		dr.
Mr. Fulbrook's br. m. <i>Rosetta</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb. ....	5		dr.

Hercules the favorite till after the second heat, when it was even betting between him and Red Mantle. It was a most excellent race, and won with great difficulty.

THURSDAY, August 20.—The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, out of Flame, by Phosphor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (J. Lewin).....	1	1	old, 8st. 3lb. ....	4	2
Mr. Beechey's ch. f. <i>Dabchick</i> , 4 yrs			Mr. Biggs's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	2	dr.
			Sir E. Baker's ch. g. Mr. Watt, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3	dr.

The CITY BOWL, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Beechey's ch. f. <i>Dabchick</i> , by Anticipation, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Chapple) ...	0	1	1
Mr. Dundas's ch. f. <i>Rosebud</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	0	2	dr.

A good race.

The CAVALRY Cup, value 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Heywood's <i>Little Britain</i> , aged, 12st. (Owner) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Price's b. g. <i>Venter</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	1	2	4
Mr. G. Rendell, jun.'s b. g. <i>Chance</i> , aged, 12st.....	3	3	2
Mr. Wright's b. m. <i>Poor-Little-Creeping-Jane</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.....	4	4	3
Mr. J. F. Gillingham's b. m. <i>Governess</i> , aged.....	5		dr.

A good race.

FRIDAY, August 21.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Chapple).....	1	1	Mr. Blandy's br. c. His Highness, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	3	2	Sir E. Baker's ch. g. Mr. Watt, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	4	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Lewin), 1	1	1	Mr. Fulbrook's ch. c. <i>Falcon</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	3	3
Mr. Biggs's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2	2	Mr. J. Finch's b. g. <i>Fadladeen</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	4

A SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with a Purse added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Judd's ch. m. <i>Sally Sutton</i> , by Buffalo, out of Jenny Sutton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. (Barrett) .....	1	2	1
Mr. Rebbeck's Maid of all Work .....	2	3	2
Mr. C. Finch's Moses, aged, 12st. 4lb. ....	3	1	dr.
Mr. Heywood's Little Britain, aged, 12st. 4lb. ....	dis.		

## BURDEROP MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 20.**—The BURDEROP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mills's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 9st. (Cowley) .....	1	old, 8st.	2
Mr. Goddard's ch. h. <i>Lycurgus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. ....			

Four subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. H. Jones's b. f. <i>Smilar</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Cowley) 1 1	Mr. Goddard's ch. h. <i>Lycurgus</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	3
Lord Aylebury's b. c. <i>Rioter</i> , 4 yrs old, 3st. 4lb. ....	Mr. Appleyard's br. f. <i>Brocard</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3	dr.
Mr. Wain's b. c. <i>Chesterton</i> , 3 yrs		4	dr.

**FRIDAY, August 21.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Mills's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Cowley) .....	1	Mr. T. M. Goodlake's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2
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**A HANDICAP PURSE of 50l.** for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. H. Jones's b. f. <i>Smilar</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Cowley) 1 1	Mr. Appleyard's br. f. <i>Brocard</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Goddard's ch. h. <i>Lycurgus</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	Mr. Smith's Ruby (half-bred), 6 yrs old, 8st. ....	4	4

## NEWPORT PAGNELL MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 20.**—The GOLD CUP, by 12 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round, about three miles.

Mr. Sowerby's bl. c. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, out of Miss Nollekins, by Clinker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Wakefield) .....	1	Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. ....	2
		Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Turquoise</i> , by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3

**THE FARMERS' STAKES** of seven sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. R. Kitelee's b. f. <i>Milk Maid</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. ....	1	Mr. Lovell's br. g. by Polygar, 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. ....	4
Mr. Osbalderton's b. g. <i>Don Juan</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 12lb. (rec. 10 sovs.) 6 2		Mr. Seabroke's <i>Misery</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb. ....	5
Mr. Tarry's b. m. <i>Matilda</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	2	Mr. B. G. Drage's br. m. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , aged, 13st. 2lb. ....	3

**THE WELTER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Twice round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Pettifer's br. m. <i>Catch-fly</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) .....	1	Mr. Pinfold's ch. g. <i>Lottery</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. ....	0
Mr. Hobson's bl. g. <i>Collier</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb. ....	2	Mr. Flesher's br. h. <i>Don Cossack</i> , aged, 12st. ....	0

**SEVENTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Day's b. h. <i>Haji Baba</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, aged, 9st. (A. Pavis) .....	1	Mr. Benton's b. f. <i>Emily</i> , by Sae-nagh or Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	0
Lord Tavistock's ch. m. <i>Lee-way</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	Mr. Sowerby's br. m. <i>Toso</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2
Mr. O'Connor's br. h. <i>Pæmon</i> , 5 yrs			

## EGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 25.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Lady Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Antiope, by Whale- bone, 3 yrs old (A. Pavis) .....	1	of Jane Shore, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
Str G. Heathcote's b. c. by Centaur, out		Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Whale- bone, 3 yrs old .....	3

Seven to 1 on *Lady Emily*. Won easy.

The ROYAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—  
The New Mile.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Whale- bone, dam by Frolic—Camel's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Pavis) .....	1	9st. 7lb. ....	2
Mr. Greville's ch. h. Goshawk, 6 yrs old,		Mr. Lumley's br. c. Howard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3

Seven to 4 agst the winner. Won in a canter.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie), by 13 subscribers of 10 sovs.  
each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a half.

Duke of Richmond's br. h. <i>The Alder- man</i> , by Bourbon, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Boyce) .....	1	Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
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Six to 4 on *The Alderman*. Won by half a length.

The RUNNEMED STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all  
ages.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Greville's ch. h. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Robinson) .....	1	1	old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2	3
Mr. G. Bulkeley's br. m. Burlesque, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	5	2	Mr. Cosby's b. f. Christine, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	3	4
Mr. Payne's ro. f. Jungfrau, 3 yrs			Mr. Hervey's m. Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens, out of Tippet- witchet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	4	dr.

Six to 4 on *Goshawk*. Won cleverly by a length. The winner was claimed according  
to the articles for 300 sovs.

**WEDNESDAY, August 26.**—HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with  
25 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. J. Day's b. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, aged, 9st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) .....	1	ven, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
Duke of Richmond's ro. m. Miss Cra-		Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. h. Hclas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. R. Bulkeley's gr. c. Goblet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0	Mr. Clark's b. h. Hal, by Warrior, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	0
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Six to 4 on Miss Craven, and 5 to 2 agst *Hajji Baba*. A severely contested race, and  
won by half a length.

The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Two miles  
and a distance.

Lord Worcester's b. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) .....	1	Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Rasselas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. J. Day's b. g. Liston, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	0	Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Jour des Noces, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0
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Nine Subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and 13 others having declared by the time pre-  
scribed, paid only five sovs. each. Even betting on *Rasselas*, 3 to 1 agst *Liston*, 5  
to 1 agst *Maresfield*, and 5 to 1 agst *Jour des Noces*. A most severe race, and won  
by only a neck.

The MAGNA CHARTA STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—  
colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—The New Mile.—Three subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Hindoo</i> , by Whalebone, out of Arbis (F. Boyce) .....	0	1	Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. Beatrice, by Blacklock, out of Royal Oak's dam .....	0	2
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Five to 2 on *Hindoo*; after the dead heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on him. A very severe race.

**THURSDAY, August 27.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—Three quarters of a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Aranda</i> , by Figaro, out of Loo, by Waxy, 8st. 8lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	out of Eliza Leeds, 8st. 8lb. ....	2
Mr. Lumley's br. c. Erymus, by Moses, 8st. 8lb. ....	1	Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Convent, 8st. 8lb. ....	3

Six to 4 agst *Aranda*, and 2 to 1 agst *Erymus*. Won easy by two lengths.

**HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Half a mile.**

Mr. Lumley's b. f. <i>Nilo</i> , by Nicole, dam by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st. (A. Pavis).....	1	old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
Capt. Bulkeley's br. m. Burlesque, 5 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	0	Mr. Lawrence's ch. f. Keepsake, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. h. Helas, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	0	Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	0
Mr. Murray's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Six to 4 agst Burlesque, and 5 to 1 agst <i>Nilo</i> . A good race, and won by a head.		Mr. L. Hervey's ch. m. Chapeau de Paille, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	0

**HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 20 added.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.**

Lord Worcester's br. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson).....	1	Mr. Cosby's br. m. Constance, 5 yrs old, 7st. ....	3
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Rasselas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	2	Mr. Gully's b. f. Trample, 4 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4

Won by a head.

**The SUNNINGHILL STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Last three quarters of the New Mile.—Twelve subscribers.**

Mr. Ramabottom's b. f. <i>Zobeida</i> , by Aladdin, out of Rantipole, by Selim, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Randall).....	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Jour des Noces, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Bulkeley's br. m. Burlesque, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	Mr. Lumley's b. c. Howard, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0
Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. h. Helas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Mr. Murray's b. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	0
Mr. Payne's ro. f. Jungfrau, by Skim, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. Clarke's ch. f. by Centaur, out of Mystic's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0

Five to 2 agst Coronet, 3 to 1 agst Jungfrau, 4 to 1 agst Burlesque, 6 to 1 agst Jour des Noces, and 7 to 1 agst *Zobeida*. Won by a length.

Mr. Hickes's ch. g. The Tartar, by Don Cossack, aged, 6st. 4lb. recd. ft. from Capt. Locke's b. m. Penultima, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 7st. 100 sovs. two miles.

### STOURBRIDGE MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 25.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , by Spectre, out of Sunflower, 6 yrs old, 8st. (Arthur).....	2	1	1
Mr. Hawks's b. f. by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	3	0
Lord Grey's b. g. Thersias, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	4	0	0
Mr. Thomes's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st 8lb. ....	1	2	dr.

**MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen subscribers.**

Captain Hickman's br. f. <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (Wadlow)...	1	0	1
Mr. Freemantle's br. f. Flora, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0	1	2
Mr. Applethwaite's ch. c. by Grand Duke, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	2	3
Major Ormsby Gore's b. c. Porkington, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	2	0	0
Mr. Vaughan's br. m. Cholstrey Lass, aged, 8st. 6lb. ....	3	0	0
Mr. Hickes's b. g. Jack of Clubs, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0	0	0

Mr. Cooper's br. f. Manto, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Doncaster's b. m. Elegance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Hawkes's ch. f. by Duplicate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Downing's Kitty Clover, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Lucas's br. m. Isabel, 5 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	dr.	

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , by Catton, out of Fanina, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Spring) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Thorne's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, aged, 9st. 5lb.....	1	2	dr.
Lord Grey's b. f. by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, out of Negotiator's dam, 8st. 5lb. (Arthur).....	1		
Mr. Freemantle's br. f. Flora, by Cannon Ball, 8st. 2lb.....	2		

The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Hickey's ch. g. <i>The Tartar</i> , by Don Cossack, aged, 11st. 12lb. (Owner) .....	1	1	
Mr. H. Bradley's gr. h. David, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	2	dr.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , by Friend Ned, out of Fanina, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring).....	1		
8st. 8lb. ....			2
Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....			3
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , 5 yrs old, ....			

The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring) ...	1	1	
8st. 10lb. ....			3
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Courtier, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....			2
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Susan, aged, ....			dr.

## HEREFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 25.—The WYE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. <i>Genius</i> , by Master Henry, out of Libra, 8st. 6lb. (Farlow) .....	1		
by Spectre, dam by Comus, out of Masquerade, 8st. 2lb. ....			2
Mr. W. E. Stones's b. f. Village Lass, ....	1		
Mr. Thorne's b. c. Rex, by Spectre, dam by Johanna, 8st. 5lb.....			3

The HEREFORDSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , by Topsy Tarvy, out of Susan, aged, 8st. 10lb. (G. Boast).....	1	1	
Mr. Vever's ch. c. Villager, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....			2
The first heat an excellent race.			

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—The CITY and COUNTY GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie), added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Whitehouse) .....	1		
Mr. Careless's b. c. Defford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....			3
Mr. Griffiths's b. c. Musquito, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (received 30 sovs.) .....	3		
Mr. I. Day's b. h. Nimrod, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....			4

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Earl Somers, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's ch. f. <i>Zelinda</i> , by Rubens, out of <i>Zulaika</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (Chapple).....	1	1	8st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , 5 yrs old,			Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Rex</i> , 3 yrs old,		
			6st. 8lb. ....	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, h. ft. with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , by Bustard, out of <i>Lady Byron</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Chapple).....	1	1	6st. 8lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Rex</i> , 3 yrs old,			Mr. Day's ch. f. <i>Zelinda</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3	dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Green's b. g. 7st. 4lb. (Chapple) ...	1	1	Mr. Newton's br. g. 8st. ....	2	
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THURSDAY, August 27.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , by Whalbons, out of <i>Calendula</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Chapple).....	1	1	Mr. Day's ch. f. <i>Zelinda</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	4	4
Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	2	Mr. Jones's b. m. <i>Vivid</i> , 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	5	5
Mr. Careless's b. c. <i>Defford</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	3	Mr. Stone's b. f. <i>Village Lass</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (bolt.) ....		dis.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Forester, aged, 9st. ....	1	1	Mr. Careless's b. c. <i>Defford</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	3	2
			Mr. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. ....	2	dr.

### BLANDFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—The DORSETSHIRE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, out of <i>Diana</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. (T. Cowley).....	1	1	Mr. Portman's ch. c. <i>Red Mantle</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	2		Sir E. Baker's ch. g. <i>Mr. Watt</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4	

FIFTY POUNDS, for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Wiltshire's b. g. <i>Hercules</i> , by Carlton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (C. Day).....	1	1	Mr. Wain's b. c. <i>Chesterton</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	3
Mr. Revel's ch. f. <i>Sister to Cymbeline</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3	2	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Annette</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	4	4

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, out of <i>Louisa</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. (C. Norman).....	1	1	Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	2	
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THURSDAY, August 27.—The DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Finch's b. g. <i>Fadladees</i> , by Foxbury— <i>Angelica</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (E. Percy).....	1	1	old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	
Sir E. Baker's ch. g. <i>Mr. Watt</i> , 5 yrs			Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	3	
Ten Subscribers, three of whom paid 15 sovs. each, and four others having declared & paid only five sovs. each.					

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Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Presentiment, aged, 9st. (Norman) .....	1	1	Mr. Dilly's b. h. Pandarus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Wreford's bl. c. Wrangler, 3					3 dr.

Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Oxford Tom</i> , aged, 12st. (Brown) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Howe's b. g. <i>Young Briton</i> , aged, 12st. ....	1	2	3
Mr. Legg's <i>Diffidence</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	2	3	2
Mr. Brown's <i>Black Dwarf</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. ....	3	dr.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 26.**—FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance. The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.

Mr. Maidland's b. g. <i>Major</i> , by Bustler, dam by Shuttle, aged, 8st. 7lb. (T. Lye) .....	1 1	don, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2 2
Sir C. Monck's bl. c. <i>Black Hed-</i>		Mr. Margetson's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	3 dr.

**SWEETSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Lamb's br. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , by XYZ, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (W. Dodgson)	4	5	1
Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	5	1	2
Mr. Hudson's b. c. The Earl, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	2	3
Mr. Joplin's b. h. Cottager, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	6	4	4
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	1	3	dr.
Mr. Wyrill's br. f. by Young Filho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	3	6	fell.

**THURSDAY, August 27.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. given by the Town of Morpeth, with a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Heseltine's b. c. <i>The Captain</i> , by Wanton, out of <i>The Colonel's</i> dam, 8 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ( <i>J. Dodgson</i> ).....	1	Mr. Maitland's b. g. Major, by <i>Bustler</i> , aged, 9st. 12lb. ....	3
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Jupiter</i> , by <i>Tranip</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (received back his stake) .....	2	Sir C. Monck's bl. c. <i>Black Heddon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	4
		Mr. Joplin's b. h. <i>Cottager</i> , by <i>Abjer</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	5

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Members.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Mansfield Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	6	1	1
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Joplin's gr. c. Johnny Myres, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	4	6	3
Mr. Biddell's b. c. Principle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Abjer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	5	4	dr.
Mr. Rowntree's br. c. Romeo, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3	5	dr.

**WEDNESDAY, August 26.**—The **WOBURN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , by Rain- bow, out of Brown Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 1 1	Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Nicolo, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.
Mr. Payne's br. h. Belzoni, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2 dr.	Mr. Fisher's ch. g. Camillus, by Cannon-ball, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ... 4 dr.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by His Grace the Duke of Bedford, for three-year-olds.  
Once round the Course.

Mr. Vansittart's br. f. <i>Magawiska</i> , by Whisker, out of Slight, by Selim, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	8st. 7lb. ....	3
Mr. Roberts's ch. <i>Verderer</i> , by <i>Tircasias</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	2	General Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Day-star</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	4
Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , A most excellent race, and won by half a length.		Colonel Wilson's ch. f. <i>Bungay Lass</i> , 8st. 4lb. ....	5

The LADIES' PURSE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.			
Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , by Rainbow, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (entered at the post) ....	1	Lord Tavistock's ch. m. <i>Leeway</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	2

THURSDAY, August 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Hedley's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by Godolphin, out of <i>Vignette</i> , by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	2	1
Mr. Roberts's ch. c. <i>Verderer</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	5	1	2
Lord Southampton's b. c. <i>Grampian</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	4	3	3
Mr. Messer's br. c. <i>Chew Bacon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	5	4
Mr. Sowerby's br. f. <i>Impudence</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	0	0
Colonel Wilson's ch. f. <i>Bungay Lass</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	0	0
Lord Tavistock's ch. f. <i>Rosetta</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	4	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS (handicap) added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Payne's br. h. <i>Belzoni</i> , by Blacklock, out of <i>Mannella</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	1	1	5 yrs old, 9st. ....	3	2
Lord Tavistock's ch. m. <i>Leeway</i> , 6			Mr. O'Connor's br. h. <i>Demon</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2	3

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Mr. Green's <i>Lady Louisa</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	1	Mr. Hobson's bl. g. <i>Collier</i> , aged, 12st. ....	2
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### HAVERFORDWEST MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , by King of Diamonds, out of <i>Gleaner's dam</i> , by Cleveland, aged ....	1	1	Mr. Peel's b. f. <i>Lilliputian</i> , 3 yrs old 2 2	
			Mr. Benyon's br. h. <i>Mutum in Parvo</i> , 5 yrs old ....	3 3

The PICTON STAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged 12st.—Horses bred in the Principality allowed 3lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's ch. m. by Poulton, aged ....	4	1	1
Mr. Gough's br. h. <i>Philosopher</i> , aged ....	1	2	2
Mr. B. Davies's b. c. <i>Mitre</i> , 4 yrs old ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Parry's b. c. <i>Waverley</i> , 4 yrs old ....	7	4	dr.
Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Mynyddyslwyn</i> , 4 yrs old ....	3	5	dr.
Mr. Ackland's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old ....	5	0	dr.
Mr. Coles's b. f. <i>Lydia</i> , by <i>Adventurer</i> , 3 yrs old ....	6	0	dr.
Capt. Greville's br. g. <i>Sal Volatile</i> , aged ....	8	0	dr.

COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l.:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—

The winner of the Tradesmen's Purse to carry 5lb. extra.—Horses bred in the County of Pembroke allowed 5lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Allcock's br. h. <i>Swifer</i> , by <i>Candi</i> , 4 yrs old, 9 yrs old ....	1	1	Mr. Waterson's b. s. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 4 yrs old, 4 yrs old ....	2	2
			Mr. Ackland's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old, 4 yrs old, 4 yrs old ....	4	4



**THURSDAY, August 27.**—FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir R. B. Philipps, Bart.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of either of the Plates the first day to carry 5lb., of both 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Alice's br. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by Candide, 6 yrs old .....	1	1	Mr. R. Waters's b. c. Smuggler, 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.
Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , aged, 3 .....	3	2	Mr. Peel's b. f. Lilliputian, 3 yrs... ..	4	dr.

The ORIELTON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added—three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Half-bred horses allowed 12lb.; mares and geldings 3lb.—About three miles and a half.—subscribers.

Mr. Alice's br. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by Candide, 6 yrs old .....	1	Mr. Bristowe's b. m. Prude, aged (broke down) .....	0
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**HANDICAP STAKES** of three sovs. each, with 40 added.—One-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Alice's br. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by Candide, 6 yrs old .....	1	1	Mr. Coles's b. f. Lydia, 3 yrs old... ..	3	dis.
Mr. Waters's b. c. Smuggler, 4 yrs old .....	2	2	Mr. Lucas's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , aged .....	4	dis.
			Mr. Gough's br. h. Philosopher, aged .....		dis.

In the second heat Lydia and *The Deuce* both fell.

### PONTEFRACT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 1.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters. Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. J. Scott's b. c. <i>Felt</i> , by Langar, out of Steam, Sister to Starch, by Waxy Pope (W. Scott) .....	1	Mr. Healey's b. c. by Grey Malton, dam by Comus .....	2
		Seven to 1 on <i>Felt</i> . Won easy.	

The HOUDEMONT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C. Seven subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Figaro, out of Juliana, by Gohanna, 8st. (S. Templeman) .....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Crescent, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
		Even betting on <i>Laura</i> . A good race.	

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , by Cervantes, out of Marianne, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	1	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Deposit, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3	0
Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. Young Patrick, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Clark's br. f. Iris, by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	4	0
Mr. Davidson's b. c. by Borodino, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	5	3	Mr. Haworth's b. f. Brenda, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	6	0

Five to 2 agst *Dora*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on her. Both heats won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, September 2.**—MATCH for 50 sovs. each.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Wood's ch. m. <i>Lady Bud</i> , 7st. 10lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	Mr. Rigbye's b. c. by Blacklock, 8st. ... ..	2
		Five to 4 on <i>Lady Bud</i> .	

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by eight subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Petre's b. f. <i>Delphine</i> , by Whisker, out of My Lady, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Templeman) .....	1	1	4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Cambridge, 4 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....			Mr. Heywood's b. c. Sandoval, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3

Even betting between *Delphine* and Cambridge. A very good race, and won by a head.

THE SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. by five subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles and a half. Mr. Hudson's b. f. *Agnes*, by Thesis, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Hodgson)..... 1  
Mr. M. Tasburgh's b. m. *Haihatte*, 6 yrs old, 12st. .... 2  
Even betting.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Nine subscribers. Mr. Petre's br. c. *Reginald*, by Figaro, dam by Filho da Puta; grandam Agatha, by Orville (Scott)..... 1  
Lord Sligo's ch. c. *Canker*, Brother to

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Crescent</i> , by Blacklock .....	0	Mr. Gibbeson's b. f. <i>Lady Betty</i> , by Figaro .....	0
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Octavius, dam by Whisker .....	0	Lord Queensberry's ch. f. by Whisker .....	0
Mr. A. Bower's b. f. <i>Tartarian</i> , by Tramp .....	0	Col. Sykes's b. f. by Whisker, out of Brenda .....	0

Seven to 4 agst *Canker*, 3 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's filly, 4 to 1 agst *Reginald*, and 5 to 1 agst *Don Giovanni*.—An excellent race, and won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's ch. <i>Melrose</i> , by Pilgarlick, dam by Whisker; grandam by Orville (G. Nelson) .....	1	cher .....	2
Lord Normanby's ch. <i>Florence</i> , by Blue .....	1	Mr. Wilson's b. by Cervantes—The Juggler's dam .....	3

Five to 4 agst *Florence*, and 6 to 4 agst the winner. Easy.

THE LEDSTONE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Walker's b. c. <i>Mendicant</i> , by Tramp, out of Miss Cantley, Sister to Barleigh (W. Scott) .....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Durham</i> , by Abjer .....	3
Col. King's ch. c. <i>Madcap</i> , by Blacklock or Tramp .....	2	Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. by Smolensko—Paynator .....	4

Six to 4 agst *Durham*. Won easy.

SEVENTY POUNDS, given by T. Houldsworth, Esq. M.P. for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles and seven furlongs.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. <i>Cistercian</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (J. Gilbert) .....	0	1	1
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller, out of Lisette, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	1	3	3
Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Trampina</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0	2	2
Mr. W. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Abel</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	2	0	dr.
Mr. Heywood's b. c. <i>Sandoval</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	0	0	dr.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	3		dr.
Mr. Edwards's ch. g. <i>Hibernian</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. ....	0		dr.

Six to 4 agst *Dora*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Sir J. Beresford's filly; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on *Cistercian*. The first heat was won by a head, the second and third easy.

## WARWICK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2.—THE GUY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Thirty-two subscribers.

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Device</i> , by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens, 8st. 4lb. (J. Chapple) .....	1	Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Independence</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. by Phantom or Morisco, out of Katherine, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. Yates's br. f. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Swap, 8st. 11lb. ....	0
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Banter</i> , 8st. 11lb. ....	0	Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Windrush</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. ....	0
Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>The Burgess</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	0	Mr. T. M. Goodlake's ch. c. <i>Geoffrey</i> Crayon, 8st. 4lb. ....	0
Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Zeuxis</i> , by Rubens, 8st. 7lb. ....	0		

**THE LAMINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five ff declared, &c. with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. Sarah, by Whisker, out of Jenny Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Darling).....	1	Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jockey, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb. 3	
		Mr. Day's b. g. Lisson, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 1lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Giffard's b. h. The Weaver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	0	Mr. Dilly's b. c. Windrush, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Hodgford, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	0	Mr. Tomes's b. c. Foxcote, 3 yrs, 8st. ....	0
Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Tramp, out of General Mina's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. ....	0	Mr. Gleave's b. g. Miller of Mansfield, aged, 8st. 7lb. ....	0

Ten subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and nineteen others, who declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50 added for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alderman, by Bourbon, aged, 9st. 13lb. (A. Pavis) .....	1	Mr. Sadler's ch. g. Popinjay, aged, 8st. 9lb. ....	2 dr.
Lord Warwick's ch. c. Brother to Paul Jones, by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 3	2	Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	4 dr.

**THE ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. Harold, by Manfred, out of Lota, by Popinjay (Farlow) .....	1	by Filho .....	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Parkington, .....	1	Mr. Tomes's br. c. The Burgess, by Filho da Puta .....	3

**THURSDAY, September 3.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie (S. Darling) .....	1	Mr. Sadler's ch. Sister to Devise, by Tramp .....	3
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias—Zora .....	2	Mr. Day's b. f. Sister to Panic, by Spectre .....	4
		Four to 1 agst Jonathan, Won easy.	

**THE AVON STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. Douglas, by Filho da Puta, out of Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer, 8st. 3lb. (Spring) .....	1	Henry, 8st. ....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Fag, by Master .....	1	Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Ambuscade, 7st. 11lb. ....	3

**THE WARWICK CUP**, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by 20 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Day's b. g. Lisson, by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, by Sir Oliver, aged, 8st. 3lb. (S. Day) .....	1	Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Chester Billy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	3
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Halston, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	Lord Warwick's ch. c. Brother to Paul Jones, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	4

**THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Richards's b. c. Alfordale, by Frolic, out of Otis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Wadlow) .....	1	Henry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master .....	1	Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, by Sherwood, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3

**HUNYMAN'S STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Savin's b. g. Warrior, by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (Bossey), 1	1	5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. ....	3
Mr. Sumner's gr. m. Young Emma, by Duplicate, dam by L'Orient, .....	1	Mr. Holyoake's b. f. Daylight, by Woodman, out of Broclet, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	2

**FRIDAY, September 4.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 8lb. fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. <i>Harold</i> , by Manfred (Farlow) .....	1	Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Zeuxis</i> , by Rubens ..	0
Mr. Richards's b. c. <i>Alderdale</i> , by The following also started but were not placed:		Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta (bolted) .....	0
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Dandina</i> , by Mu-ley—Loyalty .....	0		
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>The Burgess</i> , by Filho da Puta .....	0		

Seven to 4 agst *Independence*. Won by a length.

The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Chapple) .....	1	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	2
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Ten to 1 on *Jocko*. Both heats won in a canter.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's ro. g. <i>Pepinjay</i> , by Usquebaugh, aged, 9st. 7lb. (J. Chapple), ..	2	1	1
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Dandina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by <i>Tiresias</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	3	3	dr.

Five to 4 on *Pepinjay*, 2 to 1 agst *Dandina*, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Beardsworth's filly; after the first heat, 4 to 1 agst *Pepinjay*, and after the second heat, 10 to 1 on him.

### WESTERN MEETING, AYR.

**WEDNESDAY, September 2.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Lord Tweeddale's b. f. by Champignon, out of Fame, by Caleb Quot'em, 7st. 16lb. (Jacques) .....	1	Mr. F. H. Blair's b. f. by Epperston—Georgia, 8st. ....	3
Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	Sir W. Maxwell's b. c. by Viscount, out of Cutty Sark, 8st. 3lb. ....	bolted.

A good race.

The AYR GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by eighteen subscribers of 10gs. each (the surplus in specie), for horses, &c.—Two miles.

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. <i>Spadassin</i> , by Monreith, out of Nell Meldon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Boynton) .....	1	Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Champignon, out of Maria, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Baird's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	Col. Blair's b. m. <i>Mary</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....	4
		Sir J. H. Maxwell's bl. f. <i>Sister to Springkell</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	5

Three to 1 on *Spadassin*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Baird's b. c. <i>Snooks</i> , by Champignon, out of White Cockade, by Stamford (Jacques) .....	1	Sir W. Maxwell's b. c. by Champignon—Spawife .....	3
Sir J. Beawell's b. c. by Monreith—Bird of Paradise .....	2	Mr. Baird's bl. c. by Fitz-Orville, out of Marphisa .....	4

Two to 1 on *Snooks*. Won by a length.

SEVENTY SOVEREIGNS, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. <i>Spadassin</i> , by Monreith, out of Nell Meldon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Boynton) .....	1	1	Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Chazley</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	2
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Two to 1 on *Spadassin*. A smart race.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. each.—One mile and a half.

Sir W. Maxwell's br. c. by Viscount, out of Cutty Sark .....	walked over.
Mr. Kelburne's b. c. by Viscount—Nell Meldon .....	paid.

**THURSDAY, September 3.**—SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Baird's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , by Champignon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Jacques) .....	4	1	1
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# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1829.

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Sir J. H. Maxwell's bl. f. Sister to Springkell, by Epperston, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 3 3  
 Colonel Blair's b. m. Mary, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 2 2  
 Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Champignon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 dr.  
 Five to 4 on Queen Elizabeth.—A good race.

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 50s. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred, 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.  
 Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Snellie's b. g. <i>Wagtail</i> (Sir J. Boswell) .....	5	1	1
Mr. S. D. Stirling's ch. m. Maiden .....	1	2	2
Mr. G. J. Campbell's b. m. Miss Fanny .....	3	3	3
Captain Maitland's ro. m. Incheyra .....	4	4	dr.
Mr. J. Campbell's b. m. Merrythought .....	2	5	dr.
Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. Countess (fell lame) .....	6		dis.

Won easy. This race is adjudged to Miss Fanny, Wagtail and Maiden being disqualified.

**FRIDAY, September 4.**—SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , by Percy, out of Miss Wilker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Boynston) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Baird's b. g. Dominic Skelp, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	1	2	dr.
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Shadrach, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2		dr.
Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Champignon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3		dr.

Five to 4 on Dominic Skelp; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him, who fell lame in running the second heat. Shadrach broke down.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. D. H. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister—Maria .....	1		
Mr. F. H. Blair's f. by Epperston, out of Georgina (botted) .....			2

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 50 sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Half-a-mile.—Twelve subscribers.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. g. 12st. 7lb. (Owner) 1 | Mr. D. Stirling's ch. m. Maiden, 12st. ... 2  
 Ten others started but were not placed. Won easy.

## ASHFORD MEETING.

**FRIDAY, September 4.**—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. T. Coleman's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, out of Remembrance, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	1	1	
Mr. Maplesden's br. m. Jennett, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	4	2	
Mr. Kettell's ch. g. <i>Hawk's Eye</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3	0	
Mr. Mattam's ch. h. Moor Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....			5 0
Captain Torre's gr. g. Mustapha, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....			6 0
Mr. Gould's ch. m. by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....			7 0
Mr. Smith's br. c. by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....			2 dr.

**The YEOMEN'S PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Kettell's ch. g. <i>Hawk's Eye</i> , by Merlin, dam by Scud or Pioneer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	7	1	1
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 9st. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Gould's br. f. by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	3	0	0
Mr. Howard's b. m. Lady Jane, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	4	0	0
Mr. Gould's ch. m. by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	6	0	0
Mr. Haines's br. h. Rembrandt, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	8	0	0
Captain Torre's gr. g. Mustapha, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	9	0	0
Mr. Smith's br. c. by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2	3	dis.
Mr. Mattam's ch. h. Moor Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	5	4	dis.
Mr. Maplesden's br. m. Jennett, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	10	0	dis.

## LICHFIELD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 8.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Filbo da Puta, out of Miss Craigie	(S. Darling) .....	1
Mr. Yates's ro. f. Nanta, Sister to ODV, 2 Five to 1 on Birmingham. Won easy.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whisker, out of Jenny Wren, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Spring) .....	1	Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alderman, aged, 9st. 3lb. ....	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Mayfly, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	2	Mr. Bower's br. c. Timour, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (carried 7st. 2lb.) .....	4
		Seven to 4 agst Sarah.	

His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, out of Ferropolis, aged, 12st. (T. Whitehouse) .....	1	Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alderman, aged, 12st. ....	2
		Four to 1 on Euphrates.	

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Jocelyne</i> , by Catton, dam by W.'s Ditto, 6 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. (S. Templeman) .....	1	Mr. J. Morris's br. f. Gazelle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. ....	3
Lord Anson's gr. m. Sister to Mayflower, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	Mr. Wakefield's br. m. Billingsgate, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	4
		Five to 4 agst Joceline. Won cleverly.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats. Three subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whisker—Jenny Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (J. Spring) .....	1	Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
		Ten to 1 on Sarah. Won easy.	

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, out of Sister to Sophy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (W. Lear) .....	1	Colonel Yates's gr. f. Menia Grey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Mr. Painter's b. f. by Stephen, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	4	Lord Anson's b. f. Louisa, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
			4

Six to 4 on Clinton; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on him. A good race.

## ROTHERHAM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three quarters of a mile. Five subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's b. f. by Whisker, out of Gibbside Fairy, by Hermes (J. Holmes) .....	1	Mr. Foljambe's br. f. by Whisker, dam by Walton .....	3
Mr. Shepherd's b. c. by Waxy Pope—Swordsmen .....	2	Mr. Attwood's ch. c. by his Arabian .....	4
Seven to 4 agst Lord Queensberry's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Shepherd's colt. Won easy.		Mr. G. Sitwell's b. f. by Figure—Filbo da Puta .....	5

THE SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY STAKES of 50gs. each, with 50 added by Lord Wharnccliffe, for horses of all ages, not thoroughbred.—One-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. J. Hudson's bl. g. <i>King George the Fourth</i> , aged, 12st. (Mr. Griffiths) ..	1	2	1
Mr. Brown's br. h. Hexgrave, aged, 12st. 8lb. ....	2	1	2
Mr. W. Watson's b. f. by Phantom, out of My Lady, 4 yrs old, 11st. ....	3	3	3
Mr. W. Marsden's b. c. by Sir Richard, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	4	5	dr.
Mr. Wheatley's b. h. Recruit, 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	5	4	dr.
Even betting on Mr. Watson's filly, and 2 to 1 agst King George the Fourth.			

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1889.

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**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Town of Sheffield, for maiden horses of all ages.

Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's br. f. by Blacklock, out of Arabella, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (T. Lye).....	1	1	da Puta or Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Davidson's b. c. by Borodino, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	3	2	Mr. Clark's br. f. Iris, by Magis- trate, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	5	4
Mr. Bailey's br. c. Brielle, by Filho Six to 4 on Mr. Fletcher's filly; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on her. Won easy.			Mr. Duncombe's br. c. Catesby, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	4	dr.

**THURSDAY, September 10.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by sub-  
scriptions of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four,  
8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—  
Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Attwood's b. g. Godfrey, by Dr. Syntax, out of Lady Eliza, 3 yrs old, (J. Holmes).....	1	1	yrs old.....	2	
Sir G. Sitwell's ch. c. by Magistrate, 3			Mr. Duncombe's br. c. Catesby, by Wa- verley, 3 yrs old.....	3	

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Houdsworth's b. f. Miss Butler, by Sherwood, 3 yrs old.....	0	0	Mr. Brown's ch. m. Comedy, by Cemus, aged.....	0	0
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Even betting on Miss Butler. A good race.

The **BROOMHILL STAKES** of seven sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses, &c.  
not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; four, 11st. 2lb.; five,  
11st. 11lb.; six and aged, 12st. 2lb.—A winner once, to carry 5lb.; twice,  
5lb.; and thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Bower's ch. c. Rufus, by Palme- rin, 4 yrs old (Owner).....	1	1	phon, aged.....	2	
Mr. Everett's b. g. Jemmy, by Bellero- Even betting on Rufus. Won easy.			Mr. Athorpe's b. m. Rebecca, by Ra- phael, aged.....	3	

The **ROTHERHAM PURSE** of 50l. given by the Town of Rotherham, for horses  
of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. Brenda, by Mimos, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (G. Nelson) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Fletcher's br. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. J. Brown's br. h. Lottery (late Beggar Boy), 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	3	dr.
Mr. Haywood's b. c. Sandoval, by Cervantes, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	3	dr.	
Mr. Marson's ch. f. Trampina, by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.	
Sir G. Sitwell's ch. c. by Magistrate, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	0	dr.	

Even betting on Mr. Fletcher's filly; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on her; after the se-  
cond heat, 4 to 1 on Brenda. A most excellent race; each heat well contested.

## NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—The **CUP STAKES** (in specie), by sixteen  
subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round, about  
three miles.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Hindostan, by Whalebone, out of Arbis, by Quiz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	1	Mr. West's b. c. Foxcote, by Fitz-Or- ville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Rasselas, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Payne's br. c. Alcaston, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (fell) .....	4	

The **COUNTY PURSE** of 70gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a  
distance.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, by Catton—Paynator, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day).....	4	3	1	1
Mr. Flintham's b. g. Anti-Catholic, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	1	4	3	2
Mr. Tomes's br. c. The Burgess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3	2	2	
Mr. Payne's br. h. Belzoni, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	2	1	dr.	

Belzoni broke down in running the third heat.

## MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.

Mr. Drage's br. m. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner).....	1	Mr. Flesher's br. h. Don Cossack, aged, 12st.....	2
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**THURSDAY, September 10.**—**SWEPTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Alcaston</i> , by Filho da Puta—Leviathan's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Edwards) .....	1	1	4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	2
Lord Mountcharles's br. c. <i>Rasselas</i> , .....			Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Merman</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	dr.

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Payne's br. c. <i>Merman</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. (Knatt).....	1	1	Lord Tavistock's ch. m. <i>Leeway</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	3
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Coronet</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3	2	Mr. Dunn's br. m. <i>Marian</i> , by Blu- cher, out of <i>Zadora</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....		dis.

## LEICESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by eleven subscribers of 10 each, for horses of all ages.—About three miles and a quarter.

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. *Oppidan*, by Rubens, out of *Dorina*, 4 yrs old,  
8st. 2lb. .... walked over.

The **BELVOIR STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for regular hunters,  
&c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Dabb's ch. g. <i>Sweptakes</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	3	1	1
Mr. Platel's ch. m. <i>Blaze</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. C. L. Smith's ch. g. <i>Yellow Youlie</i> , aged, 12st. ....	2	5	3
Mr. Cross's br. f. <i>Bellona</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. ....	4		dr.
Mr. Sumner's gr. m. <i>Young Emma</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	5		dr.
Mr. H. Ross's gr. g. <i>Venture</i> , by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....			fell.

**SWEPTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats,  
twice round.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	1	2
Mr. Coates's br. m. <i>Mantua</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Stevenson's b. g. <i>Brush</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	3		dr.

The **QUORN PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Wildman's ch. m. by Vivaldi, aged, 12st. ....	1	1	aged, 12st. ....	2	2
Mr. R. Ivzra's b. g. <i>The Miller</i> , .....			Mr. G. Freer's ch. g. <i>Mystery</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. ....		dis.

**THURSDAY, September 10.**—The **BRADGATE PARK STAKES** of 10 sovs.  
each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. *Oppidan*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... walked over.

The **YEOMANRY PURSE** of 50gs., given by Colonel Keck, and the Officers of  
the Leicester Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, for horses of all ages.—Heats,  
three miles and a distance.

Mr. Measures's br. m. <i>Revenge</i> , 12st. 3lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Wildman's ch. m. by Vivaldi, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Blockley's br. m. <i>Phoebe</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb. ....			dis.
Mr. Edey's br. m. <i>Jessy</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. ....			dis.

**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Coates's br. m. <i>Mantua</i> , by Woful, out of <i>Miltonia</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. ....	1	1	8st. 4lb. ....	5	3
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Hobson's b. h. <i>Oslick</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb. ....	4	4
Mr. Platel's ch. m. <i>Blaze</i> , 6 yrs old, .....			Mr. Sumner's gr. m. <i>Young Em- ma</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	3	dr.

Two to 1 on the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on *Mantua*.



In the **BURGESS'S PURSE** of 100 sovs. Oppidan and Mantua were the only horses entered; the Duke of Rutland received 40l., Mr. Costes 10l., and the remainder was run for as above.

ABINGDON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Device</i> , by Tramp, out of Sentiment, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Toaster</i> , by Reveller, out of Defiance, 8st. 3lb. (J. Chapple) 1	Mr. Scath's b. f. <i>Yelva</i> , by Whalebone—Seymour, 8st. 3lb.....
Won in a canter.	3

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens (J. Chapple) 0	1	Phantom, dam by Muley, grandam by Totteridge.....	0	2
Mr. Maberley's b. c. <i>Phanus</i> , by		Won by a neck.		

**The Cup** (in specie), by 14 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Calloway).....	1	Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Jocko</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2
		Won easy.	

**The ABINGDON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year-olds. Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Challenger</i> , by Rubens, out of Little Folly, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Chapple).....	1	of Barossa, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2
Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Godolphin, out		Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Ruby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3
		Won in a canter.	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats. Four subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Jocko*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... walked over.

**THURSDAY, September 10.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Device</i> , by Tramp, 8st. 3lb. (J. Chapple).....	1	8st. 3lb. ....	4
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. <i>Pet</i> , by Gainsborough, 8st. 3lb.....	2	Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair, 8st. 7lb. ....	5
Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Espagnolle, 8st. 3lb. ....	3	Mr. Maberley's br. c. Howard, 8st. 7lb....	6
Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. Geoffrey Crayon,		Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Zeuxis</i> , 8st. 7lb. (bolted) .....	7
		Won in a canter.	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-olds.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Sister to Device</i> , 8st. 1lb. (Chapple).....	1	8st. 4lb. ....	3
Mr. Blandy's b. c. <i>Bivouac</i> , by Partisan, out of Sister to Nectar, 8st. 4lb. 2		Mr. Maberley's b. f. <i>Salus</i> , by Figaro, out of Sarah, by Catton, 8st. 1lb. (bolted) .....	4
Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. Mrs. Brown,		Won cleverly.	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Challenger</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J. Chapple).....	1	7 2lb. ....	2
Mr. Dilly's b. f. <i>Smilax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.		Mr. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3
Won in a canter.			

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 60 added.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Maherly's br. c. *Howard*, by Wor-  
thy, out of *Moggy*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11b.  
(Robinson) ..... 1  
Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. *Geoffrey Crayon*,

3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2  
Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair,  
out of *Euphrasia*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
Won by a head.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all  
ages.—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's ch. c. *Zeusis*, by Rubens,  
out of *Precieuse*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.  
(J. Chapple) ..... 1  
Mr. Mawlinson's ch. f. *Ruby*, 4 yrs old,  
10st. 2lb. .... 2  
Mr. Hickes's ch. g. *The Tartar*, aged,

11st. 8lb. .... 3  
Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Windrush*, 3 yrs old,  
9st. 11b. .... 4  
Mr. Maherly's b. f. *Salus*, 2 yrs old,  
7st. 8lb. .... 5

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters.—Heats, two miles.—Five sub-  
scribers.

Mr. Hickes's *The Tartar*, by Don Cosack ..... walked over.

### ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEETINGS.

**TUESDAY, September 8.**—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all  
ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Weeks's b. f. *Dolly Spicer*, by  
Anticipation, dam by *Marmion*, 3  
yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (Oliver) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Hohenlohe*, 3  
yrs old, 7st. .... 2 2  
Capt. Stuart's b. c. *Vicar*, 4 yrs old,  
8st. 4lb. .... 2 3  
Mr. Lawrence's b. f. *Keepsake*, 3

yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 0 dr.  
Mr. Wickham's ch. f. by *Tiresias*,  
4 yrs old, 8st. 11b. .... 0 dr.  
Mr. Howard's b. m. *Lady Jane*,  
aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 0 dr.  
Mr. Brown's b. c. *Watchman*, 5  
yrs old, 7st. (bolted) ..... dis.

The ROCKINGHAM STAKES of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added, for horses of all  
ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. *Linkboy*, by  
Aladdin—Doll Teamheet, 8 yrs  
old, 9st. 2lb. (Dockeray) ..... 1 1  
Capt. Locke's ch. c. *Gameboy*, 4 yrs  
old, 8st. 4lb. .... 4 2

Mr. Brown's b. c. *Watchman*, 3 yrs  
old, 7st. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Verderer*,  
3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.

The ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats,  
two miles and a distance.

Capt. Locke's ch. c. *Gameboy*, by  
Octavian, dam by St. George, 4  
yrs old, 8st. (Macdonald) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Roberts's br. f. *Tancred*, 3 yrs  
old, 6st. 11lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Clark's b. h. *Hal*, by *Warrior*,  
aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 4 3

Mr. Gould's ch. m. by *Soothsayer*,  
5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 5 4  
Mr. Mattan's ch. h. *Moor Buxard*,  
5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 3 dr.  
Mr. Dockeray's gr. c. *Glory*, 4 yrs  
old, 8st. 4lb. .... 6 dr.

**WEDNESDAY, September 9.**—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—

Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. *Linkboy*, by Aladdin, out of Doll Teamheet, 6 yrs old,  
10st. 5lb. .... 1 2 1  
Mr. Brown's b. c. *Watchman*, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2 1 3  
Capt. Locke's ch. c. *Gameboy*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. .... 4 3 2  
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Hohenlohe*, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.  
Mr. R. Clark's br. c. *Scipio*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (bolted) ..... dis.

The COUNTY STAKES of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added, for horses of all ages.  
Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Verderer*, by  
Tiresias, out of *Landscape*, by  
Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 1 1  
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. *Dicky Do-*  
*lus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2 2  
Mr. Bulkeley's bl. h. *Pilot*, 5 yrs  
old, 8st. 11lb. .... 3 dr.

Mr. A. Farrall's b. g. *Intrepid*, 5  
yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 4 dr.  
Mr. Weatherill's b. h. *The Fal-*  
*frey*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 5 dr.  
Mr. Clarke's b. h. *Job*, by *Spec-*  
*tre*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 6 dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred, 11st. each.

Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Thomas's b. g. <i>Old Dasher</i> , by Constitution, aged	3	1	1
Mr. D. J. Day's b. g. <i>Trivot</i> , by Ashton, aged	1	2	3
Mr. W. Taylor's ch. m. <i>Sally</i> , by Regent, aged	2	3	2

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of two sovs. each, made up 50 sovs. for the beaten horses.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Howard's b. c. <i>Vicar</i> , by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs, 8st.	1	1	Mr. Roberts's b. f. <i>Tancreda</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2	0
Mr. Mattam's ch. h. <i>Moor Buzzard</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	2	Mr. R. Clark's b. h. <i>Hal</i> , by Warrior, aged, 8st. 8lb.	3	0
Mr. Clarke's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Spectre, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	6	3	Mr. Gould's Sister to Salisbury, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5	dr.

### DORCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY**, September 9.—The **TRADESMEN'S PURSE** of 75 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, out of Flame, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Cowley)	1	1	Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	5	4
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	2	2	Mr. W. Ley's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	4	3	Mr. Huggins's b. g. <i>Y. Sancho</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	dis.	

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Stent's b. g. <i>Harlequin</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner)	1	1	11st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Legg's ch. g. <i>Madcap</i> , aged,			11st. 11lb.	3	3

The **MAIDEN CASTLE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Wreford's bl. c. <i>Wrangler</i> , by Rajah, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (Horsley)	1	1	Mr. Whitmore's gr. f. <i>Flirt</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	3
Mr. Portman's ch. c. <i>Red Mantle</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	2	2	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Annette</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	4	4

**THURSDAY**, September 10.—The **DORCHESTER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—About two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Norman)	1	Mr. Crouch's br. h. <i>Pontiff</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Dilly's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4

One subscriber paid 15 sovs.; and seven others, having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (Cowley)	1	1	Mr. Huggins's b. g. <i>Young Sancho</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	3
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	2	Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	4	dr.

A handsome **SILVER BOWL**, given by the Steward, added to a subscription of two sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Oxford Tom</i> , aged, 12st. 4lb. (Owner)	1	1	5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Howse's ch. g. <i>Young Briton</i> ,			Mr. Davis's ch. g. <i>Napoleon</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb.	dis.

Some others started.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, made 50 from the Fund, for the beaten horses.—Heats, about one mile and half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Lamia</i> , by Go- hanna, 5 yrs old, 9st. (Lewin).....	1 1	old, 7st. 2lb. ....	3 2
Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 3 yrs		Mr. Portman's ch. c. <i>Red Mantle</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2 3

### ABERYSTWTH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY**, September 9.—The **COUNTY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Allie's br. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by Candi- date, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. ....	1 1	old, 7st. 9lb. ....	3 2
Mr. Attree's b. f. <i>Ma Belle</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Peel's b. f. <i>Liliputian</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	2 3

The **GOGERDDAN STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	1 1	aged, 9st. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> ,		Mr. Allie's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	dis.

**THURSDAY**, September 10.—The **TOWN STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , aged, 9st. ....	1 1	yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3 2
Mr. E. Williams's ch. c. <i>Baronet</i> , 3		Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	2 dr.

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund.—One-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , aged, 9st. ....	3 1 1
Mr. Attree's b. f. <i>Ma Belle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	4 2 2
Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2 3 dr.
Mr. Allie's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	1 dis.

### DONCASTER MEETING.

**SATURDAY** before the MEETING.—MATCH for 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Robinson's b. f. <i>Lucretia</i> by Sir Oliver, out of <i>Racket</i> , 2 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ( <i>S. Darling</i> ) .....	1	Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. <i>Susanna</i> , by <i>Figaro</i> , out of <i>Oceana</i> , 2 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2	
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Six to 4 on the winner. Won easy.

**MONDAY**, September 14.—The **FITZWILLIAM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. <i>Tyke</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , dam by <i>Cervantes</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. ( <i>S.</i> <i>Templeman</i> ) .....	1	Lord Cleveland's br. c. <i>Tamboff</i> , 3 yrs. old, 8st. ....	3
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Zingane</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	Mr. Peirse's b. c. by <i>Cannon-ball</i> , dam by <i>Camillus</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. ....	4

Seven to 2 on *Zingane*. A most beautiful race, and won by only half a head.

The **CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies 8st. 3lb.—From the Red-House In. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club.—Twenty-nine subscribers.

Mr. Forth's b. c. <i>Bud</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , out of <i>Pomona</i> , by <i>Vespasian</i> (Owner) ...	1	Shuttle .....	3
Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Branswick</i> , by <i>Figaro</i> , out of <i>Bedlamite's</i> dam, by		Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. <i>St. Nicholas</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , out of <i>Seamew</i> , by <i>Scud</i> , 3	

The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Redstart, by Whisker.....	0	Mr. Tariton's b. c. Barnacles, by Champignon, out of Sarah's dam, by Young Woodpecker.....	0
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, by Blacklock.....	0	Mr. C. Attwood's b. f. Pentheales, by Doctor Syntax, dam by Don Juan....	0
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by Young Phantom, out of Sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer.....	0	Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine, by Waxy Pope, out of Bigottini, by Thunderbolt.....	0
Mr. Riddell's b. c. by Whisker—Hartpury's dam.....	0		
Five to 2 agst Redstart, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Riddell's colt, 4 to 1 agst St. Nicholas, 4 to 1 agst Brunswicker, 5 to 1 agst Brine, and 10 to 1 agst Bud. All got off well together, and after a pretty good race was won by nearly half a length. Run in 1 min. 15 sec.			

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Four miles. Seven subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Ballad Singer</i> , by Tramp, out of Clinkerina, by Clinker, 8st. 4lb. (Lye).....	1	7lb. ....	2
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Blacklock, 8st.		Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Terror, 8st. 4lb. ....	3

Three to 1 on *Ballad Singer*. Won quite easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—4 miles. Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Cambridge*, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....walked over.

TUESDAY, September 15.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red-House In.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Figaro, out of Juliana, by Gohanna (J. Robinson).....	1	Lord Milton's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Clinkerina.....	3
Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Whisker—Mercutio's dam.....	2	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Thoresby, by Sherwood.....	4
Five to 4 agst <i>Laura</i> , and 2 to 1 agst Lord Milton's colt. Won by a neck. Run in 1 min. 16 sec.			

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ninety-seven subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Routon</i> , by Oisau, out of Katharina, by Woful (W. Scott).....	1	dam by Overton (Chifney).....	2
Lord Cleveland's br. c. <i>Voltaire</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Phantom—gran-		Lord Langford's bl. c. Sir Hercules, by Whalebone, out of Penri, by Wanderer (Connolly).....	3

The following also started but were not placed

Lord Worcester's b. c. Felt, by Langari (Robinson).....	0	(F. Buckle, jun.).....	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Clotilde, by Tramp (Templeman).....	0	Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Bolivar, by Blacklock (Garbutt).....	0
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Parnassus (G. Dockeray).....	0	Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. Y. Patrick, by St. Patrick, dam by Smolensko (T. Nicholson).....	0
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Rhodacantha, by Comus (G. Nelson).....	0	Mr. F. Richardson's Lady Sarah, by Tramp (Edwards).....	0
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Lawn Sleeves (R. Johnson).....	0	Mr. Earnshaw's br. f. Elastic, by Waverley, dam by Thunderbolt (J. Dodgson).....	0
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Sister to Mulatto (T. Lye).....	0	Lord Cleveland's b. c. Stotforth, by Octavian (Day).....	0
Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Georgiana, by Woful (F. Boyce).....	0	Mr. Athorne's b. c. Wandering Boy, by Oisau, dam by Whitelock (J. Jacques).....	0
Mr. Gratwicke's b. c. Frederick (Mr. Forth).....	0	Mr. Chilton's b. c. Don Jose, by Don Juan (Jackson).....	0
Mr. Theobald's gr. c. The Exquisite			
Three to 1 agst Rowton, 4 to 1 agst Voltaire, 4 to 1 agst Frederick, 8 to 1 agst Clotilde, 14 to 1 agst Sir Hercules, 20 to 1 agst Felt, 20 to 1 agst the Exquisite, 20 to 1 agst			

Stotforth, 20 to 1 agst Wandering Boy, 25 to 1 agst Duke of Leeds's colt, 40 to 1 agst Lord Kelburne's colt, and 50 to 1 agst Sister to Mulatto. The horses, after cantering in front of the stand, were, by Lord Wharmcliffe, brought in a body to the post, and went off at once in a most beautiful style. The Rhodacantha colt, Frederick, Stotforth, and Young Patrick were well in front to the gravel road, just before reaching which Frederick took up the running. At the hill, Rowton, who had been laid well in the race, took the lead, and so continued throughout, without being headed. At the Red-House, Sir Hercules, Felt, Clotilde, and Bolivar, began to look well. Veltre and Wandering Boy were here a long way in the rear: at the distance the former was nearly three lengths behind, but he gradually gained upon Rowton until the very last stride, Rowton winning only, after severe punishment, by a neck and shoulder. Felt and Clotilde were fourth and fifth, although not placed. Run in 3 min. 35 sec.

**RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES** (first year) of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages, *bona fide* the property of a subscriber or his confederate.—Two miles.—Fifteen subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. <i>Medero</i> , by Cervantes, out of Marianne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Lye).....	0	Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Cistercian, by Catton, out of Ailesbury's dam, by Paynator, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	0
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of Leeds's gr. h. Moonshine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	0	ker, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0
Mr. Petre's b. f. Delphine, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	Mr. Watt's b. c. Coulon, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0

Even on *Medero*, 5 to 2 agst Delphine, and 4 to 1 agst Cistercian. After the dead heat, *Medero* walked over, and Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Scarbrough divided the stakes. Run in 4 min. 1 sec.

**THE CORPORATION PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. <i>Brenda</i> , by Mince, out of Miss Zilia Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (I. Nicholson).....	3	1	1
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Jenny Mills, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (recd. 2lgs.).....	1	2	2
Mr. Steele's b. c. Wellington, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	4	dis.	
Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. Melrose, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	2	dr.	

Five to 4 agst Jenny Mills, and 3 to 1 agst Brenda; after the first heat 2 to 1 on Jenny Mills; after the second heat 3 to 1 on Brenda. Each of the heats was very cleverly contested. Wellington bolted in the two last heats.

**WEDNESDAY, September 16.**—The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. *Rowton*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina, by Woful.....walked over.

**THE CLEVELAND STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Cleveland's br. c. <i>Tamboff</i> , by Blacklock, out of Alfana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (H. Cooper).....	1	Catten, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (recd. back his stakes) .....	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Mulatto, by Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and eight others having declared by the time prescribed paid only 5 sovs. each. Five to 4 on Mulatto, 5 to 2 agst Tamboff, and 3 to 1 agst Netherby. Won cleverly.		Mr. Petre's b. c. Netherby, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	3

**DONCASTER RACING CLUB STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Vanish</i> , by Phantom, out of Treasure, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Mr. Nowell's b. f. Rosalia, by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2
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Three to 1 on Vanish. Won very easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Fletcher's br. f. by Blacklock, out of Arabella, by W.'s Ditto, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (T. Lye).....	1	old, 8st. ....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Deposit, 4 yrs		Mr. Scaife's b. h. My Lord, by Percy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Normanby's ch. f. Florence, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (T. Lye) .....	0	Spigot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0
Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. f. by Jack	0	Mr. Mason's bl. f. by Waverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0

Six to 4 agst the winner, and 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's filly. Won easy.

The winner was claimed according to the articles by Mr. Houldsworth for 250 sovs.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course.

Three subscribers.

Mr. Newell's b. c. by Walton, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, by Hambletonian, 8st. 3lb. (R. Johnson) .....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Larambentian, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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Six to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mr. Newell's colt. Won easy.

**THURSDAY**, September 17.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subscribers. Lord Cleveland's br. c. *Voltaire*, by Blacklock, dam by Phantom.....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-four subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. <i>Lady Mowbray</i> , by Blacklock, out of <i>Lady of the Vale</i> (S. Templeman) .....	1	Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. St. Nicholas, Emilius, out of Seamew, by Scud.....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Forth's b. c. Bud, by Tiresias, out of Pomona .....	0	by Sorcerer .....	0
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Carolan, by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews .....	0	Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Doctor Syntax, dam by Eaton .....	0
Mr. Watt's b. c. Doctor Oloroso, Brother to Memnon .....	0	Mr. Jackson's br. c. Don Giovanni, by Bonassus .....	0
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Lucretia, by Sir Oliver, out of Racket, by Castrel .....	0	Lord Sligo's br. c. Canker, Brother to Cant .....	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of Emilia .....	0	Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine, by Waxy Pope—Bigottini .....	0
Mr. G. Serjeantson's b. c. Savoyard, by Swiss, out of Sister to Luss .....	0	Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Crescent, by Blacklock .....	0
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by Young Phantom, out of Jack Spigot's dam, Two to 1 agst Bud, 5 to 2 agst Splendour, 5 and 6 to 4 on Splendour and Bud agst the field. After five false starts they got off pretty well, and Ramona led to the Red House, all the others being close up. At the rails, Bud, St. Nicholas, Lady Mowbray, and Ramona, were in front. This slashing, and, for young ones, tremendous contest, was eventually won by a neck. Bud was third, although not placed. Run in 1 min. 48 sec.	0	Mr. Baird's ch. f. Ramona, by Whisker, 0	
		Mr. Hebben's ch. c. Splendour, by Sovereign .....	0

The GOLD CUP, free for any horse, &c.—To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending Post, about two miles and five furlongs.

Lord Cleveland's br. c. <i>Voltaire</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye) .....	1	old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
Major Yarbrough's b. h. Laurel, 5 yrs		Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. m. Fleur de Lis, aged, 9st .....	3

The following also started but were not placed ;

Mr. Petre's ch. h. Granby, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	8st. 10lb. ....	0
Lord Milton's b. h. Medoro, 5 yrs old, Five to 2 agst Laurel, 5 to 2 agst Voltaire, 7 to 2 agst Fleur de Lis, and 5 to 1 agst Granby. Granby led the race round to the last mile post, with little variation. Laurel took up the running from the Red House, having Voltaire at his quarters. At the tails, Fleur de Lis and Medoro made a rush, but were defeated, the other two coming by themselves nearly to the stand, when Voltaire let loose, and won the race very easy by half a length. Run in 4 min. 56 sec.	0	Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Cisterian, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0

**THREE-YEAR-OLD STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Fourteen subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. <i>Retriever</i> , by Smolensko, out of Georgiana, by Woful (H. Edwards) .....	1	Whisker .....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, by		Mr. Petre's ch. f. Appollonia, by Whisker—My Lady .....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Tyke, by Tramp... 0	Mr. Wetherill's b. c. The Captain, by Whisker..... 0
Lord Sligo's b. c. Prince Eugene, by Whisker..... 0	Wanton .....
Even betting on Tyke, 2 to 1 agst Apollonia, 3 to 1 agst Fortitude, 5 to 1 agst Prince Eugene, and 6 to 1 agst Retriever. Won easy.	

FRIDAY, September 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster; for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. *Clotilde*, by Tramp, out of Neva, by Cervantes..... walked over.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. 4lb. each.—One mile.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>Vanish</i> , by Phantom, out of Treasure, 4 yrs old (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Watt's b. c. Coulon, by Whisker, 4 yrs old .....	2
		Six to 4 on <i>Vanish</i> . Won easy.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Great St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.—One mile.

Lord Langford's bl. c. <i>Sir Hercules</i> , by Whalebone, out of Penri, by Wanderer (Connolly) .....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, by Whisker.....	2
		Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Zodiac, by Centaur, 3	3
Two to 1 on <i>Sir Hercules</i> . A good race.			

FIRST YEAR.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each: for four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four-year-old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.—Eight subscribers.

Major Yarburgh's br. h. <i>Laurel</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old (G. Nelson) .....	1	Duke of Leeds's gr. h. Moonshine, 5 yrs old .....	2
		Five to 1 on <i>Laurel</i> . Won very easy.	

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's ch. c. <i>Bolivar</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Tramp, out of Swap's dam, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Jaques) .....	4	1	1
Lord Cleveland's br. c. Tamboff, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (recd. 63ga.), 1	2	2	2
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Cambridge, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	3	3
Mr. Weatherill's c. <i>The Captain</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3	4	4
Six to 4 agst Cambridge, 5 to 2 agst Tamboff, and 6 to 1 agst Bolivar; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on Tamboff; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Bolivar. Each heat won easy.			

### SHREWSBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 15.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood—Stella, by Sir Oliver, 8st. 7lb. (Lear) .....	1	Henry, 8st. 4lb. ....	3
		Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Platza, 8st. 4lb. 3	3
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by Master		Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>The Crofts</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb. ....	4
Won very easy.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—About one mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Pelion</i> , by Blacklock, out of Tempe, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Jones) .....	1	old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
		Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Stapeley</i> , 4 yrs		Won very easy.	

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 60 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , by Grey Walton, dam by Remembrancer, 5 yrs old, 8st. (Lear) .....	1	1	Mr. Wadlow's b. f. Niagara, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	4	3
		Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	3	2	
		Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Effie, by Catton, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....			
		Won easy.			



**WEDNESDAY, September 16.**—The **BIOTON STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Ambuscade</i> , by Master Henry, 8st. 4lb. (Darling) ... 1	Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, by Ambo, 8st. 7lb. .... 2
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The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 11 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , by Friend Ned—Fanina, by Sir Solo- mon, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (Spring) ..... 1	8st. 12lb. .... 2 Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Doctor Faustus, aged, 8st. 12lb. .... 3
Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , aged,	

The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Major O. Gore's ch. f. <i>Tib</i> , by Langar, out of Wilful, by Waxy, 8st. 2lb. (S. Darling) ..... 1	Sir W. Wynne's br. f. Sally Maggs, by Woful, 8st. 2lb. .... 2
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**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. R. Turner's b. c. <i>Navarino</i> , by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Lear) ... 2	1	1
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. .... 3	2	2
Sir T. Stanley's br. g. by Filho, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. .... 1		bolt.

**THURSDAY, September 17.**—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Major O. Gore's ch. f. <i>Tib</i> , by Langar, out of Wilful, by Waxy, 8st. 1lb. (S. Darling) ..... 1	8st. 1lb. .... 2 Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Fag, by Master Henry, 8st. 4lb. .... 3
Mr. Yates's b. f. Beatrice, by Swap,	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Twice round and a distance. Four subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Polion</i> , by Black- lock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Jones) ..... 1	Sir G. Pigott's h. f. Dandina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 2
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The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's br. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Lear) ..... 3	1	1
Mr. Turner's br. c. <i>Olympus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 1	2	3
Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , aged, 9st. .... 2		dr.

### WEYMOUTH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 15.**—The **KING'S PURSE** of 100ga. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Finch's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , by Wal- thamstow, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Nor- man) ..... 1	1	Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 11st. 7lb. .... 2	2
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**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by Colonel Gordon, M.P. for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. House's ch. g. <i>Young Briton</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Gould) ... 1	1	aged, 11st. 5lb. .... 3	2
Mr. Douglas Stuart's ch. m. <i>Ariette</i> , aged, 11st. 5lb. .... 2		Mr. Fryer's br. g. Top Gallant, aged, 11st. 5lb. .... 2	dis.

Three others also started.

The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. (T. Cowley) ... 1	1	Mr. Finch's b. g. Fadladeen, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 3	3
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Annette</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. .... 2	2	Mr. Whitmore's gr. f. Flirt, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. .... 4	dr.

**WEDNESDAY, September 16.**—The **LUDMOOR STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, aged, 9st. (C. Nor- man) .....	1	Mr. Margerum's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	2
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One subscriber paid 10 sovs. ft., and three others five sovs. each.

The **TRADESMEN'S PURSE** of 60 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (T. Cowley) .....	1 1	Mr. Finch's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	2 dr.
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Mr. Farquharson's b. f. *Annette*, 3

The **HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added by the Ladies, for the beaten horses.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Finch's b. g. <i>Fadladeen</i> , by Foxbury, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (J. Lewin) .....	1 1	old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2 2
Mr. Wretford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , 6 yrs		Mr. Whitmore's gr. f. <i>Flirt</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3 dr.

### ISLE OF THANET MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 16.**—The **POWELL STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , by Comus, out of Poosy, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3 3
Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Spectre,		Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2 3

The **RAMSGATE PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Week's b. f. <i>Dolly Spicer</i> , by Anticipation, dam by Marnion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....			1 2 1
Capt. Locke's ch. h. <i>Gameboy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....			5 3 2
Mr. Messer's br. c. <i>Chew Bacon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....			3 4 3
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's Eye</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....			2 1 dr.
Capt. Tone's b. c. <i>Vicar</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. (rider fell) .....			6 dis.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....			4 dr.

**THURSDAY, September 17.**—The **MARGATE PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's Eye</i> , by Merlin, dam by Pioneer or Scud, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	1 1	Mr. Back's b. m. <i>Lady Jane</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	6 5
Mr. Robart's b. f. <i>Tancredi</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	2 2	Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	4 4
Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>Job</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	3 3	Mr. Macdonald's b. f. <i>Nightshade</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	5 dr.

The **VISITORS' PURSE** of 50 sovs. each, for the losing horses.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Capt. Locke's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, dam by St. George, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	1 1	Mr. Robart's b. f. <i>Tancredi</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	3 dr.
Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>Job</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2 dr.	Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	4 ds.

### BASINGSTOKE MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 17.**—The **VINE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair, out of Euphrasia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4 3
Mr. Pearce's br. f. <i>Crane</i> , by Eryx, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ....	3 2	Mr. Cosby's b. m. <i>Constance</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2 4
Mr. Goddard's ch. h. <i>Lycurgus</i> , 5		Mr. Phillimore's br. g. <i>Smuggler</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	(bolt.)

**FRIDAY, September 18.**—The **HACKWOOD STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. g. <i>Guilford</i> , by Hampton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Norris).....	1 1	Mr. Weatherill's b. h. <i>The Palfrey</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	4 3
Mr. Frampton's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Waterloo, out of Carthage, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3 2	Mr. Blandy's br. c. <i>His Highness</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	2 4
		Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	5 5

**HANDICAP STAKES** of six sovs. each, made up 50 by the Town.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Boul't's ch. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Norris).....	0 2 1 1
Mr. Cane's b. f. by Whalebone, dam by Milo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	0 1 2 2
Mr. Phillimore's br. g. <i>Smuggler</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	0 3 4 dr.
Mr. Frampton's b. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	4 4 3
Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	5 5 dr.
Mr. Dundas's ch. f. <i>Rosebud</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	6 dr.

### OSWESTRY MEETING.

**MONDAY, September 21.**—A **CUP**, value 50l. the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. added to a **Handicap Stakes** of 15 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Pelion</i> , by Blacklock, out of Tempe, by Thun- derbolt, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Spring) ...	1	aged, 8st. 7lb.....	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , Two subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. Won cleverly by half a neck.		Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Hedgeford</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. <i>Tib</i> , by Lan- gaz, out of Wilful, Sister to Whale- bone, 8st. (S. Darling) .....	1	Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Sally Mags</i> , by Woful, 8st. 3lb.....	2
		Won easy.	

The **FARMERS' CUP**, added to a **Sweepstakes** of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. J. Bennion's ch. m. by Grand Duke, 5 yrs old, 10st. (Owner)...	1 1	Champion, 5 yrs old, 10st.....	2 dr.
Mr. W. B. Oswell's ch. m. by		Mr. J. Lewis's b. f. by Piscator, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	3 dr.
		Won very easy.	

**TUESDAY, September 22.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. in specie, by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and a half.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , by Friend Ned, out of Fanina, by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring) 1		Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	2
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A most excellent race, and won only by half a neck.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Tramp, out of Gen. Mina's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Calloway) .....	1 2 1
Mr. Wadlow's br. f. <i>Niagara</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	4 1 2
Major O'Gore's b. c. <i>Perkington</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	2 3 dr.
Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Filho, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.....	3 4 dr.

The winner the favorite; after the first heat, high odds on her; after the second heat, even betting between Niagara and the winner. Won cleverly.

The **SHROPSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Nine subscribers, three of whom declared.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Stapely</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Spring) .....	1 1	Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb.....	2 2
		Won easy.	

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>The Crofts</i> , by	Henry—Zadora, 8st. 11lb.....	2
Whalebone, 8st. 4lb. (Calloway) .....	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. z. by the Grand	
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by Master	Duke, dam by Alexander, 8st. 4lb. ....	3

Very smartly run, and won cleverly.

**TOWN SUBSCRIPTION PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, aged, 9st. 7lb. (Darling) .....	3	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	1	3	3
Sir W. Wynn's ch. c. <i>Stapely</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	2	2	2

The three heats admirably contested, and each won by only half a length.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—The Stakes to be paid to the owner of the second horse.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Oswald's ch. m. by Champion,	old, 10st. 11lb.....	2	2
5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Spring) .....	Mr. Rogers's b. f. by Matchless, 3		
Mr. Lewis's b. f. by Piscator, 4 yrs	ysr old, 9st. 8lb. ....	3	3

### SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 22.**—The SOUTHAMPTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 100 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Mills's ch. c. <i>Cornelian</i> , by Rubens, dam by Woful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Lewin) .....	1	Mr. Greville's ch. h. Goshawk, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	3
Mr. Walker's ch. g. <i>Spondee</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (rec. 30l.).....	2	Mr. Lumley's br. f. <i>Nelo</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	4

Five subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

**The TOWN PURSE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, out of Flame, 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. (Cowley) .....	1	1	Mr. Frampton's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Waterloo, grandam Carthage, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Beechey's br. c. <i>His Highness</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (rec. the entrance money) .....				2	2

**The SILVER CUP**, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Hewitt's <i>Maid of Athens</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.....	0	1	1
Mr. Ball's ch. h. <i>Representative</i> , aged, 12st. (rec. the entrance money) .....	0	3	2
Mr. Shelly's b. f. <i>Totsey</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.....	3	4	3
Mr. Molt's b. h. <i>Rubens</i> , aged, 12st.....	4	3	4
Mr. Williams's b. m. <i>Vixen</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.....	0	2	5

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, out of Flame, 6 yrs old, 9st. (Cowley) .....	1	1	ysr old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Frampton's b. c. by Rubens, 4			Capt. Locke's b. c. <i>Bottle Imp</i> , 3		
			ysr old, 7st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.

**MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. by Robin Adair—Euphrasia, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (Weatherall) .....	1	1	Mr. Beechey's br. c. <i>His Highness</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	4
Mr. Taylor's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Miss Platoff, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	2	Capt. Locke's b. c. <i>Bottle Imp</i> , 3		
Mr. Dilly's b. h. <i>Pandarus</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	5	3	ysr old, 7st. ....	6	5
			Mr. Lumley's br. f. <i>Nelo</i> , by Nicolo, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	

A SILVER CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hewett's <i>Maid of Athens</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. ....	1	1	ney) .....	2	2
Mr. Thompson's br. h. Blensiah, aged, 12st. (rec. the entrance mo-			Mr. Williams's br. h. Mountaineer, aged, 12st. ....		dia.
			Mr. Sanders's Miraculous, aged, 12st. dia.		

### CARLISLE MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 22.**—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. <i>Parson Harvey</i> , by Phantom, out of Percy's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (S. Templeman) .....	1	5	1
Mr. Shipley's b. c. by Catton, dam by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	5	1	3
Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	2	2
Mr. Kilvington's b. f. Gay Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	6	3	4
Mr. Simpson's b. f. Queen Sheba, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	2	4	dr.
Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Epperston, out of Anna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4	dr.	

Won cleverly.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.

Gen. Sharpe's ch. h. <i>Malek</i> , by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Garbutt) 1	Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	3
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	Sir J. H. Maxwell's bl. c. by Epperston, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4	

A severe race, and won by only a head. Malek was very lame when pulled up.

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. T. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (J. Jacques) .....	1	1	Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.
Mr. Williamson's gr. c. Dicky Walkington, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	7	2	Mr. Lamb's b. m. Bessy Bedlam, by Stamborough, dam by Young Woodpecker, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 5	dr.	
Sir C. Monck's bl. c. Black Hedden, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	2	3	Mr. Attwood's br. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	6	dr.

Mr. Margetson's br. h. Brunswick, 5  
Won easy.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; not thorough-bred.—One mile and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's, by Frolic, out of a Cumberland mare. ....	1	Dalcinea .....	2
Mr. Benson's, by Enville, out of Young		Mr. Hodgson's, by Frolic, dam by Hyacinthus .....	3

Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , by Constable, out of Lady Abbess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Jacques) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Gilmeur's b. h. Gallopede, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Lamb's ch. m. Lady Mary, aged, 9st. ....	5	3	3
Mr. Attwood's b. g. Godfrey, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4	4	dr.
Mr. Harrison's br. f. Young Filho, dam by Walton, out of Two Shoes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	dr.	

The first heat won cleverly, the second by half a head, and the third easy.

**THURSDAY, September 24.**—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members of the County of Cumberland, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	5	1	1
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	1	4	2
Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	4	2	3

Mr. J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Epperstone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Attwood's br. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3		dr.
Won easy.			

#### FIFTY POUNDS for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsey's ch. c. <i>Parson Harvey</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Templeman) .....	5	1	1
Mr. C. C. Wilkinson's ch. m. <i>Duchess of Lancaster</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	3	4
Mr. Harrison's b. f. by Young Filho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	6	4	2
Mr. T. Hudson's b. f. <i>Mansfield Lass</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	4	2	3
Mr. Attwood's b. g. <i>Godfrey</i> , by <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	2		dis.
Mr. Simpson's b. f. <i>Moll in the Wad</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	3		dr.
Won very easy.			

#### HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—

Heats, one mile and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Margetson's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (R. Johnson) .....	1	1	Sir C. Monck's b. c. by <i>Whicker</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	4
Mr. Simpson's b. f. <i>Queen Sheba</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2	Mr. Lamb's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	6	5
Mr. Denham's b. f. by <i>Outcry</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	5	3	Mr. Hudson's b. c. by <i>Gambler</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	4	dr.
Won very easy.					

### BECCLES MEETING.

#### TUESDAY, September 22.—MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , by <i>Tris-</i> tram, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	Mr. Westley's br. f. <i>Miss Pry</i> , by Or- ville, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2
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#### FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Hedley's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by <i>Godolphin</i> , out of <i>Vignette</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. (Baker) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Caldecott's b. f. <i>Trample</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	2	2
Mr. Pedgriff's ch. g. <i>Screw-driver</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	5	3	3
Mr. Bromley's ch. g. <i>Gambol</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	3		dr.
Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Little-Go</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	4		dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of two sovs. each, with five added—heats, two miles and a half—was won, at two heats, by Mr. Blanche's b. f. *Little Ann*, 3 yrs old, beating three others.

#### WEDNESDAY, September 23.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Bromley's ch. c. <i>Gambol</i> , by <i>Nicolo</i> , out of <i>Romp's dam</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Snap) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Caldecott's b. f. <i>Trample</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	2	3
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. <i>Jack Junk</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	8	3	2
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. <i>Dicky Dolas</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (fell lame) .....	0	4	dr.

#### SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. S. Palmer's b. m. <i>Fair Helen</i> , aged (Caldecot) .....	1	1	Mr. Coyroe's ch. f. <i>Frisky</i> , 3 yrs ...	2	2
			Mr. Manro's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged .....	3	dr.

#### THE CUP STAKES of one sov. each, with five added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Brother to Tris-</i> tram, by <i>Tristram</i> , 6 yrs, 10st. 7lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Denny's gr. m. <i>Nutmeg</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. (fell) .....	4	0
Mr. Gurney's b. g. <i>Sweetwilliam</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Rockill's br. m. <i>Brown Bear</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.

#### MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Manro's <i>Felix</i> .....	1	Mr. Caldecott's <i>Marianne</i> .....	2
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# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1889.

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## CARMARTHEN MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 22.**—FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Allie's b. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by <i>Candi-</i>		Mr. Waters's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs	
date, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	1 1	old, 8st.....	2 dr.
Mr. Lucas's St. Barnabas.....	2 2		

The COUNTY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Captain Rice's gr. f. <i>Mimosa</i> , by		nal Wolsey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb....	2 2
Duplicate, out of <i>Primrose</i> , by		Mr. Bevan's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old,	
<i>Grimaldi</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	1 1	7st. 13lb.....	3 dr.
Mr. Gough's br. c. <i>Mitre</i> , by <i>Casdi-</i>			

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Henderson's ch. ra. by Poulton, aged, 9st. 11lb.....	1 1
Captain Rice's <i>Cardinal</i> .....	2 2

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Allie's b. h. *Sailor*, by *Candidate*, 6 yrs old, 9st.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Waters's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , by		Mr. Henderson's ch. m. by Poulton,	
<i>Acastus</i> , out of <i>Lady Leg</i> , by <i>Fyl-</i>		aged, 12st.....	2 2
dener, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	1 1		

## WALSALL MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Chauce</i> (late <i>Hazard</i> ), by <i>Waverley</i> , out of <i>Negotiator's</i> dam ( <i>Lear</i> ).....	1	Mr. E. Phillip's ch. c. by <i>Bobadil</i> , out of <i>Aglais</i> .....	2
Mr. Richards's b. c. <i>Allerdale</i> , Brother to <i>Mary Anne</i> .....	2	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by <i>Thresina</i> , dam by <i>Selim</i> .....	4

A fine race, and won by a neck only.

The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. *Sarah*, by *Whisker*, 5 yrs old.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , dam by <i>Comus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ( <i>Lear</i> ).....	1 1	<i>Beck</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb.....	2 3
Mr. Freemantle's br. f. <i>Flora</i> , by <i>Cannon Ball</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb....	5 2	Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Foxcote</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3 4
Mr. Gleave's b. g. <i>Miller of Mans-</i>		Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>Macassar</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	4 dr.

Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Anson's gr. m. <i>Sister in Mayflower</i> , by <i>Cannon Ball</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ( <i>Lamb</i> ).....	1 1	aged, 12st. 7lb.....	2 3
Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. <i>Tom Moody</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st.....	0 2	Mr. Jackson's br. m. <i>Antiope</i> , aged, 12st.....	3 dr.
Mr. H. W. Hickes's ch. g. <i>Tartar</i> ,		Mr. Measures's br. m. <i>Revenge</i> , by <i>Mango</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	0 dr.

It was scarcely possible a finer race could be run: the pace was extremely swift for half-bred ones, and won only by a head.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Epparstone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Attwood's br. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Won easy.

#### FIFTY POUNDS for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsey's ch. c. <i>Parson Harvey</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Templeman) .....	5	1	1
Mr. C. C. Wilkinsons's ch. m. <i>Duchess of Lancaster</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	3	4
Mr. Harrison's b. f. by Young Filho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	6	4	2
Mr. T. Hudson's b. f. <i>Mansfield Lass</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	4	2	3
Mr. Attwood's b. g. <i>Godfrey</i> , by <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	2	dis.	
Mr. Simpson's b. f. <i>Moll in the Wad</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	3	dr.	

Won very easy.

#### HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—

Heats, one mile and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Margetson's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (R. Johnson) .....	1	1	Sir C. Monck's b. c. by <i>Whisker</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	4
Mr. Simpson's b. f. <i>Queen Sheba</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2	Mr. Lamb's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	6	5
Mr. Denham's b. f. by <i>Outcry</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	5	3	Mr. Hudson's b. c. by <i>Gambler</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	4	dr.

Won very easy.

### BECCLES MEETING.

#### TUESDAY, September 22.—MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , by <i>Tris-</i> tram, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	Mr. Westley's br. f. <i>Miss Pry</i> , by <i>Or-</i> ville, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2
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#### FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Hedley's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by <i>Godolphin</i> , out of <i>Vignette</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. (Baker) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Caldecott's b. f. <i>Trample</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	2	3
Mr. Pedgriff's ch. g. <i>Screw-driver</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	5	3	3
Mr. Bromley's ch. g. <i>Gambol</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	3	dr.	
Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Little-Go</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	4	dr.	

HUNTERS' STAKES of two sovs. each, with five added—heats, two miles and a half—was won, at two heats, by Mr. Blanche's b. f. *Little Ann*, 3 yrs old, beating three others.

#### WEDNESDAY, September 23.—The TOWN PURSE of 30l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Bromley's ch. c. <i>Gambol</i> , by <i>Nicolo</i> , out of <i>Romp's dam</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Snap) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Caldecott's b. f. <i>Trample</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	2	3
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. <i>Jack Junk</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3	3	2
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. <i>Dicky Dolas</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (fell lame) .....	0	4	dr.

#### SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. S. Palmer's b. m. <i>Fair Helen</i> , aged (Caldecott) .....	1	1	Mr. Coyne's ch. f. <i>Frisky</i> , 3 yrs ...	2	2
			Mr. Manro's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged .....	3	dr.

#### THE CUP STAKES of one sov. each, with five added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. <i>Brother to Tris-</i> tram, by <i>Tristram</i> , 6 yrs, 10st. 7lb. 1	1	Mr. Denny's gr. m. <i>Nutmeg</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. (fell) .....	4	0
Mr. Gurney's b. g. <i>Sweetwilliam</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Rockill's br. m. <i>Brown Bear</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	3

#### MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Manroe's <i>Felix</i> .....	1	Mr. Caldecott's <i>Marianne</i> .....	2
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## CARMARTHEN MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 22.**—FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Allie's b. h. <i>Sailor</i> , by Candidate, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	1 1	Mr. Waters's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Lucas's St. Barnabas.....	2 2		

The COUNTY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Captain Rice's gr. f. <i>Mimosa</i> , by Duplicate, out of Primrose, by Grimaldi, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	1 1	nal Wolsey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb....	2 2
Mr. Gough's br. c. <i>Mitre</i> , by Cardi-		Mr. Bevan's b. f. <i>Isabel</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	8 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Henderson's ch. ra. by Poulton, aged, 9st. 11lb.....	1 1		
Captain Rice's Cardinal.....	2 2		

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Allie's b. h. *Sailor*, by Candidate, 6 yrs old, 9st.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Waters's b. c. <i>Smuggler</i> , by Acastus, out of Lady Leg, by Fyldener, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	1 1	Mr. Henderson's ch. m. by Poulton, aged, 12st.....	2 2
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## WALSALL MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Chauce</i> (late Hazard), by Waverley, out of Negotiator's dam (Lear).....	1 1	Mr. E. Phillip's ch. c. by Bobadil, out of Aglaia.....	3
Mr. Richards's b. a. Allerdale, Brother to Mary Anne.....	2	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Thresian, dam by Selim.....	4

A fine race, and won by a neck only.

The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. *Sarah*, by Whisker, 5 yrs old.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Cornus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Lear).....	1 1	Seld, aged, 8st. 9lb.....	2 3
Mr. Freemantle's br. f. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb....	5 2	Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Pexcoke</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	3 4
Mr. Gleave's b. g. Miller of Mans-		Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>Macassar</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	4 dr.

Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Anson's gr. m. <i>Sister to Mayflower</i> , by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Lamb).....	1 1	aged, 12st. 7lb.....	2 3
Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. Tom Moody, 5 yrs old, 12st.....	0 2	Mr. Jackson's br. m. <i>Antiope</i> , aged, 12st.....	3 dr.
Mr. H. W. Hickes's ch. g. <i>Tartar</i> , It was scarcely possible a finer race could be run: the pace was extremely swift for half-bred ones, and won only by a head.		Mr. Measures's br. m. <i>Revenge</i> , by Mango, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	0 dr.

**THURSDAY, September 24.**—The CORPORATION PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Spring) .....	5	1	1
Mr. Richards's b. c. <i>Allerdale</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>The Weaver</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Jackson's br. m. <i>Brenda</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	3	4	dr.
Mr. Wakefield's br. m. <i>Billinggate</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4		dr.

A beautiful race; each heat was well contested, and the last heat was won, with great difficulty, by a head.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for two-year-olds, 8st. each.—Half-a-mile.

Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>The Little Duchess</i> , by Bobadil, out of Aglaia (Spring) ... 1	Alexander .....	2
Mr. Wadlow's ch. f. by The Grand Duke, dam by Comus, grandam by	Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Paulowitz, dam by Selim, out of Annette .....	3

Won easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Turner's b. c. *Clinton*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile.

Mr. Giffard's b. c. <i>Barabbas</i> , by Banker —Nerissa, by Woful (Lear) .....	1	Filho—Miss Hap .....	2
Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>The Burgess</i> , by	1	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Thersias, dam by Selim .....	3

Won easy.

### NORTHERN MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 23.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-years-olds:—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's br. c. by Cannon Ball, out of Rebecca..... walked over.

**FIRST CLASS** of the MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Maitland's b. g. <i>Major</i> , by Bustler, dam by Shuttle, aged, (Owner) .....	1	1	Mr. Melville's br. h. <i>Crafty</i> , 6 yrs old .....	2	2
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Won easy.

**The TULLOCH STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, with 25 ft.—Two Meeting miles and a distance.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. <i>Victory</i> , by Wa- terloo, out of Sister to Adeliza, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Boynton) .....	1	Mr. Fraser's br. h. <i>Hartlepool</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	2
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Won easy.

**THURSDAY, September 24.**—FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Davidson's ch. g. <i>Ephesus</i> , by Ti- resias, out of Diana, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Boynton) .....	1	old, 8st. 13lb. ....	2
Mr. Fraser's br. h. <i>Hartlepool</i> , 6 yrs	1	Mr. Munro's br. c. <i>Deoch an Dorais</i> (late Billy Messenger), by Waverley —Sancho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3

A good race.

**SECOND CLASS** of the MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's ch. g. <i>Ephesus</i> , by Thersias, out of Diana, 4 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. (Mr. Grant) .....	1	11st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Maitland's b. g. <i>Major</i> , aged,	1	Mr. W. Melville's br. h. <i>Crafty</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	3	3

A good race.

**The BEAUFORT STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Two miles.—Two subscribers.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Victory*, by Waterloo, out of Sister to Adeliza, by  
Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... walked over.

The NORTHERN MEETING CUP, value 100gs. by five subscribers of 20gs. each.  
Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Victory*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... walked over.

FRIDAY, September 25.—ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, M.P.—Two miles.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Victory*, by Waterloo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... walked over.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Maitland's b. g. *Major*, by Bustler, dam by Shuttle, aged, 11st. 7lb.  
(owner) ..... 2 1 1

Mr. Melville's br. h. *Crafty*, aged, 11st. 2lb. .... 1 2 2  
An excellent race, and won by about half a neck.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—One mile.

Mr. Munro's br. c. *Deoch an Dorais*, | Mr. W. Melville's br. h. *Crafty*, 6 yrs  
by Waverley, dam by Sancho, 4 yrs | old, 7st. 11lb. .... 2  
old, 7st. 13lb. (Springate) ..... 1 | Won by a neck.

### LEOMINSTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 23.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by Lord Hotham, added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Thorne's b. m. *Forester Lass*, by Filho da Puta—Miss Forester, aged, 9st. 6lb. .... 2 1 1

Mr. R. Smith's b. c. *Prejudice*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 1 2 dr.

Mr. Williams's ch. g. *Catanio*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, September 24.—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 1 1	Mr. Patrick's b. h. by Manfred, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2 4
Mr. Reynolds's b. m. <i>Milkmaid</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 2	Mr. Smith's b. c. <i>Prejudice</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 4 dr.
Mr. Williams's ch. g. <i>Catanio</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 5 3	Mr. Thorne's b. c. <i>Rex</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. .... 6 dr.

Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES, with 25 sovs. added.—Heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Smith's b. c. *Prejudice*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 1 1

Mr. Williams's ch. c. *Catanio*, 5 yrs old, 7st. .... 1 2 2

Mr. Thorne's b. c. *Rex*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. .... 2 3 dr.

A good race.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Moss's b. f. by Mortimer, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. .... 1 1	Mr. Coates's br. f. 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. 4 3
Mr. Bradford's b. m. by Strephon, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. .... 2 2	Mr. Edwards's b. m. <i>Leominster</i> <i>Lass</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. .... 3 dr.

### LINCOLN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 23.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four and five-year-old mares.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. <i>Ballad</i> <i>Singer</i> , by Tramp, out of Clin- kerina, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (T. Lye) ... 1 1	Mr. Hodgson's br. f. <i>Emerald</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2 2
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The CHAMPION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Fortitude</i> , by Whisker, out of Fortuna ..... 1	Colonel King's ch. c. <i>Madcap</i> , by Black- lock or Tramp ..... 2
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**MACARONI STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.  
Five subscribers.

Mr. Platel's ch. m. <i>Blaze</i> , by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Owner) .....	1 1	Mr. Bird's ch. m. by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. ....	2 dr.
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**THURSDAY, September 24**—The **CITY PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Dickson's ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tramp, dam by Camillus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye) .....	1 1	Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	5 3
Dr. Willis's b. f. Gold Pin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2 2	Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	4 4
Mr. Marson's ch. f. Trampina, by		Colonel King's ch. c. Madcap, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3 dr.

**GRAND FALCONER'S CUP**, value 200gs. given by His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's, for Horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. m. <i>Fleur de Lis</i> , (by Bourbon) out of <i>Lady Rachael</i> , aged 9st. (Robinson) .....	1	Major Yarbrough's h. h. Laurel, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Colonel King's br. f. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	Mr. Golden's br. h. Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Ballad Singer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	Dr. Willis's b. c. by Theresias, dam by Haphazard. 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0

**FRIDAY, September 25**—**SEVENTY GUINEAS** for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dickson's ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Dodgson) .....	1 1	Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Mulatto, 6 yrs, 9st. ....	2 2
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Five to 4 on Lucy. Won easy.

**A GOLD CUP**, by eleven subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages. Three miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Fortitude</i> , by Whisker, out of <i>Fortuna</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (R. Lowe) .....	1	Mr. Golden's br. h. Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
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Four to 1 on Robin Hood. Won by half a length.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—Three quarters of a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Thoresby*, by Sherwood, 8st. .... walked over

### HEATON PARK MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 23**—The **STANLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—Half a mile.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodor</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Banshee, aged, 12st. (Mr. Davies) .....	1	Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Herbert Lacy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. T. S. Duncombe's b. c. Coulon, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. Steele's b. g. Sawney, by X.Y.Z. 5 yrs old, 11st. ....	0
Mr. R. Turner's br. c. Sir Thomas, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	0	Lord Wilton's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Governor, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. given by Mr. Deane, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each.—St. Leger Course.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Horn, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. White) .....	1	11st. 9lb. ....	2
Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , aged,		Capt. Locke's b. c. Mazziniello (late Master Burke), by Phantom, out of Occana, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. ....	3

The **HEATON PARK STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile and a half. Eleven subscribers.

Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , by Spectre, out of Sunflower, by Castrel, 6 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. (Owner).....	1	Mr. Deane's ch. f. Harmless, by Wal- ton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.....	0
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 11st. 10lb. ....	2	Lord Wilton's ch. c. by Cervantes, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	0

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses, &c. not tho-  
rough bred.—Once round.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Kent's ch. g. <i>Mr. Fry</i> , by The Laird, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. White).....	1	Mr. Walsley's b. g. Caribert, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. ....	0
Sir R. Brooke's b. g. Gamecock, aged, 11st. 7lb. ....	2	Mr. Trafford's b. g. Cheahire Cheese, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	0
Lord Wilton's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Governor, reed. ft. from Mr. Walma- ley's b. c. by Bob Logic, 100 sovs. h. ft. 10st. 7lb. each, both 3 yrs old, one mile.			

**THURSDAY, September 24.**—**MANCHESTER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each  
h. ft.—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, aged, 13st. 4lb. (Mr. White).....	1	Mr. T. S. Duncombe's b. c. Coulon, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. ....	2
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**MATCH** for 200 sovs. both five years old, 10st. 11½lb. each.—**St. Leger  
Course.**

Mr. Doncaster's b. m. <i>Elegance</i> , by Filho (Mr. White).....	1	Mr. Palin's ch. m. Miss Sutton, by Paul Potter .....	2
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**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5ft. with 25 added.—One mile.—Five sub-  
scribers.

Captain Locke's b. c. <i>Masaniello</i> (late Master Burke), by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. (Mr. Duncombe).....	1	..... yrs old, 10st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. T. S. Duncombe's b. c. Coulon, 4		Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Grenadier, aged, 12st.....	0

**The HACK STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—**A. F.**

Mr. Russell's ch. g. <i>Hibernian</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Ringlet's dam, 3 yrs old, 11st. (Lord Wilton).....	1	Mr. Simpson's b. g. Billy, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Sir R. Brooke's Walnut, aged, 11st. 10lb. ....	0	Putu, 3 yrs old, 11st. ....	0
Lord Forester named b. c. by Filho da		Mr. Deane's ch. f. Harmless, 4 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. ....	0

**The FORESTER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, 12st. 7lb. each.  
Across the Flat.—Half a mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. White's br. h. <i>Eurton</i> , by Rinaldo, dam by Benningbrough, 6 yrs (Owner), 1	1	Mr. Hobson's b. m. Judy Nicholson, by Catton, aged.....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. C. Stanley named ch. g. by Ca- vendo, aged .....	0	Mr. R. Grosvenor named br. g. Meteor, 6 yrs old .....	0
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**FIFTY POUNDS** given by the Club, added to a Subscription of five sovs. each.  
Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Captain Locke's b. c. <i>Masaniello</i> , by Phantom, out of Oceana, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. (Mr. Duncombe).....	1	6 yrs old, 11st. 9st. ....	2
Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , by Spectre,		Mr. Thompson's b. f. Minera, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. ....	2

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 10 added.—One mile.

Sir R. Brooke's b. g. Gamecock, by Ge- lumpus, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Lord Wilton), 1	1	Mr. Stanley's Cock-a-Hoop, aged, 11st. 4lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Kent's ch. g. <i>Mr. Fry</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.....	0	Mr. Steele's b. g. Sawney, by X.Y.Z. 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. ....	0
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**FRIDAY, September 25.**—**The GOLD CUP** value 100 sovs. given by the  
VOL. XXV. N. S.—No. 150. I

Steward (Lord Durham), added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—The St. Leger Course.—Twenty-four subscribers.

Captain Locke's b. c. <i>Masaniello</i> , by Phantom, out of Oceana, 4 yrs old, 10st. (Mr. Duncombe) .....	1	Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , aged, 11st. 12lb. (received 25 sovs.) .....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Herbert Lacy, 4 yrs old, 10st. ....	0	Mr. Duncombe's b. c. Coulon, 4 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. ....	0
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The CLARET STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Wilton's br. m. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure, aged, 11st. 10lb. (Owner) .....	1	11st. 3lb. ....	2
Mr. White's b. g. Granby, 6 yrs old, .....		Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 11st. 7lb. ....	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Club.—One mile.

Lord Wilton's ch. c. by Cervantes, dam by Governor, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....		(Owner) .....	1
Mr. R. Grosvenor's br. g. Meteor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	0	Mr. Bowser's ch. c. Rufus, 4 yrs, 10st. ....	2

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. R. Grosvenor's br. g. Meteor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	0	Mr. Hobson's b. m. Judy Nicholson, 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	0
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### DOVER MEETING.

THURSDAY, September 24.—FIFTY POUNDS given by the Members for Dover.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Captain Stewart's b. c. <i>Vicar</i> , by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs, 8st. ....	3	1	1
Mr. Browne's b. c. Watchman, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. Hawk's Eye, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	3	dr.	

Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 sovs. added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, out of Remembrance, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	1	1	old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Roberts's br. f. Tancreda, 3 yrs old, 9st. ....			Mr. Kettel's ch. g. Hawk's Eye, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	3	3

Won by half a neck.

FRIDAY, September 25.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Corporation of Dover.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Captain Looker's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, dam by St. George, 4 yrs, 9st. ....	1	2	1
Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	1	2
Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Verderer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	3	3
Mr. Messer's br. c. Chew Bacon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	4	4	4

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, for horses not thoroughbred, 11st. each.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Captain Torre's gr. g. <i>Mustapha</i> , aged .....	1	1	Mr. W. Back's gr. g. <i>Alexander</i> , aged .....	7	4
Mr. Coleman's br. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , aged (recd. 5l.) .....	2	2	Mr. Palmer's b. g. <i>Peter Pindar</i> , aged .....	3	0
Mr. Horsley's br. m. <i>Augusta</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	4	3	Mr. Coveney's b. g. <i>Dasher</i> , aged .....	5	0
			Mr. H. Back's br. m. <i>Jennet</i> , 5 yrs, ....	6	0

MATCH for 50 sovs.

Mr. Payne's <i>Pet</i> .....	1	Captain Lyne's <i>Chaw Chaw</i> .....	2
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The TOWN and VISITOR'S PURSE of 50 sovs. for losing horses, not distanced. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , by Comus, out of Poozy, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	1	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2	dr.
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. Hawk's Eye, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....			Mr. Messer's br. c. Chew Bacon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	dia.	

## NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

**MONDAY, September 28.**—The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Across the Flat.

Sir Mark Wood's b. f. by Reveller, out of Luss, by Hedley, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Conolly) .....	0	Mr. Batson's b. f. Seraph by Phantom, out of Jessy, by Totteridge, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Wakefield) .....	0
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Lord Exeter's ch. h. Enamel, aged, 8st. 6lb. ....	0	8st. 9lb. ....	0
Mr. Roberts's b. f. Locket, 4 yrs old, Seven to 4 agst Seraph, 2 to 1 agst Locket, and 6 to 1 agst the Luss filly. After the dead heat, the Luss filly walked over, and Sir M. Wood and Mr. Batson divided the stake.		Duke of Grafton's br. f. Caradori, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord Verulam's b. m. <i>Bresard</i> , by Whalebone, out of Varennes, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Conolly) .....	1	Sir M. Wood's b. c. John de Bart, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Six and 7 to 4 on Brocard. Won by three lengths.			

**SWEKPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Caleb Quot'em, out of Scotia's dam (W. Arnall) .....	1	out of Aline .....	2
Mr. Rogers's b. c. Envoy, by Comus, Six to 4 on the winner. Won by a length.		Duke of Grafton's b. c. Orbit, by Centaur—Whizgig .....	3

**The LILLY HOO STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C. Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Cetus</i> , by Whalebone, out of Lamia, by Gohanna, 8st. 5lb. (Buckle) .....	1	Merlin, 8st. 5lb. ....	3
Mr. Rogers's b. f. Verdict, by Nicolo, 7st. 13lb. ....	2	Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Jannette, by Abjer, dam by Sanche, out of Sister to Chippenham, 7st. 13lb. ....	4
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paradox, by Six to 5 on Cetus, and 6 to 4 agst Paradox. Won cleverly.		Mr. Meynell's b. c. by Gulliver—Cesar, 8st. 2lb. ....	5

**SEVENTH RENEWAL** of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A.F.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Pauline</i> , by Moses, out of Pastime's dam, by Selim (W. Arnall) .....	1	Ada .....	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Phantom, out of Even betting on Pauline, and 6 to 4 agst Mr. Irby's colt. Won by a length.		Mr. Irby's b. c. by Orville, dam by Soothsayer .....	3

**TUESDAY, September 29.**—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—Rowley Mile.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Acacia</i> , by Phantom, out of Augusta, 8st. (W. Arnall), 1 .....	1	Sir M. Wood's br. c. Nessus, by Centaur, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
Seven to 4 on Acacia. Won in a canter.			

## MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Monse, 8st. 11lb. (W. Arnall) .....	1	Mr. Greville's ch. f. Xarifa, by Moses, 7st. 13lb. ....	2
Even betting. Won by a head.			

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—Across the Flat.

Ld. Verulam's b. c. <i>Laurestinus</i> , by Gustavus, out of Laurel Leaf, 8st. 5lb. (Conolly), 0 .....	0		
Sir M. Wood's ch. f. Canary, 8st. 2lb. ....	0		
Ran a dead heat. Two to 1 on Laurestinus.			

## MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D.M.

Mr. Greville's br. f. <i>Discovery</i> , by Tiresias, out of Harriet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Conolly) .....	1	Lord Sefton's bl. c. Juryman, 4 yrs old; 8st. 13lb. ....	2
Five to 4 agst Discovery. Won by a length.			

## FIFTY GUINEAS, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B.C.

Mr. Thornhill's br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Merlin, out of Gooseander, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....			walked over.
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**WEDNESDAY, September 30.**—The **87. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D.I.—Fourteen subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Godolphin, out of Rapid Rhone's dam (W. Arnall) .....	1	Mr. Greville's b. c. Vortigern, by Emilius .....	2
Five to 2 on the winner, 4 to 1 agst Vortigern, and 7 to 1 agst Nessus. Won by a length.		Sir M. Wood's b. c. Nessus, by Centaur, out of Sal .....	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.—Five subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. f. *Green Mantle*, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea ..... rec. ft.

The **OCTOBER UNDERLEY STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Across the Flat.—Five subscribers.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Acacia</i> , by Phantom, out of Augusta, by Woful (W. Arnall) .....	1	Canvas .....	2
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Even betting on Mr. Hunter's colt, 7 to 4 agst <i>Acacia</i> , and 7 to 2 agst Worry. Won by three lengths.		Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Worry, by Woful, out of Sal .....	3

**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C. Seven subscribers.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. <i>The Fairy</i> , by Emilius, out of The Witch, 8st. 11b. (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Jannette, by Abjer, 8st. 11b. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Credulity</i> , by Phantom, out of Clarionet, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	Mr. Greville's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by Master Henry, out of Manœuvre, 8st. 11b. ....	0
Mr. Hunter's f. by Gustavus—Sprightly, 8st. 2lb. ....	0	Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Emilius—Surprise, 8st. 6lb. ....	0

Six to 4 agst Blue Bonnet, 5 to 2 agst *Credulity*, and 6 to 1 agst *The Fairy*. Won by nearly a length.

**THURSDAY, October 1.**—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Mr. Batson's b. f. <i>Seraph</i> , by Phantom, out of Jeany, by Totteridge (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Prue, Lord Orford's br. c. Chiron, by Centaur, Eight to 1 on <i>Seraph</i> . Won easy.	2
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**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the Oaks to carry 7lb., the second 4lb. extra.—A. B. M.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Exeter's br. <i>Varna</i> , by Sultan, out of Bea, by Waxy, carried 4lb. extra (G. Dockray) .....	1	Quadrille .....	2
Mr. Payne's b. <i>Pauline</i> , by Moses—Six to 4 on <i>Varna</i> , 2 to 1 agst <i>Pauline</i> , and 8 to 1 agst <i>Windfall</i> . Won by a length.		Mr. Dilly's b. <i>Windfall</i> , by Reveller—Legacy .....	3

**MATCH** for 200, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—T.Y.C.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. <i>John de Barf</i> , by Carbon, out of Sister to Idle Boy, by Hedley (F. Buckle) .....	1	Lord Southampton's b. c. Barnardo, by Bustard .....	2
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Three to 1 agst *John de Barf*. Won by a length.

**MATCH** for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. <i>Rosary</i> , by Waverley or Tramp, out of Rosa Mundi, 8st. 2lb. (Conolly) .....	1	Mr. Payne's b. f. <i>Pauline</i> , by Moses, 8st. 8½lb. ....	2
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Three to 1 agst *Rosary*. Won by three-quarters of a length.

The **KING'S PURSE** of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—R. C.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. <i>Cadland</i> , by Andrew, out of Soreery, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb (J. Robinson) .....	1	Mr. Thornhill's br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	2
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Four to 1 on *Cadland*. Won in a canter.



## WREXHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 29.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Muley, 8st. 8lb. (Lear) .....	1	Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Parnassus</i> , 8st. 5lb. ....	2
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*Parnassus* the favorite. A most beautiful race, and won by only a head.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by twelve subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.

Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, out of Rally, aged, 8st. (S. Darling) .....	1	Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2
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*Courtier* the favorite. A good race.

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>The Crafts</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Jones) ...	1	2	3	1
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. <i>Niagara</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	3	1	2
Mr. T. Stanley's br. g. by Filho, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	1	2	0
Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	5	4	dr.	
Sir W. Wynne's br. f. <i>Sally Magga</i> , by Woful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	dr.		

A beautiful race. Sir T. Stanley's gelding bolted in the last heat.

**WEDNESDAY, September 30.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Sir R. Brooke's b. g. <i>Gamecock</i> , by Golumpus, aged, 11st. 13lb. (S. Darling) .....	1	1	Mr. Bennion's ch. m. by The Grand Duke, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Hobson's b. m. <i>Judy Nicholson</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Stelfox's br. f. by Muley, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (bolted) .....	dis.	

Won very easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by Master Henry, out of <i>Zadora</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (Jones) .....	1	1	Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Courtier</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	2
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Two to 1 on *Courtier*. Won very easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Mollyhock, aged, 9st. 8lb. (Darling) .....	4	1	1
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	1	4	2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Hedgford</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3	3	3
Mr. R. Turner's b. c. <i>Navarino</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	2	2	dr.

An excellent race.

## RICHMOND MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 29.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Once round.—Three subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. f. *Dora*, Sister to *Medora*, by *Cervantes*, 8st. 5lb. (*Lye*) walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—Once round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. <i>Giglet</i> , by Wanton, out of <i>Floranthe</i> , by Octavian (T. Lye) .....	1	Mr. Jackson's b. f. <i>Madame de Chevena</i> , by Corinthian, dam by <i>Sancho</i> .....	2
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Even betting. Won easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wilson's br. c. <i>Arrow</i> , by Don Juan, dam by Filho da Puta (T. Lye) ...	3	1	1
Mr. Petre's br. c. <i>Cobbler Will</i> , by Tramp, dam by <i>Amadis</i> (rec. 12L) .....	1	3	2
Mr. Harrison's b. c. <i>Sailor Boy</i> .....	2	2	3
Mr. Peirce's b. c. by Cannon Ball, dam by <i>Camillus</i> (bolted) .....	dis.		

Six to 5 on *Cobbler Will*; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on *Arrow*. Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, September 30.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—From the Grey Stone to the Ending Post.—Six subscribers.

Col. Cradock's ch. c. <i>The Barber</i> , by Figaro, out of Violet, by Comus (T. Lye).....	1	Mr. Jaques's b. c. by Swiss, dam by Walton.....	3
Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Mimic, by Wanton, 2 Six to 4 on <i>The Barber</i> . Won easy.	2	Col. Cradock's b. c. Pancake, by Swiss, out of Sister to Torchbearer.....	4

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers by 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—About two miles and a quarter.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. h. <i>Medoro</i> , by Cervantes, out of Marianne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Lye).....	1	old, 7st.....	2
Lord Kelburne's br. c. Retriever, by Smolensko, out of Georgiana, 3 yrs Five to 4 agst Retriever, and 6 to 4 agst <i>Medoro</i> . Won by only a head		Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Lawn Sleeves, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3
		Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Rhodacantha, 3 yrs old, 7st. ...	4

The RICHMONDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Zodiac</i> , by Centaur, dam by Eaton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (T. Lye).....	1	Duke of Leeds's gr. h. Moonshine, 5 old, 8st. 10lb.....	2
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and five others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Six to 4 on <i>Zodiac</i> . Won easy.			

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for five-year-old mares, 10st. each.—Four miles.

Mr. Petre's b. f. <i>Delphine</i> , by Whisker, out of My Lady, by Comus, 4 yrs old (S. Templeman).....	1	Lisette, 4 yrs old.....	2
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller—Even betting on <i>Delphine</i> . An excellent race, won by only half a head.		Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Jenny Mills, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.....	3

THURSDAY, October 1.—The SILVER CUP, value 60gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses of all ages; the second horse to receive 10gs. out of the Stakes.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , by Cervantes, out of Marianne, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (T. Lye).....	1	old, 7st. 2lb.....	3	3
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Zodiac</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	5	Mr. Scaife's b. h. My Lord, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	4	0
Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. Giglet, 3 yrs Even betting on <i>Dora</i> . Won easy.	2	Mr. Jackson's b. f. Madame de Chevena, by Corinthian, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	0

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Duport, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (R. Johnson).....	1	Lord Dundas's b. c. by Columbus, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	Mr. Wilson's b. c. Arrow, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	4
		Two to 1 agst <i>Jenny Mills</i> . Won easy.	

### HASTINGS MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 29.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course, and a distance.

Mr. Brown's b. g. 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Stanley).....	3	1	1
Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Verderer, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	1	3	2
Capt. Stuart's b. c. Vicar, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	4	2	3
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2	dis.	

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 8st. (W. Coleman).....	3	1	1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Tancreda, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Clark's ch. m. Amelia, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	3	3

## RUGELEY MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 1.**—The **BEAU DESERT STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, aged, 9st. 9lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. c. Barabbas, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	1	3	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hazard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	3	2	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Wakefield's br. m. <i>Billingsgate</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	1	1	Mr. R. Carter's br. m. Mantua, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	3	0
Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	2	Mr. Russell's b. c. Nimrod, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0	0
Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	2	3	Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stapleley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	0	dr.

**FRIDAY, October 2.**—The **RUGELEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whisker, out of Jenny Wren, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	1	1	Duke of Richmond's b. h. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, aged, 9st. 9lb. ....	2	2
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**HUNTERS' STAKES** of seven sovs. each, made up 50 for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. <i>Tom Moody</i> , by Chance, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb....	1	1	12st. ....	3	2
Mr. Phillips's b. g. Coachman, aged,			Mr. Hellier's b. f. Bistarda, 3 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. ....	2	3

## DUMFRIES MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 1.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. <i>Leda</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (S. Templeman) ....	1	lock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (broke down), 3
Mr. Margetson's br. h. Brunswick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2	Sir J. H. Maxwell's bl. c. Glenamour, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....
Gen. Sharpe's ch. h. Malek, by Black-		Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Epperston, out of Anna, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. T. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Jacques), 1	old, 8st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Gilmour's b. h. Gallopade, 5 yrs	Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f., 3 yrs, 7st....	3

A good race.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Southern Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. <i>Parson Harvey</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (S. Templeman)...	2	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Young Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Hodgson's b. f. Agnes, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....			dis.

A most excellent race.

**FRIDAY, October 2.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, the property of a Member of the Western or Southern Meeting, 14st. 7lb. each; rode by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. (Owner) .....	1	1	Mr. Hope Johnstone's b. g. by Epperston .....	3	3
Mr. Dunlop's b. g. Top Thom .....	2	2			

Won cleverly.

**THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Jacques) .....	1	Mr. Simpson's b. m. Young Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2
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Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Racing Fund, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. <i>Leda</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	1 1	Mr. Simpson's b. f. Queen Sheba, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	3 0
(S. Templeman) .....		Colonel Blair's b. m. Mary, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	4 0
Mr. Hodgson's b. f. Agnes, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	0 2	Mr. Williamson's gr. c. Dicky, old, 8st. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Kilvington's b. f. Gay Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	0 3	Walkington, by Revenue, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	

Won very easy.

### HOYLAKE MEETING.

MONDAY, October 5.—A CUP, value 50l., given by Sir T. S. M. Stanley, Bart., added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Humble's b. m. <i>Columbine</i> , aged, 12st. (Owner) .....	1 1	naldo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. ....	2 2
Mr. Robinson's c. Chance, by Ri-		Mr. Lucas's b. g. Jerry, aged, 12st. ....	3 3

The winner the favorite.

The HOYLAKE PURSE of 50 sovs., for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by Tiresias, 6 yrs old, 9st. (S. Templeman) .....	1 1	old, 6st. 2lb. ....	2 2
Mr. Golding's b. f. Pluralist, 3 yrs		Mr. Webster's b. h. Little Seacombe, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3 3

TUESDAY, October 6.—The WIRRAL PURSE of 60 sovs., for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Steele's b. g. <i>Sawney</i> , by X Y Z, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1 1	7st. 12lb. ....	2 2
Mr. J. Turner's b. f. Julia, 4 yrs old, ....		Mr. Buxton's ch. m. Caroline, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3 dia.

Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. g. by Tiresias, 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. ....	3 1 1
Mr. Steele's b. g. Sawney, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	1 3 dr.
Mr. W. M. Stanley's b. g. by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	2 2 dr.

### STAFFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 6.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, Sister to Sophy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Lear) .....	1 1	Mr. Applethwalte's ch. c. by Grand Duke, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	0 3
Mr. Lee's b. f. by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (recd. 10 sovs.) .....	0 2	Mr. Hodgson's b. f. Emerald, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0 0
Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ....	2 0	Lord Derby's b. f. by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. ....	3 dr.

The VINE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mason's b. f. <i>Ady</i> , 4 yrs, 9st. ....	1 1	Mr. Miller's b. g. Flirt, aged, 10st. 4lb. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Botch's b. g. Little John, by Astbury, 5 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. ....	0 2	Mr. Armistead's b. f. by Hazard, 4 yrs old, 9st. ....	3 dr.
Mr. Measure's b. m. Revenge, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	0 0		

WEDNESDAY, October 7.—The PUBLICANS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Fremantle's br. f. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	0 1 1
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Susan, aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	0 2 2

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Mr. Wadlow's b. f. Niagara, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	3	0	3
Mr. Turner's br. c. Sir Thomas, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1	0	dr.
Lord Derby's b. f. by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.....	2	0	dr.

## INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, October 7.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Denison's b. f. <i>Highland Mary</i> , by Outcry, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	3	1	1
Mr. J. Parkin's b. f. <i>Gay Lass</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. P. H. Howard's bl. f. <i>Young Violet</i> , by Speculation, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....	4	3	2
Mr. Hudson's b. c. by Gambler, 3 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	5	5	dr.
Mr. Williamson's b. m. <i>Mias Ralph</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	4	dr.
Mr. Howard's b. c. by Speculation, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. ....	6	6	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	1	1	6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	2
Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , ly, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....			Mr. Nowell's b. f. <i>Rough and Ugly</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred. Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Hedley's br. m. <i>Jessy</i> , by Camambo, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	1	1	6 yrs old, 12st. 10lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Stevenson's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , yrs old, 11st. ....			Mr. Hudson's gr. f. <i>Betsy Kyle</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. ....	3	dr.

**FRIDAY, October 9.**—FIFTY POUNDS given by the Town of Penrith, for horses of all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, out of <i>Lady Bab's</i> dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ( <i>Jacques</i> ) ....	1	1	aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Lamb's b. m. <i>Bessy Bedlam</i> , yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....			Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , by Constable, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred. Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Kilvington's b. f. <i>Gay Lass</i> , by Gambler, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ( <i>Gaddas</i> ) ...	1	0	1	0
Mr. Hedley's br. m. <i>Jessy</i> , by Camambo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	1	0	1
Mr. Stevenson's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. ....	4	3	2	2
Mr. Hasell's b. f. <i>Highland Mary</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	0	2	3	3
Mr. Hasell's bl. f. <i>Young Violet</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	0	0	0	dr.
Mr. Hudson's b. c. by Gambler, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0	0	0	dr.
Mr. Howard's b. c. by Frolic, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	2			dr.

In consequence of a dispute as to the breeding of *Gay Lass*, this stake is withheld.

## MONMOUTH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, October 7.**—The MONMOUTHSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—About two miles.—Eleven subscribers, three of whom declared.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Buck</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Car</i> , by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ( <i>A. Pavis</i> ) ....	1	10lb. ....	2
Mr. Sadler's ro. g. <i>Popinjay</i> , aged, 8st. ....		Mr. Griffith's b. c. <i>Mesquite</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. J. H. Peel's b. m. <i>Little Bo-peep</i> , ....		Mr. Scott's br. c. <i>Omen</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	0

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, three times round.

Mr. J. H. Peel's b. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, out of <i>Bere</i> Vol. XXV. N. S.—No. 150. ....		nice, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ( <i>Calloway</i> ) 1 1	
		Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, ....	

9st. 8lb. ....	5	2	old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3	dr.
Mr. Thorner's b. m. Forester Lass, aged, 9st. 5lb. ....	2	3	Mr. Goddard's b. f. Smilax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	4	dr.
Mr. Vever's ch. c. Villager, 4 yrs					

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 300 sovs.

**THURSDAY, October 8.**—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the County of Monmouth, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. C. Day's ch. f. Zelinda, by Rubens, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Pavis) .....	1	1	field, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Thorner's b. m. Maid of Mans-			Mr. I. Day's bl. m. Busk, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	dr.

**A HANDICAP PURSE of 50L.** given by the town, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. Busk, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (G. Boast) ...	1	2	1
Mr. C. Day's ch. f. Zelinda, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4	1	dr.
Mr. Scott's b. c. Omen, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	5	3	dr.
Mr. Vever's ch. c. Villager, by Bustard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	dr.	
Mr. Goddard's b. f. Smilax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.	
Mr. Thorner's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	6	dr.	

### EPSOM OCTOBER MEETING.

**THURSDAY, October 8.**—THE METROPOLITAN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Derby Course.

Mr. Bulkeley's b. m. Burlesque, by Blucher, out of Boadicea, by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Dockeray) ...	1	7st. ....	2
Mr. Maberly's b. c. Howard, 5 yrs old,		Captain Stewart's b. c. Vicar, by Mul-	3
		ley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. Honest Robin, by Robin Adair, out of Euphrasia, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. Lawrence, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	0
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	0

Six to 4 agst Coronet, and 3 to 1 agst Lawrence. Easy.

The EPSOM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added :—two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; and three, 8st. 10lb.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Charlton's b. c. Harold, by Manfred, out of Loto, by Popinjay, 3 yrs old (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Scath's b. f. Yelva, 3 yrs old .....	2
		Mr. Weeks's b. f. Dolly Spicer, by Anticipation, 3 yrs old .....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Maberly's b. f. Salus, by Figaro, 2 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Dickinson's b. g. Niger, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Dundas's b. f. by Rubens, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Verderer, by Tiresias, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Taylor's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Miss Platoff, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Brown's b. c. Watchman, by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	0

Seven to 4 agst Harold, 4 to 1 Yelva, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length.

The winner was claimed by Mr. Dilly for 200 sovs.

The EPSOM GRAND STAND CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-miles.—Five subscribers.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Coronet, by Catton, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Gardiner's b. f. Emmelina, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Radclyffe's b. h. Lawrence, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	2	Captain Locke's ch. c. Gameboy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4

Six to 5 agst Emmelina, and 4 to 1 agst Coronet. Easy.

The BURGUNDY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added :—three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—A winner once 5lb., twice 4lb., three 7lb. extra.—Horses having

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started four times this year and not won, allowed 5lb.—Two-mile heats.—  
Nine subscribers.

Mr. Gardnor's b. h. <i>Conjuror</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , 5 yrs old (Chapple).....	0	1	1
Mr. Pearce's b. f. <i>Crane</i> , 3 yrs old.....	1	3	5
Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Bunter</i> , 3 yrs old.....	3	2	2
Mr. Boul's ch. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by <i>Oiseau</i> , 3 yrs .....	0	0	3
Mr. Hiard's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 6 yrs old .....	0	0	4
Colonel Standen's ch. h. <i>Conrad</i> , by <i>Friday</i> , 5 yrs old .....	2	0	dr.
Captain Locke's ch. c. <i>Gameboy</i> , 4 yrs old .....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Brown's ch. c. <i>St. Lawrence</i> , 3 yrs old .....	0	0	dr.

Even betting on *Conrad* at starting; second heat, 5 to 4 agst *Crane*. The last two heats won cleverly.

FRIDAY, October 9.—The WELLINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Derby Course.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Gayhurst</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , out of <i>Spree's</i> dam, by Election, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Mann) .....	1	Mr. Maberly's ch. h. <i>Goshawk</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	4
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. <i>Linkboy</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Icarus</i> , 4 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	5
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Challenger</i> , by <i>Rufous</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Gayhurst</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>Challenger</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Linkboy</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Goshawk</i> . Won by a length.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half-mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by <i>Tramp</i> , dam by <i>Camillus</i> (Chapple).....	1	Mr. Young's ch. c. <i>Acis</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , 2 Five to 2 on <i>Acis</i> . A very close and quick run race, and won cleverly by two lengths.
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The EWELL STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Derby Course.

Mr. R. Clarke's b. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , out of <i>Miss Syntax</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Wakefield).....	1	Mr. Bulkeley's br. m. <i>Burlesque</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	4
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Benedict</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , dam by <i>Frolic</i> , out of <i>Camel's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	2	Mr. Maberly's br. c. <i>Howard</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	6
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Coronet</i> , 4 yrs Even betting Lord Mountcharles's two agst the field, 3 to 1 agst <i>Burlesque</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Scipio</i> . Won by a length.		Mr. Tilbury's br. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	6

The MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; horses that have started four times and not won, allowed 3lb.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Taylor's ch. f. by <i>Rubens</i> — <i>Miss Plateff</i> , 3 yrs old (G. Randall) .....	1	4	1
Mr. Roberts's br. f. <i>Tancred</i> , 3 yrs old .....	3	1	3
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. <i>Mitchel Grove</i> , 3 yrs old.....	6	2	2
Mr. Berkeley's br. f. <i>Poppy</i> , 3 yrs old .....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Lawrence's ch. f. <i>Keepeake</i> , 4 yrs old .....	4	5	dr.
Mr. Frampton's b. c. by <i>Rubens</i> , 4 yrs old .....	5	dr.	

Won cleverly.

## NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Marquis of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Bud</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , out of <i>Pomona</i> , by <i>Vespasian</i> (T. Lye) .....	1	Mr. Shepherd's b. c. by <i>Waxy Pope</i> — <i>Swordman</i> .....	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Duke of Leeds's br. f. by <i>Whisker</i> — <i>Bluebeard's</i> dam .....	0	Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , dam by <i>Eaton</i> .....	0
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Sir J. Beresford's br. c. by Doctor Syntax—Shuttle.....	0	Mr. Attwood's b. f. Penthesilea, by Doctor Syntax.....	0
Mr. Serjeantson's b. c. Savoyard, by Swiss.....	0	Sir D. Baird's b. c. Snooks, by Champion.....	0
Mr. T. O. Powell's ch. f. by Sam, out of Rebecca, by Soothsayer.....	0	Sir D. Baird's ch. f. Ramona, by Whisker.....	0

Six to 5 agst Bud, and 3 to 1 agst any other. A good race, won by a neck.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Petre's br. c. <i>Cobbler Will</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Templeman).....	0	1	1
Mr. F. Hirst's b. c. by Catton, out of Superfine, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	2	2
Lord Normanby's ch. f. Florence, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	0	0	3
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Abjer, dam by Don Juan, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. H. Lyth's b. f. Miss Pratt, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Joplin's gr. c. by Viscount, dam by Whitworth, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	0	0
Mr. Bramley's b. f. Spero, by Blacklock or Oiseau, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	1	0	dr.
Mr. Shipley's b. c. Castilus, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Plews's gr. f. by Berlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	0	0	dr.

Two to 1 on the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Cobbler Will; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Cobbler Will. Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 9.—The BROOMFIELD STAKES of seven sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Bousser's ch. h. <i>Rufus</i> , by Palmerin, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Kent)....	1	12st. 4lb.....	0
Mr. W. Fox's b. h. Guy Fawkes, aged, Six to 4 agst Rufus.....	1	Mr. Watson's ch. g. Mr. Fry, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb.....	3

Won in a canter.

GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Dupont, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (T. Lye).....	1	8st. 9lb.....	3
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2	Mr. Healey's b. c. Flambeau, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4
Mr. Petre's ch. h. Granby, 5 yrs old, Two to 1 on Granby, 4 to 1 agst Jenny Mills, 5 to 1 agst Sir J. Beresford's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Flambeau. Won very easy.	2	Mr. Jackson's b. f. Madame de Chavens, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	5

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Edmundson's br. c. by Jack Spigot..... walked over.

The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mason's bl. f. by Waverley, out of Lancashire Witch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Nicholson).....	1	1	Duke of Leeds's ch. f. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	3
Mr. Petre's br. c. Cobbler Will, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	2	Mr. F. Hirst's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	4

Seven to 4 on Jenny Mills, 3 to 1 agst Cobbler Will, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's filly; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst Jenny Mills, 5 to 2 agst Cobbler Will, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's filly. The first heat a good race, the second won very easy.

SATURDAY, October 10.—A SILVER CUP, value 50l. by nine subscribers of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Zodiac</i> , by Centaur, dam by Eaton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Gray).....	0	1	1
Mr. Healey's b. c. Flambeau, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	0	2
Sir J. Beresford's bl. f. by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	2	3
Mr. Harrison's br. f. by Young Filho da Puta, out of The Farrier's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2	3	4
Mr. Wilson's br. c. Arrow, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0	0
Mr. Loy's ch. c. Thatcher, by Blacklock, out of White Rose, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted).....	3	dis.	
Mr. Weatherill's b. f. by Jonathan, dam by Sir Paul, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	dis.	

*Zodiac* the favorite. The second heat won by a head, the third by a length.



The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Weatherill's bl. f. by Waverley, out of Lancashire Witch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (T. Nicholson).....	1	1
Mr. Bousser's ch. h. Rufus, by Palmerin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	2 1 1
Mr. Scaife's b. h. My Lord, by Percy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	0 2 dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Abjer, dam by Don Juan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	0 dr.
Mr. Edmundson's br. g. by Jack Spigot, dam by Woldsman, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	dr.

The running was as above, but in consequence of a charge made by the rider of My Lord against the rider of the Waverley filly of a cross, the plate remains at present undecided.

### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 12.—One-Third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb.; fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. f. *Green Mantle*, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea ..... walked over.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.

Mr. S. Stanehewer's ch. c. <i>Kildare</i> , by Regent, out of Jannette, by Camillus (J. Robinson).....	1
Lord Ranelagh's b. f. <i>Sontag</i> , by Woful, 2 Six to 4 on Kildare. Won by a length.	

The GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each.—Two middle miles of B. C.—Four subscribers.

Sir Mark Wood's b. f. <i>Lucetta</i> , by Reveller—Luss, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (carried 6st. 10lb.) (Favis).....	1
Mr. Sowerby's br. c. <i>Coroner</i> , 4 yrs old, Six to 4 agst Mameluke, 2 to 1 agst Luss filly, and 2 to 1 agst Coroner. Won very easy.	
7st. 9lb. ....	2
Mr. Gully's b. h. <i>Mameluke</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. ....	3

MATCH for 200 sovs.—A. F.

Mr. Roberts's b. f. <i>Locket</i> , by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul, by Sir Paul, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle) .....	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Rough Robin</i> , 8st. 8lb. ....	2
Even betting. Won by half a length.	

MATCH for 300, h. ft.—D. I.

Lord Sefton's b. c. <i>Morris Dancer</i> , by Morisco, out of Mona, by Partisan, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) .....	1
Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Lady Emily</i> , by Emilius, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Eleven to 8 on Morris Dancer. Won by a length.	

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Godolphin, out of Espagnolle, rec. ft. from Mr. Pettit's ch. c. *Post Obit*, by Woful, out of Posthuma, 8st. 4lb. each, R. M. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Gully's b. f. *Trample*, by Tramp, rec. ft. from Captain Rous's b. f. *Zobeida*, by Aladdin, out of Rantipole, 8st. 7lb. each, T.Y.C. 50, ft.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Scymetar*, by Centaur or Sultan, rec. 30 sovs. ft. from Sir Mark Wood's br. c. *Nessus*, by Centaur, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M. 50.

Mr. Greville's br. c. *Mohican*, by Woful, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. rec. 50 sovs. ft. from Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *The Mummer*, by Reveller, out of Matilda, 2 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Lord Verulam's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Venom, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. Rush's f. by Partisan, out of Chintz, 8st. 2lb. New T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, October 13.—HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Pera</i> , by Sultan, out of Advance, by Pioneer, 8st. 10lb. (G. Dockray) .....	1
Lord Egremont's b. c. <i>Brother to Lapdog</i> , 8st. 7lb. ....	2

The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Grafton's br. f. Caradori, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0	8st. 4lb. ....	0
Sir M. Wood's b. f. Rosary, by Waverley or Tramp, out of Rosa Mundi, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Lord Jersey's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Moses's dam, by Gohanna, 8st. 5lb. ....	0
Duke of Portland's b. c. Caller, by Whisker, out of Octaviana, by Octavian, 8st. 5lb. ....	0	Mr. Rogers's gr. f. Fickle, by Smolensko, 8st. 3lb. ....	0
Mr. Dilly's b. f. Windfall, by Reveller, Five to 2 agst Caradori, 3 to 1 agst Rosary, 4 to 1 agst Brother to Lapdog, and 5 to 1 agst the winner. Won by a head.	0	Mr. Greville's b. c. Vortigern, by Eulius, 8st. ....	0
		Lord Orford's br. c. Chiron, by Centaur, 7st. 11lb. ....	0

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paradox, by Merlin, out of Pawn, by Trumpator—Prunella (J. Day) .....	1	Sprightly .....	2
Mr. Hunter's gr. f. by Gustavus, out of		Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Comus, out of Cobweb .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed :

M. Rawlinson's br. f. Mrs. Brown, by Spectre .....	0	Figaro—Loo .....	0
Lord Anson's ch. f. Sister to Sontag, by Woful .....	0	Mr. Angerstein's gr. c. by The Napoleon Arabian, dam by Sorcerer, grandam by Buzzard .....	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Miss Cantley .....	0	Lord Orford's ch. f. by an Arabian, out of Stays, by Whalebone .....	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Rowena .....	0	Mr. Batson's ch. c. Suffolk Punch, by Wrangler, dam by Shuttle, out of Sister to Dowager .....	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Aranda, by Seven to 4 agst Lord Jersey's filly, 5 to 2 agst Aranda, 5 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Paradox. Won by a length.			

Renewal of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 forfeit, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-three subscribers.

Lord Sefton's b. f. <i>Mouche</i> , by Emilius, out of Mercy, by Merlin (G. Edwards) .....	1	Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. by Bustard—Leeaway's dam .....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Paradox, Brother to Problem .....	0	Skim, out of Ralphina .....	0
Mr. Lumley's b. c. Erymus, by Moses—Eliza Leeds .....	0	Lord Chesterfield's f. by Figaro, dam by Waxy, out of Elve .....	0
Lord Exeter's b. c. Mahmoud, by Sultan—Advance .....	0	Colonel Wilson's c. by Emilius, dam by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet ...	0
Mr. Dilly's b. c. Cetus, by Whalebone, out of Lamia .....	0	Mr. Latour's b. f. by Partisan, out of Gossamer .....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Camilla .....	0	Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. f. by Waterloo, dam by Waxy, grandam by Sorcerer, 0	
Mr. Roberts's b. f. by Emilius, dam by Five to 2 agst Cetus, 7 to 2 agst Mahmoud, 4 to 1 agst Meuche, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Stonehewer's filly, and 10 to 1 agst Paradox. Won by a head.		Lord Egremont's b. f. Sister to Lapdog, by Whalebone .....	0

MATCH for 200 sovs. and the Whip, 10st. each.—B.C.

Mr. Gully's b. h. <i>Mameluke</i> , by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford, 5 yrs old (Robinson) .....	1	Colonel Wilson's b. h. Lamplighter, by Merlin, 6 yrs old .....	2
		Five to 1 on Mameluke. Won easy.	

One-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds, D. I.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Turquoise</i> , by Selim, out of Jean, by Waxy, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) .....	1	Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Oppidan, 8st. 10lb. ....	3
		Five to 4 on Turquoise. Won by a length.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Sir Mark Wood's ch. f. <i>Canary</i> , by Woful, out of Canary-Bird, 3 yrs. 8st. 1	1	Lord Anson's gr. f. by Gustavus, out of Miracle, by Southsayer, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 2	
		Five to 2 on Canary. Won by a length.	

WEDNESDAY, October 14.—MATCH for One Hundred.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's br. g. <i>Father Long-legs</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Advan- vance, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall) .....	1	Sir M. Wood's b. c. John de Bart, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
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Six to 4 on Father Long-legs. Won by three lengths.

First Class of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, B. M.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. <i>Cadland</i> , by Andrew, out of Sorcery, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson) .....	1	old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3
Mr. Payne's ch. c. Privateer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	2	Duke of Richmond's ro. m. Miss Craven, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4
Lord Verulam's b. m. Brocard, 5 yrs		Mr. Begbie's ch. c. Aaron, by Moses, dam by Election, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	5

Eleven to 8 agst Cadland, 3 to 1 agst Brocard, 4 to 1 agst Privateer, and 8 to 1 agst Miss Craven. Won very easy.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—D. I.

Mr. Payne's b. c. <i>Merman</i> , by Whalebone, out of Mermaid, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (Conolly) .....	1	Duke of Portland's b. c. Brother to Emilius, by Orville, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....	2
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Lord G. H. Cavendish's bl. c. by Godolphin, out of Espagnolle, rec. ft. from Mr. Scott Stonehewer's br. c. Chiron, by Centaur, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M. 200, h. ft.

THURSDAY, October 15.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Master Henry, out of Manœuvre (W. Arnall) .....	1	by Phantom .....	2
Duke of Richmond's ch. f. Credulity, .....	1	Lord Ranelagh's ch. f. Impudence, by Emilius—Prue .....	3

Five to 2 on Blue Bonnet. Won by a neck.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—T.M.M.

Mr. Irby's b. c. by Orville, dam by Southmayer, out of Eliza Teasle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (A. Pavis) .....	1	Lord Verulam's gr. c. Laurestinus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	5
Mr. Greville's b. c. Vortigern, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	2	Mr. Dilly's b. f. Windfall, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	6
Lord J. Fitzroy's b. c. Lancastrian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3	Mr. Payne's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Varnish, by Rubens, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ....	7
Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. c. Chiron, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	4	Mr. Rogers's gr. f. Pickle, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ....	8
Two to 1 agst Chiron, 3 to 1 agst Lancastrian, 6 to 1 agst the winner, 7 to 1 agst Windfall, 7 to 1 agst Laurestinus, and 7 to 1 agst Fickle. Won easy. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 200 sovs.		Colonel Russell's br. g. Skirmisher, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	9

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Merchant</i> , by Merlin, out of Quail, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Chifney) .....	1	Lord Exeter's br. f. Varna, by Sultan, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
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Second Class of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each.—R. M.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Canvas, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Iye) .....	1	Mr. Batson's b. f. Seraph, by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 8st. ....	3
Mr. Payne's b. Pauline, by Moses, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	2	Colonel Yates's b. f. Versatility, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	4

Six subscribers having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only 10 sovs. each, which was divided between the winning horses of the two classes.—Five to 4 agst Seraph, 3 to 1 agst Versatility, 7 to 2 agst the winner, and 5 to 1 agst Pauline. Won easy.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Rough Ro- bin</i> , by Baber Robin—Langton, 4 yrs old, 8st. (F. Byce) .....	1	Mr. Sowerby's br. m. Teco, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Roberts's b. f. Locket, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 0	Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Oppidan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 0
Mr. Payne's ch. c. Privateer, 4 yrs old, Two to 1 agst Locket, 2 to 1 agst Privateer, 5 to 1 agst Toso, 5 to 1 agst Rough Robin, and 7 to 1 agst Oppidan. Won by a neck.	

FRIDAY, October 16.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—First half of Ab. M.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. Aranda, by Figaro, out of Loo, 8st. 6lb. (F. Boyce) ..... 1	Mr. Gully's c. by Anticipation—Don Cossack, 8st. 2lb. .... 2
Two to 1 on Aranda. Won easy, by a length.	

MATCH for 200.—D. I.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. Lucetta, by Reveler, out of Luss, 8st. 2lb. (F. Buckle) ..... 1	Lord Exeter's b. f. Green Mantle, 8st. 5lb. .... 2
Eleven to 1 agst Lucetta. Won in a canter.	

MATCH for 50, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hindoo, by Whalebone, out of Arbis (F. Boyce), 1 ..... 1	Duke of Portland's b. c. Caller, by Whisker ..... 2
Two to 1 on Hindoo. Won by half a length.	

Renewal of the PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Twenty-three subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. c. Mahmoud, by Sultan, out of Advance, by Pioneer (Dockery) ..... 1	Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Rubens—Prodigy's dam. .... 2
	Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Amoret, by Ahjer, 3

The following also started but were not placed :

Lord Jersey's c. by Sam, out of Merel, 0	Shuttle—Elixa ..... 0
Lord Verulam's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Vesom ..... 0	Mr. Dilly's ch. f. Bertha, by Reveller—Legacy ..... 0
Mr. Riddale's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Brottini ..... 0	Colonel Wilson's c. by Emilius, dam by Rubens, out of Tippiywitchet ... 0
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Three to 1 agst Mahmoud, 7 to 2 agst Col. Wilson's colt, and 5 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's colt. Won by a neck.	

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Conolly) ..... 1	Lord Sefton's br. f. Bobadilla, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2
Two to 1 on Bobadilla. Won by two lengths.	

MATCH for 100, 8st. 5lb. each.—Ab. M.

Mr. Payne's b. c. Merman, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid (Arnall) ..... 1	Lord Exeter's ch. f. Acacia, by Phantom ..... 2
Five to 4 on Acacia. Won by a head.	

SWEETSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—T.Y.C.—Eight subscribers.

Duke of Portland's b. c. Caller, by Whisker, out of Octaviana, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day) ..... 1	Mr. Payne's c. by Bustard or Orville, out of Prima Donna, by Soothsayer, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. R. Boyce's ch. c. Moynalta, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 0	Mr. Prince's b. c. Brother to Nessus, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 0
Mr. Forth's b. f. by Woful, dam by Election, out of Amazon, 2 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 0	Mr. Greville's br. f. Discovery, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 0

Mr. Hedley's ch. g. Blinker, 3 yrs old, Six to 4 agst Moynalta, and 7 to 2 agst Mr. Payne's colt. Won by a length.

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Prue (Robinson) ..... 0	(Boyce) ..... 0
Mr. R. Boyce's ch. f. by Nicolo, out of Team's dam, by Scud or Pioneer	Mr. S. Day's br. f. by Centaur—Marefield's dam ..... 2

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The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Orford's ch. f. Emilina, by Emi-  
Rus ..... 0  
Mr. Gully's br. c. Baltic, by Boredino... 9  
After the dead heat the Nicolo filly walked over, and Mr. Boyce and Mr. Pettit divided the Stake.

RENEWAL of the SUBSCRIPTION of five sovs. each:—for four-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—B. C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sowerby's br. c. *Coroner*, by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... received.

## ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT.

(Over the North Inch of Perth.)

**TUESDAY, October 13.**—The CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added by the Hunt, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Elcho's b. c. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, out of Gondola (G. Nelson)... 1  
Doctor Syntax, out of Helen Atroon, by Epperstone ..... 2  
Mr. Gilmour's ch. f. Silk Sleeves, by

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Baillie's br. c. by Champignon—  
Jenny Rintherout..... 0  
Mr. Bogue's b. c. by Champignon, out of Diana, by Beningbrough ..... 0  
Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister—Maria..... 0  
Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Smolensko, out of Helen Max, by Epperstone..... 0

A beautiful race with the first two, and won by a head.

MATCH for 200 sovs. 50 ft.—Four miles.

Mr. Baird's ch. h. *Sir Malachi Malagrowther*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... walked over.  
Mr. Cruickshank's b. c. Navarino, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... paid.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Armstrong's b. g. *Charley*, by Percy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Boynton) ... 0 1 0 1  
Mr. Gilmour's b. h. Gallopade, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 1 0 0 2  
Mr. Munro's b. g. Major, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... 2 0 3  
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Parson Harvey, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 0 2 dr.  
Mr. D. Baird's br. h. Romeo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 0 dr.  
Sir W. Melville's br. h. Crafty, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 0 dr.  
Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Epperstone, out of Anna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 0 dr.

An admirably contested race.

**WEDNESDAY, October 14.**—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Victory*, by Waterloo, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Boynton)... 1  
Mr. Margetson's br. h. Brunawick, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on Victory. Won very easy.

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. *Newton Don*, by Fitz-Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Springgate)..... 1  
8st. 7lb. .... 2  
Sir D. Baird's b. f. Queen Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
Mr. Davidson's b. c. Victory, 4 yrs old, Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Perth Hunt, for three-year-olds and upwards. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Baillie's ch. c. *Taurus*, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Jacques)..... 3 1 1  
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Parson Harvey, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 0 2 2  
Mr. Williamson's gr. c. Dicky Walkington, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 0 0 3  
Mr. Taylor's b. f. by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1 0 dr.  
Mr. Somerville's b. g. Zingara, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 0 dr.  
Mr. Frazer's br. h. Hartlepool, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (fell)..... dis.

Won easy. Mr. Taylor's filly broke down in the second heat.

**THURSDAY, October 15.**—The CALEDONIAN CUP, value 100ga., for Scotch-bred horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. <i>Spadassin</i> , by Monreith, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Garbutt) 1	old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3
Mr. Baillie's ch. c. <i>Taurus</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 2	Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Smolemska, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4
Mr. Bogue's b. c. by Champignon, 3 yrs	Won easy.	

FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages. Two miles.

Lord Elche's b. c. <i>Gondolier</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (G. Nelson) ..... 1	Sir D. Baird's ch. h. Sir Malachi Malagrowther, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3
Mr. Davidson's ch. g. <i>Ephesus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2	Mr. Hodgson's b. f. <i>Agnes</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	4
	Won very easy.	

The CITY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Jacques) ..... 1	old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.
Mr. Davidson's b. c. <i>Victory</i> , 4 yrs	Mr. Ramsay's gr. m. 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3	dr.
	The first heat a good race.		

**FRIDAY, October 16.**—FIFTY POUNDS, given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Gilmour's ch. f. <i>Silk Sleeves</i> , by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Nicholson) ..... 1	5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	2
Sir Wm. Maxwell's gr. c. <i>Spadassin</i> , 4	Mr. Margetson's b. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Davidson's ch. g. <i>Ephesus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 0	9st. 10lb. ....	0
Mr. Fraser's br. h. <i>Hartlepool</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 4	Mr. Munro's br. c. <i>Deoch-an-Dorais</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	0
	A good race.	

\*SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Perth Hunt, for horses of all ages, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. h. <i>Winkelbreed</i> (Mr. Home) ..... 1	3	1
Sir D. Baird's ch. h. Sir Malachi Malagrowther, 6 yrs old. ....	2	1
Mr. Gilmour's b. h. <i>Gallopede</i> , 5 yrs old. ....	3	2

A most beautiful race, and won by only a head, the second and third horses running nearly a dead heat.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Perth Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. <i>Newton Don</i> , by Fitz-Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (G. Nelson) ..... 1	Mr. Inglis's b. c. <i>Round Robin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	3
Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Major</i> , by Bustler, dam by Shuttle, aged, 9st. 9lb. .... 2	Sir D. Baird's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	4
	Easy.	

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by subscription, for the beaten horses of the first three days.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Major</i> , aged, 8st. 8lb. (Jacques) ..... 1	3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	0	0
Mr. Hodgson's b. f. <i>Agnes</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 0	Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. c. by Ep-perstone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	0
Mr. Williamson's gr. c. <i>Dicky Walkington</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2	Mr. Fraser's br. h. <i>Hartlepool</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	0	0
Mr. Baillie's br. c. by Champignon,	Mr. Ramsay's gr. m. by Grey Wal-ton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.

### HOLYWELL MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 13.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Sixteen subscribers.

Sir Thos. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Mona's Pride</i> , by Teniers—Mrs. Suggs, by Crispin, (3lb.)—(Chapple)..... 1 Mr. Yates's gr. f. Cicely, by Paulowitz, 2 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> ,	by Sherwood or Filho da Puta, out of Stella..... 0 Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Nanter</i> , by Mas- ter Henry (3lb.)..... 0 A good race.
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The TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Six subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Parnassus</i> , by Master Henry, out of Tempe, by Thunderbolt (Darling) ..... 1	Mr. Giffard's br. f. Lucy, by Muley, dam by Windle..... 2 Lord Derby's bl. c. Grimbald, by Mile, 3
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The CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The Mostyn Mile.—Seven subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. *Mona's Pride*, by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs, by Crispin ..... walked over.

The MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The Mostyn Mile.—Thirty subscribers.

Mr. Sanders's b. m. <i>Sarah</i> , by Whis- ker, out of Jenny Wren, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old (Darling)..... 1	Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Mona's Pride</i> , by Teniers, 3 yrs old..... 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 0 Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Olympus</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old..... 0 Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by	Filho, aged..... 0 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Ultimatum</i> , by Teniers, 4 yrs old..... 0 A good race, and won by a length.
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WEDNESDAY, October 14.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the remainder in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Three miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Big Ben</i> , by Ma- gistrate, out of Sister to Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Chapple) ..... 1 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , 6 yrs Even betting between Pellon and Mayfly.	old, 9st. 5lb..... 2 Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Pellon</i> , by Black- lock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 Seven and 8 to 1 agst <i>Big Ben</i> . A very severe race, and won by a neck.
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POST SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , by Banker —Olivetta, by Sir Oliver (Darling).... 1 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Ultimatum</i> , by	Teniers ..... 2 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Herbert Lacy</i> , by Sir Oliver ..... 3 A good race. Won by a head.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver (Lear)..... 1	Mr. Yates's gr. f. Cicely, Sister to Cain, 2 Lord Derby's bl. c. Grimbald, Brother to Uganda..... 3 Won easy.
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The PENGWERN STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , by Banker —Olivetta, by Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old, (Whitehouse)..... 1	Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Big Ben</i> , by Ma- gistrate, 4 yrs old ..... 2 Won cleverly.
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THURSDAY, October 15.—The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—four-year-olds, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—The winner of a Mostyn Stake to carry 5lb. extra.—The winner to give two dozen Champagne to the Club.—One mile and a half.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Pellon</i> , by Black- lock, out of Tempe, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old (Darling) ..... 1	Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Big Ben</i> , 4 yrs old, 2 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Herbert Lacy</i> , 4 yrs old..... 3 Won cleverly.
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HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Five subscribers.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Banaroo, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Skelton) .....	1	1	Mr. Turner's b. c. Clinton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	2
			Won easy.		

The ST. WINIFRED STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—fillies, 8st. 10lb. each.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subscribers.

Ms. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Muley, dam by Windle (Lear) .....	1	Major Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, by Langar .....	2
			Won easy.

The HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Ultimatum</i> , by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs, by Crispin, 4 yrs old (Chapple) .....	1	cator, 6 yrs old .....	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , by Pis-		Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Pelion, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old .....	3
			Won easy.

A FREE HANDICAP, for all the horses of Holywell, of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added.—One mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , by Banker—Olivetta, by Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Whishouse) .....	1	old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Independence</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	2	Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Olympus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	0
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Parnassus</i> , 3 yrs		Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Mona's Pride</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	0
Won easy. <i>Olympus</i> and <i>Mona's Pride</i> fell, but their riders were not much hurt.			

A HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two and three-year-olds.—Half-a-mile.—Three subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Spring</i> , by Teniers, out of Queen of Diamonds, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Jones) .....	1	Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs old, 9st. ....	2
			Won easy.

## GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING.

(Cardiff Course.)

TUESDAY, October 13.—The GLAMORGANSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50l. added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 10lb. (Brown) .....	1	1	Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	2	dr.
Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and 10 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.					

A PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Faulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (G. Bonst) .....	1	1	aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Richards's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , .....			Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Day's br. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Faulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (G. Bonst) .....	1	1	Mr. Richards's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	2
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HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. given by the Town.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. (Brown) ...	4	1	1
Mr. Richards's b. m. <i>The Deuce</i> , aged, 7st. 7lb. ....	5	3	2
Mr. Howdell's Mynyddyalwyn, 6st. ....	3	4	3



Mr. Day's br. h. Nimrod, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 1 2 dr.  
Mr. Peel's b. m. Little Bo-peep, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 5 dr.

NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, October 20.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 30gs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Charlton's ch. f. by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina (Arthur) .....	1	Mr. Yates's b. c. Douglas, by Filho da Puta .....	2
Two to 1 on Douglas. Won cleverly.			

The MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Twice round.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Terror, by Magistrate, out of Torelli, 4 yrs old, walked over.

MAIDEN PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Walker's gr. c. Cadwal, by Cannon Ball, dam by W.'s Ditto, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Holmes) .....	0	1	1
Lord Scarbrough's b. g. by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (received 10l.) .....	1	4	4
Mr. Fisher's b. f. Gold Pin, Sister to Pinwire, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	3	2
Mr. Clarke's br. f. Iris, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0	2	3
Mr. Phillip's ch. c. by Bobadil, out of Aglaia, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	0	5
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Uncle John, by Sherwood or Magistrate, 3 yrs, 7st. ....	2		fell.

Six to 4 on Cadwal, 7 to 4 agst Lord Scarbrough's gelding, and 5 to 2 agst Gold Pin.  
A well contested race and won by half a neck.

**WEDNESDAY, October 21.**—The SHERWOOD STAKES of 30gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Durham, by Abjer, dam by Precipitate (S. Dar- ling) .....	1
Mr. Platel's ch. f. Jule, by Smyrna ...	2
Two to 1 on Durham. Won in a canter.	

SWEETSTAKES of 30gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half-a-mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hebden's ch. c. Splendour, by Sovereign (Son of Bigot) dam by Deceiver (S. Templeman) .....	1	Fyldener, out of Vatican's dam .....	2
Mr. Massey's b. f. by Bobadil, dam by .....	1	Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Blackberry, by Sherwood .....	3
Five to 2 on Splendour. Won easy.			

GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 16 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the surplus to be paid to the winner.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vanish, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Darling), 1	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. ....	3
Mr. Petre's b. f. Delphine, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Netherby, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....
Five to 4 on Vanish, and 6 to 4 agst Delphine. Won cleverly by a length.		

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Abel, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (R. Lowe) .....	1	1	Mr. White's b. g. Granby, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Walker's gr. c. Cadwal, by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (received 10l.) .....	0	2	Mr. Cooper's ch. c. Stapely, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	4
Cadwal and Stapely agst the field. Won cleverly.					

**THURSDAY, October 22.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Yates's br. c. <i>Douglas</i> , by Filbo da Puta (Spring) .....	1	<i>Zephyrus</i> .....	2
Mr. Charlton's ch. f. by Magistrate—		Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Uncle John, by Sherwood .....	3
Won by half a length.			

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100 <i>g</i> s. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Four-mile heats.					
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (8. Darling) .....	1	1	Mr. Golden's br. h. Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	3	2
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Cambridge, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Stevenson's b. g. Brush, by Pham- tom, aged, 12st. ....	4	4
Cambridge the favourite. Very severe running, and each heat won only by half a neck.					

Cambridge the favourite. Very severe running, and each heat won only by half a neck.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 60*l*. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. Scott's b. c. <i>Netherby</i> , by Cervantes, out of Juliana (S. Templeman)	0	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Durham, by Abjer (received 10 <i>l</i> .)	1	2	2
Mr. Fisher's b. c. by Thersias, dam by Haphazard, out of Miss Fury	0	3	dr.
Mr. Doncaster's ch. g. Hibernian, by St. Patrick	0	4	dr.
Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. Melrose, by Pilgarlick	2		dr.

The two last heats won easy.

## FIFE HUNT MEETING.

(Cupar Course.)

THURSDAY, October 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , by Percy, out of Miss Wilkes, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Jacques) .....	1	1	4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	2
Captain J. Davidson's b. c. Victory,			Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. Spadecaul, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.
			A good race.		

MATCH for 50 sovs. 12st. each.—Two miles.

Captain Sandiland's br. g. by Stamford (Mr. Ramsay) .....	1	Mr. Melville's br. h. Crafty, by Rhadamantus, 6 yrs old .....	2
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The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by seven subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the remainder added.—Twice round.

Sir D. Baird's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , by Champignon, out of Anna Bullen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Jacques) .....	1	1	4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Mr. Munro's br. c. Deoch-an-Dorais, 4			Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Parson Harvey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
			An excellent race.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , by Percy, 5 yrs old .....	1	4	1
Mr. Muro's b. g. The Major, by Bustler, aged .....	4	1	2
Sir Philip C. H. Durham's br. h. Lancer .....	3	3	3
Mr. Ramsay's ch. h. Winkelbreed, by Narcissus .....	2	2	4
A beautiful race. In consequence of Charley having swerved in the run home, and prevented The Major from getting up, the Stewards awarded the Stakes to The Major.			

## GLOUCESTER MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 22.—The GLOUCESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two Miles.

Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filbo—Miss Forester, by Diamond, aged, 8st. 3lb. (Brown) .....	1	1	Mr. Day's b. g. Little Boy Blue, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3
Mr. Sadler's ro. g. Popinjay, aged, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Lucas's ch. f. Maiden of the Mist, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....	4

Six subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft., and twelve others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

**THE BRAUFORT STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—One-mile heats.

Mr. L. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , by Whalebone—Car, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Boast) .....	6	1	1
Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Challenger</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	4	dr.
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb. ....	5		dr.
Mr. Lucas's ch. f. <i>Maiden of the Mist</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	3		dr.

**THE BURKELEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. C. Day's ch. f. <i>Zelinda</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Calloway) .....	4	1	1
Mr. Vaughan's ch. m. <i>Chelstrey Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb. ....	2	2	2
Mr. Sadler's ro. g. <i>Popinjay</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb. ....	1	4	dr.
Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb. ....	3	3	dr.

**FRIDAY, October 23.**—HANDICAP PURSE of 25 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, 2 ft.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Musquito</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Calloway) 3	1	1
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	4	2
Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	3
Mr. Vaughan's ch. m. <i>Chelstrey Lass</i> , aged, 8st. ....	2	dr.

**THE HARTFURY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, two miles. Seven subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's ch. f. <i>Zelinda</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Calloway) .....	1	1
Mr. I. Day's br. h. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb. ....	2	dr.

**THE SEVERN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Duffield's b. g. <i>Anient</i> , by Petronius, 5 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. Davis) .....	0	1	1
Mr. King's gr. g. <i>Silversides</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. ....	0	0	2
Mr. Savin's b. g. <i>Warrior</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	2	0	dr.
Mr. Spence's b. c. <i>First Flight</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	3	0	dr.
Mr. Umbers's gr. h. <i>David</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. ....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Price's b. f. by <i>Perchance</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (rider fell) .....	1		dis.

## NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

**MONDAY, October 26.**—MATCH for Two Hundred, 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Portland's ch. c. <i>Harlequin</i> , by Cervantes, out of Flora, by Camillus (J. Day) .....	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Merchant</i> , by Merlin .....	3

Seven to 4 agst Harlequin. Won by a length.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Mr. W. Chifney's br. c. <i>Nessus</i> , by Centaur, dam by Eagle—Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Conolly) .....	1
Mr. Pettit's Deformity, 2 yrs old, 7st. ....	2

Seven to 4 agst Nessus. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. <i>The Fairy</i> , by Emilius, out of The Witch, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) .....	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Convert</i> , by Figaro, 7st. 7lb. ....	2

Two to 1 agst The Fairy. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.

Lord Worcester's b. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, dam by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old (J. Robinson) .....	1
Sir M. Wood's b. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , by Filbe, aged .....	2

Eleven to 8 on Maresfield. Won by a neck.

**THE CRITERION STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—From the turn of the Lands in.—Twenty-eight subscribers.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Cetus</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Lamia</i> , by Gohanna (carried 8st. 5lb.)—(S. Day).....	1	relias— <i>Mary</i> .....	3
Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. by Bustard— <i>Lee-way's</i> dam .....	2	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Paradox</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> (carried 8st. 5lb.).....	4
Mr. J. Rogers's ch. f. <i>Marinette</i> , by Tl. Six to 5 agst Mr. Stonehewer's filly, 3 to 1 agst <i>Cetus</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Paradox</i> . Won by a length.		Mr. Weatherley's ch. c. by Bustard or <i>Ivanhoe</i> , dam by Sir David, out of a Sister to Sir Sidney .....	5

**HANDICAP PURSE** of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Mr. Gully's b. h. <i>Mameluke</i> , by Partisan, out of Miss <i>Sophia</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Robinson).....	1	lock, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3
Mr. Sowerby's br. c. <i>Coroner</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	2	Col. Wilson's b. h. <i>Lamp-lighter</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	4
Mr. Roberts's b. f. <i>Locket</i> , by Black-Six to 4 agst <i>Mameluke</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>Coroner</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>Locket</i> , 5 to 1 agst <i>Lamp-lighter</i> , and 8 to 1 agst <i>Helenus</i> . Won by three lengths.		Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Helenus</i> , by Soothsayer, aged, 9st.....	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Hindoe</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Arbis</i> , by Quis (F. Boyce).....	1	Ada.....	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Phantom, out of Five to 4 on Mr. Ruah's colt, 6 to 4 agst <i>Hindoe</i> , and 8 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's colt. Won by a length.		Mr. Ruah's b. c. by Tircias, out of Rhoda.....	3

One-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each:—five-year-olds, 8st. 8lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—B. C.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. *Turquoise*, 4 yrs old ..... walked over.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. c. *Kildare*, by Regent, out of *Jannette*, rec. ft. from Captain Locke's b. c. *Masanello*, by Phantom—Occana, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. 100, h. ft.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Scymetar*, by Centaur or Sultan, 8st. 13lb. rec. ft. from Captain Locke's br. c. *Bottle Imp*, Brother to Vision, 8st. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Carthusian*, by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Jehn de Bart*, by Carbon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. *Cadland*, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Colonel King's br. f. *Benny Bedlam*, 8st. D. I. 300, h. ft.

Mr. Roberts's b. f. by *Emilius*, dam by Skim, rec. 30 sovs. from Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Stratheme, out of Rosamel. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, October 27.—MATCH** for 100, h. ft.—R. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Master Henry, out of <i>Manoeuvre</i> , 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall).....	1	Lord Ranelagh's ch. f. <i>Imprudence</i> , by <i>Emilia</i> , 7st. 12lb. ....	2
Two to 1 on <i>Blue Bonnet</i> . Won by a length.			

**MATCH** for 50, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—Last half of Ab. M.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Taurus</i> , by Phantom or Morisco, out of Katherine (G. Edwards) .....	1	Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Worry</i> , by Woful, out of Sal .....	2
Seven to 4 on <i>Taurus</i> . Won by a length.			

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T.Y.C.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, dam by Shuttle, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Skim, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
Mr. Roberts's b. f. by <i>Emilius</i> , dam by Shuttle, 8st. 5lb. ....		Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Shuttle, 8st. 5lb. ....	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Aranda, by Figaro, 8st. 7lb. .... 0 | Lord Anson's f. Sister to Sontag, by Woful, 8st. 3lb. .... 0  
 Five to 2 agst Mr. Wilson's colt, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Roberts's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Aranda. Won by a head.—\* After this race, the start being disputed, it was run over again, and won by the Duke of Richmond's Aranda; but Mr. Batson requesting the Stewards to decide whether the first start was fair or not, they determined, after examining the starter and other witnesses, that the start for the first race was a fair one, and that consequently Mr. Batson was entitled to the Plate. Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius, appeared at the post, but did not start, having turned round, when the others went off.

## MATCH FOR 50.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Vortigern*, by Emilius, out of Rowena, 8st. 7lb. (W. Arnall) ..... 1 | Mr. Pettit's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Prue, 8st. .... 2  
 Two to 1 on *Vortigern*. Won by half a length.

## HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Ab. M.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Glenfinlas*, by Moses, out of Sycorax, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (A. Pavis) ..... 1 | Whisker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Vansittart's b. f. *Magawiska*, by The following also started but were not placed : Duke of Richmond's br. m. *Gulmare*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 3  
 Duke of Rutland's ch. c. *Oppidan*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 0 | Mr. Flintham's b. g. *Anti-Catholic*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. *Mariner*, by Merlin, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 0 | Mr. Begbie's b. c. *Navarin*, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .... 0  
 Five to 4 agst *Glenfinlas*. Won by a length.

## FIFTY POUNDS :—two-year-olds carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Lord Clinton's b. f. by Whalebone, out of The Odd Trick, 2 yrs old (a Boy), 1 man, aged ..... 2  
 Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alder-Mr. Begbie's ch. c. *Aaron*, by Moses, 3 yrs old ..... 3  
 The following also started but were not placed :  
 Mr. Greville's b. c. *Vortigern*, by Emilius, 3 yrs old ..... 0 | Mr. Headley's ch. g. *Blinker*, by Godolphin, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. *Pet*, by Gainborough, 3 yrs old ..... 0 | Lord J. Fitzroy's b. c. *Lancastrian*, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
 Lord Worcester's b. h. *Maresfield*, by Antar, 5 yrs old ..... 0 | Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Gulliver, out of Mandeline, 2 yrs old ..... 0  
 Duke of Portland's b. c. *Varro*, Brother to Emilius, 4 yrs old ..... 0 | Mr. Weatherley's ro. f. by *Tiresias*—Silverfall, 2 yrs old ..... 0  
 Five to 4 agst *Maresfield*, and 20 to 1 agst the winner. Won by two lengths. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 300gs.

Sir Mark Wood's b. f. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, out of Luss, 8st. 4lb. rec. ft. from Lord Worcester's b. c. *Felt*, by Langar, out of Steam, 8st. 7lb. A. F. 200, h. ft.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Taurus*, by Phantom or Morisco, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Miss Cantley, 2 yrs old, 7st. first half of Ab. M. 100, h. ft.

## WEDNESDAY, October 28.—SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l.:—for two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Harold*, by Manfred, out of Loto, by Popinjay, 3 yrs old (S. Day) ..... 1 | Col. Yates's br. f. *Versatility*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old ..... 2  
 The following also started but were not placed :  
 Lord Jersey's ch. f. by *Comus*, out of Cobweb, 2 yrs old ..... 0 | Mr. Forth's b. f. by *Centaur*—Sister to Moalem, 2 yrs old ..... 0  
 Duke of Portland's b. c. by *Tiresias*—Arabiguty, 3 yrs old ..... 0 | Lord Southampton's br. c. *Augur*, by *Tiresias*, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Lord Exeter's b. f. *Pera*, by Sultan—Advance, 3 yrs old ..... 0 | Lord Egremont's b. f. *Sister to Lapdog*, by Whalebone, 2 yrs old ..... 0  
 Vox. XXV. N. S.—No. 161.

Five to 2 agst Pere, 3 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's filly, 4 to 1 agst Sister to Lapdog, 5 to 1 agst Versatility, and 7 to 1 agst Harold. Won easy by two lengths. The winner was claimed according to the articles, by Col. Yates, for 350gs. and afterwards sold to Lord Lowther for 500gs.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—T. Y. C.  
Mr. Greville's b. c. *Glenfinlas*, by Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Godel-  
Moses, out of *Sycorax* (J. Day) ..... 1 phin—Espagnolle..... 2  
Even betting. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—Ab. M.  
Mr. Gully's b. f. *Trampl*, by Tramp, Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. c. Kildare, by  
dam by *Smolensko*, 8st. (F. Buckle) 1 Regent, 9st. 2lb..... 2  
Eleven to 8 on Kildare. Won by a head.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Across the Flat.  
Lord Sefton's br. f. *Bobadilla*, by Bo- lin, 6 yrs old, 9st..... 3  
badil, out of *Pythones*, 4 yrs old, Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Hindostan, 4  
8st. 5lb. (G. Edwards)..... 1 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 4  
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Phantom—Ada, Duke of Richmond's ro. m. Miss Cra-  
3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 2 ven, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 5  
Mr. Lumley's ch. h. Goshawk, by Mer-  
Twenty to 12 agst Bobadil, 3 to 1 agst Hindostan, 7 to 2 agst Miss Craven, 5 to 1 agst  
Lord Exeter's colt, and 8 to 1 agst Goshawk. Bobadilla made the running, and  
won in a canter by three lengths.

THURSDAY, October 29.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—Last half of Ab. M.  
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Taurus*, by Sir M. Wood's b. f. Rosary, by Waver-  
Phantom or Morisco, out of Katherine, ley or Tramp, out of Rosa Mundi,  
8st. 7lb. (G. Edwards) ..... 1 8st. 4lb. .... 2  
Two to 1 on Taurus. Won by a length.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—  
T. Y. C.  
Lord Exeter's ch. h. *Enamel*, by Phan- 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 3  
tom, out of *Miniature*, by Rubens, Mr. Sowerby's bl. c. Gas, by Walton,  
aged, 9st. (G. Dockery) ..... 1 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 4  
Sir M. Wood's b. f. Rosary, 3 yrs old, Lord Orford's b. c. Scheik, by an Ara-  
7st. 5lb. .... 2 bian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 5  
Mr. Gully's b. f. *Trampl*, by Tramp,  
Two to 1 on Enamel. Won easy by two lengths.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.  
Lord Verulam's b. m. *Brocard*, by Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. Carthusian,  
Whalebone, out of Varennes, 8st. by Cornus, 8st. 3lb. .... 2  
12lb. (Connolly) ..... 1  
Seven to 4 agst Brocard. Won by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies,  
8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. *Envoy*, by Cornus, Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Sam, out of  
out of Aline (W. Wheatley)..... 1 Morel ..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Prince's b. c. Brother to Nessus, Mr. Greville's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by  
by Centaur..... 0 Master Henry ..... 0  
Mr. Forth's b. f. by Centaur, out of Mr. Pettit's Deformity ..... 0  
Sister to Moslem ..... 0 Mr. Weatherley's ch. c. by Bustard or  
Mr. Gully's b. c. Long Shanks, by An- Ivanhoe ..... 0  
icipation ..... 0 Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Spinaway, dam  
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of by Catton, out of Aylesbury's dam ... 0  
Miss Cantley..... 0

Two to 1 agst Lord Jersey's colt, 5 to 2 agst Envoy, and 5 to 1 agst Blue Bonnet.  
Won by a head. The winner was claimed according to the articles, by Lord Jer-  
sey, for 100 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.;  
four, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.—T. Y. C.—Eight subscribers.  
Count Bathian's ch. f. *Wilhelmina*, by Lord Tavistock's ch. f. Rosetta, by  
Nicolo, out of Tears's dam, 3 yrs old Blacklock, 4 yrs old..... 2  
(Boyce) ..... 1

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Gully's br. c. <i>Beltie</i> , by Borodino, 3 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Pettie's ch. c. <i>Beaham</i> , by Centaur, out of <i>Bravura</i> , 2 yrs old (declared to carry 6st. 10lb.).....	0
Mr. Sowerby's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs old.....	0	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Ronald</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs old.....	0
Mr. Greville's br. f. <i>Discovery</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , 3 yrs old.....	0		

Two to 1 agst *Discovery*, 3 to 1 agst *Rosetta*, and 20 to 1 agst the winner. Won by a length.

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—  
D. I.

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. <i>Oppidan</i> , by Rubens, out of <i>Dorina</i> , by <i>Gohanna</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ( <i>Robinson</i> ).....	1	<i>Selim</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	0
Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Turquoise</i> , by Five to 4 on <i>Turquoise</i> , and 6 to 4 against <i>Oppidan</i> . Won by a length. A dead heat for the second place.		Mr. Forth's b. c. <i>Navarin</i> , by <i>Orville</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0

FRIDAY, October 30.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—A. F.

Lord Worcester's br. h. <i>Maresfield</i> , by Antar, 5 yrs old, 9st. ( <i>Robinson</i> ).....	0	out of <i>Ambiguity</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ( <i>J. Day</i> ).....	0
Duke of Portland's b. c. by <i>Tiresias</i> ,		Six to 4 on <i>Maresfield</i> . Ran a dead heat.	

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. <i>Carthusian</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ( <i>Arnall</i> ).....	0	<i>Smolensko</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ( <i>Robinson</i> ).....	0
Lord Worcester's bl. c. <i>Juryman</i> , by Seven to 4 on <i>Carthusian</i> . Ran a dead heat.			

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 7lb.—B. C.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Varro</i> , by <i>Orville</i> ( <i>J. Day</i> ).....	1	Sir M. Wood's b. c. <i>John de Bart</i> , by <i>Carbon</i> .....	2
Seven to 4 on <i>John de Bart</i> . Won by two lengths.			

MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Lord Worcester's bl. c. <i>Juryman</i> , by <i>Smolensko</i> , 8st. 2lb. ( <i>Robinson</i> ).....	1	Duke of Portland's ch. c. <i>Harlequin</i> , 8st. 10lb.....	2
Five to 2 on <i>Harlequin</i> . Won by three lengths.			

MATCH for 50.—T. Y. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. <i>Canary</i> , by <i>Woful</i> , 8st. 2lb. ....	1	Duke of Portland's b. c. <i>Caller</i> , 8st. 7lb.....	2
Seven to 4 on <i>Caller</i> . Won in a canter.			

The AUDLEY-END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft. for horses of all  
ages.—A. E. C.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. <i>Cadland</i> , by Andrew, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ( <i>Robinson</i> ).....	1	Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by <i>Gustavus</i> , out of <i>Canva</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	3
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Zingance</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	Col. Yates's ch. c. <i>Bolivar</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	4
Two others having declared ft. within the time prescribed, paid only 10 sovs. each. Five to 4 agst <i>Cadland</i> , 2 to 1 agst <i>Zingance</i> , and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's colt. Won by a head.			

Mr. Weatherley's ch. c. by *Bustard* or *Ivanhoe*, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Pettie's *Deformity*, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 25 sovs., off by consent.

SATURDAY, October 31.—MATCH for 100.—A. F.

Sir M. Wood's br. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , aged, 8st. 2lb. ( <i>Arnall</i> ).....	1	Mr. Sowerby's b. m. <i>Toso</i> , by <i>Rainbow</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	2
Eleven to 8 on <i>Hajji Baba</i> . Won by a length.			

MATCH for 200.—A. F.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. <i>Lucetta</i> , by <i>Reveler</i> , 8st. 7lb. ( <i>F. Backle</i> ).....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by <i>Gedolphin</i> , out of <i>Mouse</i> , 8st. 2lb.....	2
Seven to 4 on <i>Lucetta</i> . Won easy by two lengths.			

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Scott Stonebrow's ch. c. <i>Kildare</i> , by Regent, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (F. Buckle) .....	1	Lord Exeter's b. h. Redgauntlet, aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	2
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Seven to 4 on Redgauntlet. Won by a length.

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Esprit</i> , by Emilius, out of Madelina, 8st. 7lb. (Connolly) 1	1	Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. by Merlin— Rowena, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
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Six and 7 to 4 on the winner. Won cleverly.

## WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.

## WEDNESDAY, November 4.—MATCH for Fifty Sovereigns.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Maid of Mans-</i> <i>field</i> , by Filho da Puta, 9st. 7lb. (Brown) .....	1	1	Mr. Price's ch. m. Cholstrey Lass, by Grimaldi, 9st. ....	2	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.  
Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Hobson's br. c. by Shuttle Pope, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Arthur) .....	6	1	1
Mr. Newnham's b. f. Daylight, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	1	2	3
Mr. Mason's Ada, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. ....	5	0	2
Mr. Price's b. f. Perchance, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3	0	4
Mr. Langwerthy's ch. f. Vixen, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. ....	2	0	dr.
Mr. Spencer's b. c. First Flight, 4 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. ....	4	0	dr.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses of  
all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Vever's ch. c. <i>Villager</i> , by Bustard, out of Lady Byron, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Brown) .....	1	1	ley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	0
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Miss Evers.			Mr. Griffith's b. c. Musquito, 4 yrs old, 9st. ....	2 3

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Kimber's b. c. Prejudice, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0	Mr. Umber's gr. h. David, aged, 8st. ...	0
Mr. Jackson's br. m. Brenda, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	0	Mr. Thornes's b. m. Forester Lass, aged, 9st. 6lb. ....	0

## MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Brown) .....	1	2	1
Mr. Onlou's b. f. Garlic, by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	2	1	0

Garlic bolted in the third heat.

## TARPORLEY HUNT.

THURSDAY, November 5.—A SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20  
added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Seventeen subscribers.

Sir H. Mainwaring's b. g. <i>George</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. ....	1	..... yrs old, 11st. 8lb. ....	2
Mr. France's gr. g. by Friend Ned, 5		Mr. Armistead's b. g. by Fitz Teale, aged, 11st. 12lb. ....	3

The FARMERS' CUP was won, at two heats, by Mr. Bellyse's br. g. *Bhurt-*  
*pore*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.—beating five others.

MEETINGS OMITTED UNDER THEIR RESPECTIVE DATES.

## GRIMSBY MEETING.

THURSDAY, June 11.—A MAIDEN PLATE of Fifty Pounds.—Two-mile  
heats.



Mr. Dickson's ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	1	1	Col. King's ch. c. Madcap, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred.  
Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Bowser's <i>Rufus</i> , by Palmerin, 4 yrs old, 11st. ....	1	1	Mr. Everett's b. g. <i>Jemmy</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Hall's b. g. Jonathan Martin, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (who bolted) and one other started for the first heat.					

FRIDAY, June 12.—HANDICAP PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's <i>Brenda</i> , by Minos, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Everett's b. g. <i>Jemmy</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	1	2	2

### BUNGAY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—A PLATE of 50l.:—for three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Col. Wilson's b. c. <i>Little-Go</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs old. ....	1	1	3 yrs old (bolted at starting for the first heat) ....	2	2
Mr. Pedgrift's ch. g. <i>Screw Driver</i> ,					

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Weights and distance as above.

Col. Wilson's ch. f. <i>Bungay Lass</i> , 3 yrs old ....	1	1	Mr. Pedgrift's ch. h. <i>Mildew</i> , aged ...	2	2
			Mr. Bell's br. h. <i>Scarecrow</i> , 6 yrs old, 3	3	

The HUNTERS' STAKES of three sovs. each, with 15 added, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Webb's ch. m. *Mystery*, 6 yrs old, beating two others.

### TOTNES MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—A MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages.  
Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Ley's b. c. <i>Woodlands</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Trenn) 1	1	1	Mr. Cornish's gr. g. <i>Antelope</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (bolted) ....	dis.	
Mr. Bayley's br. g. <i>Bromleigh</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Cornish's b. f. <i>Casket</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. and one other ....	dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of two sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added from the Fund, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Swete's b. g. *Tom Moore*, by Anacreon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. beating one other.

THURSDAY, August 27.—The STEWARDS' PLATE of 50 sovs. free for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. W. Ley's b. c. <i>Woodlands</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Trenn) ....	1	1	Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Warbler</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	2
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HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added from the Racing Fund.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Swete's b. g. <i>Tom Moore</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1	Mr. Cornish's b. f. <i>Casket</i> , 4 yrs old, 6st. ....	2	2
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### CHESTERFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each;—for three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Fortitude</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs old (Lowe).....	1	Malton, out of Sister to Torchbearer, 3 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Martin's b. c. Flambeau, by Grey		Mr. Dickson's ch. f. Lucy, 3 yrs old ...	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—three-year-olds, 10st.; four, 11st.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Winners once in 1829 to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Bowser's ch. c. <i>Rufus</i> , by Palmerin, 4 yrs old.....	1	Mr. Hudson's bl. g. King George the Fourth, aged .....	3
Mr. W. Drage's b. f. Milk Maid, by Catton, 4 yrs old .....	2	Mr. Wilmot's b. h. Hesperus, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old (fell) .....	0

**A MAIDEN PLATE** of 60gs. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bailey's br. c. <i>Brielle</i> , by Filho or Magistrate, 3 yrs old (Dodgson)	1	Mr. L. S. Fox's br. f. by Magistrate, dam by Cock Robin, 3 yrs old ...	0	0
Lord Normanby's ch. f. Florence, 3 yrs old .....	2	Mr. Castell's ch. c. by Magistrate, 3 yrs old.....	0	0
Mr. Clark's br. f. by Magistrate, 4 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Uncle John, 3 yrs old.....	0	0

**WEDNESDAY, September 30.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Fortitude</i> , 3 yrs old (Lowe).....	1	Mr. Dickson's ch. f. Lucy, 3 yrs old.....	2
The following also started but were not placed:			
Mr. Weatherill's b. c. The Captain, 3 yrs old .....	0	old .....	0
Mr. Doncaster's b. m. Elegance, 5 yrs		Sir G. Sitwell's ch. c. by Magistrate, 3 yrs old.....	0

**A PLATE** of 60 sovs.:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 2lb.; four, 7st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six, 8st. 9lb.; and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Horses not having won this year, and started twice, allowed 3lb.; and winners this year of one Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three, 7lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Martin's b. c. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Grey Malton, 3 yrs old.....	1	Mr. Hodgson's br. f. Emerald, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old .....	0	0
Mr. Bailey's br. c. <i>Brielle</i> , 3 yrs old, 0	2	Mr. Doncaster's ch. g. Hibernian, 3 yrs old .....	0	0
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Terror, 4 yrs old .....	2			

### BRECONSHIRE MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, September 30.**—The **BRECONSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subscribers, five of whom paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	walked over.
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**The TOWN PLATE** of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. Waters's b. c. Smuggler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb.....	3	3	3

**The USK STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred, was won at three heats, once round and a distance, by Mr. Vaughan's br. m. *Chalstrey Lass*, by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 3lb. beating Mr. Allies's br. h. Sailor, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. and one other.

**THURSDAY, October 1.**—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>Garlic</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.
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HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, one ft. with 20 added, was won, at two heats, once round and a distance, by Mr. Vaughan's br. m. *Chelstrey Lass*, aged, 9st. 11lb. beating two others.

## WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1829.

### WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath .....	Rapid Rhone, by Partisan, June 16.
Ditto (for hunters) .....	Job, by Spectre, June 19.
Ditto .....	Helenus, by Soothsayer, June 30.
Caledonian Hunt ...	Victory, by Waterloo, October 14.
Canterbury .....	Gameboy, by Octavian, August 19!
Carlisle .....	The Earl, by Percy, September 23.
Chelmsford .....	Turquoise, by Selim, July 21.
Chester .....	Big Ben, by Magistrate, May 5.
Doncaster .....	Cambridge, by Caston, September 14.
Edinburgh .....	Victory, by Waterloo, June 18.
Guildford .....	Linkboy, by Aladdin, July 7.
Ipswich .....	Lamplighter, by Merlin, July 7.
Lewes .....	Gameboy, by Octavian, August 4.
Lichfield .....	Euphrates, by Quiz, September 8.
Lincoln .....	Ballad Singer, by Tramp, September 23.
Manchester .....	Brunswick, by Comus, June 10.
Newcastle .....	Black Heddon, by Blacklock, July 7.
Newmarket .....	Souvenir, by Orville, May 5.
Ditto .....	Spondee, by Interpreter, May 7.
Ditto .....	Cadland, by Andrew, October 1.
Nottingham .....	Terror, by Magistrate, October 22.
Richmond .....	Delphine, by Whisker, September 30.
Salisbury .....	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, August 21.
Warwick .....	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, September 4.
Weymouth .....	Moses, by Walthamstow, September 13.
Winchester .....	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, August 4.
York .....	Malek, by Blacklock, July 28.

### WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS.

Abingdon .....	Liston, by Ambo, September 9.
Ascot Heath .....	Zingane, by Tramp, June 18.
Ditto .....	The Alderman, by Bourbon, July 1.
Ayr .....	Spadassin, by Monreith, September 2.
Bath .....	Alcaston, by Filho da Puta, July 10.
Beverley .....	Robin Hood, by Blacklock, June 4.
Blandford .....	Brownlock, by Blacklock, August 26.
Brighton .....	Gameboy, by Octavian, July 31.
Burderop .....	Brownlock, by Blacklock, August 21.
Burton-upon-Trent ..	Chester Billy, by Whisker, August 18.
Buxton .....	Pelion, by Blacklock, June 24.
Caledonian Hunt ...	Spadassin, by Monreith, October 15.
Canterbury .....	Job, by Spectre, August 20.
Carlisle .....	Malek, by Blacklock, September 22.
Chelmsford .....	Conrad, by Friday, July 22.
Cheltenham .....	Mayfly, by Piscator, July 23.
Chester .....	Halston, by Banker, May 4.
Ditto .....	Fylde, by Antonio, May 6.

Derby .....	The Weaver, by Grey Walton, August 4.
Doncaster .....	Voltaire, by Blacklock, September 17.
Durham .....	Felt, by Langar, May 1.
Dumfries .....	Leda, by Filho da Puta, October 1.
Edinburgh .....	Purity, by Octavian, June 17.
Egham .....	The Alderman, by Bourbon, August 26.
Epsom .....	Helenus, by Soothsayer, June 3.
Ditto .....	Caronet, by Catton, October 8.
Exeter .....	Benefit, by Oiseau, July 29.
Fife Hunt .....	Queen Elizabeth, by Champignon, October 22.
Goodwood .....	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, August 13.
Hampton .....	Helenus, by Soothsayer, June 24.
Heaton Park .....	Dr. Faustus, by Filho da Puta, September 23.
Ditto .....	Massaniello, by Phantom, September 25.
Hereford .....	Forester Lass, by Filho da Puta, August 26.
Holywell Hunt .....	Big Ben, by Magistrate, October 14.
Huntingdon .....	Toso, by Rainbow, August 4.
Inverness .....	Victory, by Waterloo, September 23.
Kendal .....	Brunswick, by Comus, June 23.
Knutsford .....	Halston, by Banker, July 28.
Lancaster .....	Malek, by Blacklock, July 1.
Leeds .....	Murphy, by Filho da Puta, June 25.
Leicester .....	Oppidan, by Rubens, September 9.
Lincoln .....	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, September 24.
Ditto .....	Fortitude, by Whisker, September 25.
Liverpool .....	Jupiter, by Tramp, May 19.
Ditto .....	Velocipede, by Blacklock, July 7.
Ditto .....	Laurel, by Blacklock, July 8.
Ludlow .....	Euphrates, by Quiz, July 2.
Manchester .....	Vanish, by Phantom, June 11.
Morpeth .....	The Captain, by Wanton, August 27.
Newcastle .....	Robin Hood, by Blacklock, July 9.
Newmarket .....	John de Bart, by Carbon, May 6.
Newport Pagnel .....	Coroner, by Magistrate, August 20.
Newton .....	Mavrocardato, by Blucher, June 18.
Northallerton .....	Jenny Mills, by Whisker, October 9.
Northampton .....	Hindustan, by Whalebone, September 9.
Nottingham .....	Vanish, by Phantom, October 21.
Oswestry .....	Courtier, by Friend Ned, September 22.
Oxford .....	Rasselas, by Wanderer, August 5.
Pontefract .....	Delphine, by Whisker, September 2.
Preston .....	Laurel, by Blacklock, July 15.
Plymouth .....	Omen, by Orville, August 6.
Potteries .....	Clinton, by Blacklock, August 6.
Richmond .....	Medoro, by Cervantes, Sept. 30.
Rochdale .....	Murphy, by Filho da Puta, July 2.
Rotherham .....	Godfrey, by Doctor Syntax, Sept. 10.
St. Alban's .....	Rasselas, by Wanderer, May 14.
Shrewsbury .....	Courtier, by Friend Ned, Sept. 16.
Stamford .....	Coroner, by Magistrate, July 23.
Stockton .....	Arachne, by Filho da Puta, August 7.
Stourbridge .....	Courtier, by Friend Ned, August 26.
Warwick .....	Liston, by Ambo, Sept. 3.
Wolverhampton .....	Euxton, by Rinaldo, August 10.
Ditto .....	Euphrates, by Quiz, August 11.
Worcester .....	May-fly, by Piscator, August 19.
Wrexham .....	Hesperus, by Hollyhock, Sept. 29.
York .....	Velocipede, by Blacklock, May 26.
Yarmouth .....	Chas. Filly, by Tramp, out of Frue, July 28.

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